

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

COMPILED BY
ANTHONY HASLAM

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P R E F A C E

THIS Anthology is intended as a tribute to the Empire and Motherland from its poets, living and dead. It is divided into eight parts: (1) Patriotic; (2) Love of Country; (3) Countryside Lyrics; (4) Biographical; (5) Poems of Empire and written by Overseas Poets; (6) Military; (7) Naval; (8) British Ballads.

I have included the Quotations because I enjoy them so much myself. The interpolations in history books always thrilled me, and in the hope that other people get the same thrill I have chosen such as seemed suitable.

On behalf of myself and of Earl Haig's British Legion Appeal Fund, to which the publishers are paying a royalty on this book, thanks are tendered to the following contributors and their publishers for so kindly giving me permission to use copyright poems: Mr. Laurence Binyon and *The Times*, for "The Fallen." The Executors of Rupert Brooke, for "Grantchester" and "The Soldier," published by Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson Ltd. Mr. G. K. Chesterton and Dr. Percy Dearmer, for Mr. Chesterton's poem, "O God of Earth and Altar," from *The English Hymnal*, published by the Oxford University Press. Mr. Ian Colvin, for "To his Readers." Lady Conan Doyle and Messrs. John Murray, for "A Song of the Bow" and "The Ballad of the Ranks," by the late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Mr. John Drinkwater, for "In Lady Street," "At Grafton," "The Midlands," and "Sunrise on Rydal Water," published by Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson Ltd. Mr. Gerald Gould, for "The Sea Captain" and "Stoner Hill." Messrs. William Heinemann Ltd., for "Yasin Khan" and "The Masters," by Laurence Hope. Mr. William Kean-Seymour, for "The Deathless Dead." Mr. Rudyard Kipling, for "The Children's Song," from *Puck of Pook's Hill*, published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. Ltd.; "A Song of the English," "A Song of the Cities," and "The Flowers," from *The Seven Seas*; "Recessional," from *The*

PREFACE

Five Nations, and "The Long Trail," from *Departmental Ditties*, all published by Messrs. Methuen & Co. Ltd. Mr. E. V. Lucas, for "The Old Country," from *Cloud and Silver*, published by Messrs. Methuen & Co. Ltd. Mr. John Masefield, for "Sea Fever," "The Tewkesbury Road," "On Malvern Hill," and "Cardigan Bay." Sir Henry Newbolt, for "The Guides at Cabul," "The Gay Gordons," "Admiral's All," and "The Fighting Téméraire," published by Messrs. John Murray. Mr. Alfred Noyes, for "Britain—to the Empire," "The Admiral's Ghost," and "At Kew," published by Messrs. William Blackwood & Sons Ltd. Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, for "Eckington Bridge" and "Helford River." Mr. Robert Service, for "Men of the High North," "L'Envoi" and "March of the Dead," published by Messrs. Ernest Benn Ltd. Lady Spring-Rice and Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., for "I vow to thee, my Country," by the late Sir Cecil Spring-Rice. Messrs. William Heinemann Ltd., for "England: An Ode," "On a Country Road," "Cromwell's Statue," and "Trafalgar Day," by A. C. Swinburne. Mrs. C. M. Tatham, for "A Song to England," published by the Oxford University Press. *The Times*, for "Battery L," by James L. Harvey, and "India to England," by Nizamut Jung. The Rev. Lachlan MacLean Watt, for "The Grey Mother."

Although I have taken great care to trace and obtain permission to include copyright poems, if inadvertently any are included without the necessary sanction, I trust my sincere apologies will be accepted, and, on the matter being brought to my notice, due acknowledgment will be gladly made in any future editions.

I should like to thank all who have assisted me in the compilation of this Anthology, and especially Mr. Rupert Grayson.

If any of the pleasure it has given me in the making is passed on to the reader, I shall count my task well done.

ANTHONY HASLAM.

November 1932.

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P A R T O N E

“ GOD S A V E T H E K I N G ”

PART ONE

“GOD SAVE THE KING”

I.

God save the King

God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King :
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us :
God save the King.

Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour :
Long may he reign :
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King.

O Lord our God, arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall :
Confound their politics,
Frustate their knavish tricks ;
On Thee our hopes we fix.
God save us all.

HENRY CAREY.

George V., by the Grace of God, of Great Britain,
Ireland, and the British Dominions beyond the Seas, King,
Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

2. *God bless the Prince of Wales*

AMONG our ancient mountains,
And from our lovely vales,
O let the prayer re-echo,—
“ God bless the Prince of Wales ! ”
With heart and voice awaken
Those minstrel strains of yore,
Till Britain’s name and glory
Resound from shore to shore.

Among our ancient mountains,
And from our lovely vales,
O let the prayer re-echo—
“ God bless the Prince of Wales ! ”

Should hostile bands or danger
E’er threaten our fair isle,
May God’s strong arm protect us,
May Heaven still on us smile.
Above the throne of England
May fortune’s star long shine,
And round its sacred bulwarks
The olive branches twine.

Among our ancient mountains,
And from our lovely vales,
O let the prayer re-echo—
“ God bless the Prince of Wales ! ”

GEORGE LINLEY.

“ You come of a race of men, the very wind of whose name has swept the ultimate seas.”—SIR JAMES BARRIE, Rectorial Address, St. Andrews, 1922.

RUDYARD KIPLING

3.

Recessional

GOD of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle-line—
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget !

The tumult and the shouting dies—
The captains and the kings depart—
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget !

Far-called our navies melt away—
On dune and headland sinks the fire—
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre !
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget !

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
Such boastings as the Gentiles use
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget !

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard—

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

“ Rule, Britannia, rule the waves ;
Britons never shall be slaves ! ”

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke ;
As the loud blast that tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak.

“ Rule, Britannia, rule the waves ;
Britons never shall be slaves ! ”

Thee haughty tyrants ne’er shall tame ;
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame ;
But work their woe, and thy renown.
“ Rule, Britannia, rule the waves ;
Britons never shall be slaves.”

To thee belongs the rural reign ;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine :
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles thine.
“ Rule, Britannia, rule the waves ;
Britons never shall be slaves ! ”

The Muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair :
Blest isle ! with matchless beauty crowned,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
“ Rule, Britannia, rule the waves ;
Britons never shall be slaves ! ”

JAMES THOMSON.

“ So also a British subject, in whatever land he may be, shall feel confident that the watchful eye and strong arm of England will protect him against injustice and wrong.”

LORD PALMERSTON, Speech, 1847.

ROBERT BURNS

6.

Scots, Wha Hae

SCOTS, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has often led ;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victorie.

Now's the day, and now's the hour ;
See the front o' battle lower,
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slaverie !

Wha will be a traitor knave ?
Wha can fill a coward's grave ?
Wha sae base as be a slave ?
Let him turn and flee !

Wha for Scotland's King and law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Free-man stand, or free-man fa' ?
Let him follow me !

By oppression's woes and pains !
By your sons in servile chains !
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free !

Lay the proud usurpers low !
Tyrants fall in every foe !
Liberty's in every blow !
Let us do, or die !

ROBERT BURNS.

“Nemo me impune lacessit.”—“Wha dare meddle wi' me ?”—*Motto of Scotland.*

7.

Men of Harlech

Men of Harlech, march to glory,
 Victory is hov'ring o'er ye,
 Bright-eyed freedom stands before ye,
 Hear ye not her call ?
 At your sloth she seems to wonder,
 Rend the sluggish bonds asunder,
 Let the war-cry's deaf'ning thunder
 Ev'ry foe appal.
 Echoes loudly waking,
 Hill and valley shaking,
 Till the sound spreads all around
 The Saxon's courage breaking ;
 Your foes on ev'ry side assailing,
 Forward press with heart unfailing,
 Till invaders learn with quailing,
 " Cambria ne'er can yield."

Thou who noble Cambria wrongest,
 Know that freedom's cause is strongest,
 Freedom's courage lasts the longest,
 Ending but with death !
 Freedom countless hosts can scatter,
 Freedom stoutest mail can shatter,
 Freedom thickest walls can batter,
 Fate is in her breath.
 See they now are flying !
 Dead are heap'd with dying !
 Over might has triumphed right,
 Our land to foes denying ;

JOHN OXFORD—ERNEST RHYS

Upon their soil we never sought them,
Love of conquest hither brought them,
But this lesson we have taught them,
“ Cambria ne'er can yield.”

JOHN OXFORD.

“ Better the grave than the life of man who sighs when
the horns call him forth to the squares of battle.”—ELIDER,
Welsh Bard, fl. 1211.

8. *Land of My Fathers*

OLD land of my fathers, dear country to me ;
Land of poet and singer, and heroes to be ;
Thy sons grew up warriors, thy love to make good ;
For freedom they gave their life-blood.

Land, land ! we live for thy sake,
Mountain-land ;
From far, sea and shore, thy children draw near,
The old tongue sweet in their ear.

Old mountainous region, the bards' paradise ;
Every cliff and wild valley, the hills as they rise—
In the love of thy children, how loving they seem ;
Each river, each wild mountain stream.

If the step of the enemy ever come close,
The old tongue gives warning within the old house,
Thy song shall not die by the traitorous hand,
Nor the harp ever cease in the land.

Translation by ERNEST RHYS.

“ Their Lord they shall praise, their speech they shall
keep, their land they shall lose—except Wild Wales.”—
Old Welsh Rhyme.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

9. *O Canada!*

O CANADA, my country vast and free,
Dowered art thou by Nature lavishly.
All the wealth is thine of stream and hill,
Of forest, lake, and plain.
Thine the fruitful soil that freemen till,
And treasure-yielding main.
Northland beloved, fearless abide,
For home and Empire stand with God thy Guide.

O Canada, no sordid dream beguiled
Thy pioneers to brave the forest wild.
With devoted hearts and purpose pure
Their lives they gave to thee,
That thy broad domain, from foes secure,
Should Freedom's dwelling be.
Northland beloved, fearless abide,
For home and Empire stand with God thy Guide.

O Canada, with boundless faith in thee,
Thy people hail thy glorious destiny.
May the circling years thy power expand,
Thy sway and fame increase ;
May thy loyal sons united stand
For brotherhood and peace.
Northland beloved, fearless abide,
For home and Empire stand with God thy Guide.

GEORGE CLARKE HOLLAND.

“The Englishman is made for a time of crisis, and for a time of emergency.”—STANLEY BALDWIN, Speech, 1926.

ALEXANDER MUIR

10.

The Maple Leaf for Ever

IN days of yore, from Britain's shore
Wolfe, the dauntless hero, came,
And planted firm Britannia's flag,
 On Canada's fair domain.
Here may it wave, our boast and pride,
 And, joined in love together,
The Thistle, Shamrock, Rose entwine
 The Maple Leaf for ever.

At Queenston's Heights and Lundy's Lane,
 Our brave fathers, side by side,
For freedom, homes, and loved ones dear,
 Firmly stood and nobly died.
And those dear rights which they maintained,
 We swear to yield them never !
Our watchword evermore shall be,
 The Maple Leaf for ever !

Our fair Dominion now extends
 From Cape Race to Nootka Sound ;
May peace for ever be our lot,
 And plenteous store abound ;
And may those ties of love be ours
 Which discord cannot sever,
And flourish green o'er freedom's home,
 The Maple Leaf for ever !

On Merry England's far-famed land
 May kind heaven sweetly smile ;
God bless old Scotland evermore,
 And Ireland's Emerald Isle !

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Then swell the song, both loud and long,
Till rocks and forests quiver,
God save our King, and heaven bless
The Maple Leaf for ever !

ALEXANDER MUIR.

“ You shall well and truly try and true deliverance make
between our Sovereign Lord the King and the Prisoner at
the Bar, and a true verdict give according to the evidence.
So help you God ! ”—*Oath administered to a Jury.*

II. *Advance, Australia Fair !*

A USTRALIA’S sons, let us rejoice,
For we are young and free ;
We’ve golden soil and wealth for toil,
Our home is girt by sea ;
Our land abounds in Nature’s gifts
Of beauty rich and rare ;
In history’s page let every stage
Advance Australia fair.

Chorus—

In joyful strains then let us sing,
Advance, Australia fair !

When gallant Cook from Albion sailed,
To trace wide oceans o’er ;
True British courage bore him on
Till he landed on our shore.

“ AMICUS ”

Then here he raised Old England's flag,
The standard of the brave.

“ With all her faults we love her still,”
“ Britannia rules the waves.”

Chorus.

Beneath our radiant Southern Cross
We'll toil with hearts and hands,
To make our youthful Commonwealth
Renowned of all the lands ;
For loyal sons beyond the seas
We've boundless plains to share,
With courage let us all combine
To “ Advance Australia Fair.”

Chorus.

Should foreign foe e'er sight our coast,
Or dare a foot to land,
We'll rise to arms like sires of yore,
To guard our native strand ;
Britannia then shall surely know,
Beyond wide ocean's roll,
Her sons in fair Australia's land
Still keep a British soul.

Chorus—

In joyful strains then let us sing,
Advance, Australia fair !

“ AMICUS.”

“ Power on an ancient consecrated throne,
Strong in possession, founded in old custom ;
Power by a thousand tough and stringy roots,
Fixed to the people's pious nursery—faith.”

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, *Wallenstein*.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

12.

New Zealand

GOD girt her about with the surges
And winds of the masterless deep,
Whose tumult uprouses and urges
Quick billows to sparkle and leap ;
He filled from the life of their motion
Her nostrils with breath of the sea,
And gave her afar in the ocean
A citadel free.

Her never the fever-mist shrouding,
Nor drouth of the desert may blight,
Nor pall of dun smoke overclouding
Vast cities of clamorous night.
But the voice of abundance of waters,
Cold rivers that stay not or sleep,
Greets children, the sons and the daughters
Of light and the deep.

Lo ! here where each league hath its fountains
In isles of deep fern and tall pine,
And breezes snow-cooled on the mountains,
Or keen from the limitless brine.
See men to the battlefield pressing
To conquer one foe—the stern soil,
Their kingship in labour expressing,
Their lordship in toil.

Though young, they are heirs of the ages,
Though few, they are freemen and peers ;
Plain workers—yet sure of their wages
Slow Destiny pays with the years.

WILLIAM PEMBER REEVES

Though least they and latest their nation,
Yet this they have won without sword—
That Woman with Man shall have station,
And Labour be lord.

The winds of the sea and high heaven
Speed pure to her kissed by the foam ;
The steeds of her ocean undriven,
Unbitted and riderless roam.
And clear from her lamp newly lighted
Shall stream o'er the billows upcurled
A light as of wrong at length righted,
Of hope to the world.

WILLIAM PEMBER REEVES.

“ Let who will fail, England will not. These people have sat here a thousand years, and here will continue to sit. They will not break up or arrive at any desperate revolution, like their neighbours ; for they have as much energy, as much continence of character, as they ever had.”—EMERSON, *English Traits*.

13.

Sunny Hills of Africa

THE sunny hills of Africa,
How picturesque and grand,
While clothed in mist the vales lie hid,
Like some dark spirit land.
The mountains in the distance seen
Like hoary castles rise,
And banks of cloud suspended hang
Like icebergs in the skies.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

The flowery fields of Africa,
How beautiful and gay ;
The fairest blossoms deck the plains,
And perfume fills the May.
While gushing streams from every kloof
Spread o'er the verdant green,
And browsing game upon the land
Adds beauty to the scene.

The country homes of Africa,
Where are their equals found ?
A welcome always greets the ear,
And gladness reigns around.
And as one cosily reclines
Upon the snow-white fleece,
He feels a thrill of thankfulness,
Of gratitude, of peace.

Then should we not love Africa,
And speak of her with pride,
And hang to her and cling to her
Whatever may betide ?
And though we yield to other lands
The palm for scenes of mirth,
Our song shall be of Africa—
The land that gave us birth !

H. HARTWELL.

“ Our country ! In her intercourse with foreign nations
may she always be in the right ; but our country, right or
wrong.”—STEPHEN DECATUR, A Toast.

SHAKESPEARE

14. *This England Never Did*

THIS England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did learn to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.

SHAKESPEARE, *King John*, Act v. Scene vii.

“ Be Britain still to Britain true,
Among oursels united ;
For never but by British hands
Maun British wrangs be righted.”

BURNS, “ Dumfries Volunteers.”

15. *The Third of February, 1852*

MY lords, we heard you speak ; you told us all
That England’s honest censure went too far ;
That our free press should cease to brawl,
Not sting the fiery Frenchman into war.
It was our ancient privilege, my Lords,
To fling whate’er we felt, not fearing, into words.

We love not this French God, the child of Hell,
Wild War, who breaks the converse of the wise ;
But though we love kind Peace so well,
We dare not ev’n by silence sanction lies.
It might be safe our censures to withdraw ;
And yet, my Lords, not well : there is a higher law.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

As long as we remain, we must speak free,
Tho' all the storm of Europe on us break ;

 No little German state are we,
But the one voice in Europe : we *must* speak ;
 That if to-night our greatness were struck dead,
There might be left some record of the things we said.

If you be fearful, then must we be bold.
Our Britain cannot salve a tyrant o'er.

 Better the waste Atlantic roll'd
On her and us and ours for evermore.

What ! have we fought for Freedom from our prime,
At last to dodge and palter with a public crime ?

Shall we fear *him* ? our own we never fear'd.
From our first Charles by force we wrung our claims.

 Pricked by the Papal spur, we rear'd,
We flung the burthen of the second James.

 I say, we *never* feared ! and as for these,
We broke them on the land, we drove them on the seas.

And you, my Lords, you make the people muse
In doubt if you be of our Barons' breed—

 Were those your sires who fought at Lewes ?
Is this the manly strain of Runnymede ?
 O fall'n nobility, that, overawed,
Would lisp in honey'd whispers of this monstrous fraud !

We feel, at least, that silence here were sin,
Not ours the fault if we have feeble hosts—

 If easy patrons of their kin
Have left the last free race with naked coasts !
 They knew the precious things they had to guard :
For us, we will not spare the tyrant one hard word.

TENNYSON

Tho' niggard throats of Manchester may bawl
What England was, shall her true sons forget ?

We are not cotton-spinners all,
But some love England and her honour yet.
And these in our Thermopylæ shall stand,
And hold against the world this honour of the land.

LORD TENNYSON.

“ A nation, as an individual, has duties to fulfil appointed by God and moral law.”—BENJAMIN DISRAELI, *Lothair*.

16. *A Song of the English*

FAIR is our lot—O goodly is our heritage !
(Humble ye, my people, and be fearful in your mirth !)
For the Lord our God most High
He hath made the deep as dry,
He hath smote for us a pathway to the ends of all the earth !

Yea, though we sinned, and our rulers went from righteousness—
Deep in all dishonour though we stained our garment’s hem,
Oh be ye not dismayed,
Though we stumbled and we strayed,
We were led by evil counsellors—the Lord shall deal with them !

Hold ye the Faith—the Faith our Fathers sealed us ;
Whoring not with visions—overwise and overstale,
Except ye pay the Lord
Single heart and single sword,
Of your children in their bondage He shall ask them
treble-tale !

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Keep ye the Law—be swift in all obedience—
Clear the land of evil, drive the road and bridge the ford.
 Make ye sure to each his own
 That he reap where he hath sown,
By the peace among Our peoples let men know we serve
 the Lord !

RUDYARD KIPLING.

“ And, Lewis, if so be I show you in my easy English as true conclusions as be shown in Latin, grant me the more thank, and pray God save the King, who is lord of this English.”—GEOFFREY CHAUCER, “ To his son, Lewis.”

17.

To Britannia

I

YE blustering brethren of the skies,
 Whose breath has ruffled all the watery plain,
Retire, and let Britannia rise
 In triumph o'er the main ;
Serene and calm and void of fear
 The Queen of Islands must appear !
Serene and calm, as when the Spring
 The new-created world began,
And birds on boughs did softly sing
 Their peaceful homage paid to man ;
While Eurus did his blasts forbear
 In favour of the tender year.
 Retreat, rude winds, retreat
 To hollow rocks, your stormy seat ;
There swell your lungs, and vainly, vainly threat.

II

For folded flocks, on fruitful plains,
 The shepherds and the farmers' gains,

JOHN DRYDEN

Fair Britain all the world outvies ;
And Pan, as in Arcadia, reigns,
Where pleasure, mixed with profit, lies.

Though Jason's fleece was famed of old,
The British wool is growing gold ;
No mines can more of wealth supply ;
It keeps the peasant from the cold,
And takes for kings the Tyrian dye.

III

Fairest isle, all isles excelling,
Seat of pleasures and of loves ;
Venus here shall choose her dwelling,
And forsake her Cyprian groves.

Cupid from his favourite nation,
Care and envy will remove ;
Jealousy, that poisons passion,
And despair, that dies for love.

Gentle murmurs, sweet complaining,
Sighs that blow the fire of love ;
Soft repulses, kind disdaining,
Shall be all the pains you prove.

Every swain shall pay his duty,
Grateful every nymph shall prove ;
And as these excel in beauty,
Those shall be renowned for love.

JOHN DRYDEN.

“ England, the mother of Parliaments.”—JOHN BRIGHT,
Speech, 1865.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

18. *A Song of Pride for England*

I

LO, the stark heavens are stirred :
He cometh, plumed and spurred,
To say the undaunted word,
England !
With high and haughty breath
He hails the hordes beneath ;
This has he for their teeth—
“ England again ! ”

II

King George in London Town,
Sweareth our own’s our own :
Whose might shall pluck us down,
England ?
Glories of slaughtered hosts,
Splendours of English ghosts
Beckon us from our coasts,
England again !

III

Shrewd, on our world of seas,
Waketh at dawn a breeze
Singing bold melodies,
England !
Rose-red the long day falls,
And the frose night wind calls
To our proud Admirals,
“ England again ! ”

T. W. H. CROSLAND

IV

Our Ensign flutters still
On the unshaken hill ;
Our Bugle vaunteth shrill,
England !
What of the heathen draff ?
They are as burning chaff,
Into their eyes we laugh,
England again !

V

Wealth is his charned-house,
Rage and the Devil's spouse,
Hate—ruffle not your brows,
England !
Blood of your father's blood,
Bred of great motherhood,
Suckled on ancient good—
“ England again ! ”

VI

You shall be steel and ice,
Stronger than love, and thrice
Stricken for sacrifice,
England !

You shall bow to the flail,
The hammer and the nail,
And perish—and prevail,
England again !

VII

While this our little land
Hath a man-child to stand,
He shall lift up his hand,
England !

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

To smite the accursed bars :
Out of the din of wars
He shall shout to the stars,
“ England again ! ”

VIII

Troop you from field and fold,
Market and shop of gold ;
Let the full tale be told,
England !

Time beats his pitiless drum,
Fate's at her iron loom,
For the New Earth, or Doom—
England again !

T. W. H. CROSLAND.

“ That the liberties, franchises, privileges, and jurisdictions of Parliament are the ancient and undoubted birthright of the subjects of England.”—Protestation of Parliament, 1621.

19. *England, My England*

WHAT have I done for you,
England, my England ?
What is there I would not do,
England, my own ?
With your glorious eyes austere,
As the Lord was walking near,
Whispering terrible things and dear
As the Song on your bugles blown,
England—
Round the world on your bugles blown.

W. E. HENLEY

Where shall the watchful Sun,
England, my England,
Match the master-work you've done,
England, my own ?
When shall he rejoice again
Such a breed of mighty men
As come forward, one to ten,
To the Song on your bugles blown,
England—
Down the years on your bugles blown ?

Ever the faith endures,
England, my England ;—
“ Take and break us : we are yours,
England, my own !
Life is good, and joy runs high
Between English earth and sky :
Death is death : but we shall die
To the Song on your bugles blown,
England—
To the stars on your bugles blown ! ”

They call you proud and hard,
England, my England :
You with worlds to watch and ward,
England, my own !
You whose mailed hand keeps the keys
Of such teeming destinies,
You could know nor dread nor ease
Were the Song on your bugles blown,
England ;
Round the Pit on your bugles blown !

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Mother of Ships whose might,
England, my England,
Is the fierce old Sea's delight,
England, my own !
Chosen daughter of the Lord,
Spouse-in-Chief of the ancient Sword,
There's the menace of the Word
In the Song on your bugles blown,
England—
Out of heaven on your bugles blown !

W. E. HENLEY.

“ Liberty is the idol of the English, under whose banner all the nation lists.”—SUZANNAH CENTLIVRE, *The Wonder*.

20.

The Voices

THE harvest is housed on the Downs, from Brighton to
Beachy Head ;
The Southdown flocks are gathering grey round each dim farm-
stead ;
The sheen of a long-waned moon entrances a silken night ;
Soothing the sulky wavelets that fall and flush in its light,
The flocks of the Downs are triple : the first to their folding
stray
Where the slope meets the shingle, the second—the white-
fleeced wave-wethers play ;
The third, from the moon-lit meadows of heaven—unshepherded
flocks
Of wool-capt clouds—cast shadows of mystery over the rocks ;
Athwart the low moon hurrying on by the tranquil coasts,
Mingling with the grey sea-mists they move—an army of
ghosts.

F. FRANKFORT MOORE

*From the feet of the white chalk cliffs no sounds of the wavelets
come ;
The folds of the gracious downland slopes are in slumber,
dumb ;
But the night has many voices for those that have ears to hear—
Ghost-voices now, but they rang round the world for many a
year.*

Prima Vox : CŒUR DE LION

They called me the Lion-hearted, and unto my kin I cry ;
Ye have heard what I did in my day when the Saracen's
menace was nigh ;
Ye have heard how I vowed a vow by the golden cross of
my sword,
To rescue the Holy Tomb from the touch of the unclean
horde ;
Ye have heard how I kept my vow by our blessed Redeemer's
aid,
With the cross of my sword in my grip through the days of
that long crusade :
Children of England, I hail ye ; the Lion-heart still beats,
Mightily as of old in the thousands that throng your streets ;
The Lion-heart calls to lion-hearts—calls to his kin to-
night—
Come forth, come forth ; for the holy cause that I smote
for, smite !
Smite for the ruin of those that, speaking the Sacred Name,
Stood by with a laugh while the holy places arose in flame !
Smite like men or be crushed by Tyranny's iron heel !
Smite as I smote till the tyrannous horse and his rider reel !
Avenge ye the sacred ruins where satyrs in helmets roam—
The Holy of Holies laid waste, avenge ye the burning
Home !

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Secunda Vox : SIR RICHARD GRENVILLE

Out of unsounded depths of green sea that was my grave,
My voice has arisen to mix with the clash and clang of the
wave ;
And I know that whenever the sound of waves is in English
ears,
The guns of my gallant *Revenge* shall roar through the
spacious years ;
I know that though sands have buried the skeleton ribs of
her wreck,
They have not buried the story of how I died on her deck.
Not for the glory of battle, but only for England's sake,
I am speaking the self-same words that ever in life I spake.
For England's sake forget not through battle's stress and
strife,
That, fighting for England's sake, ye are fighting for Free-
dom's life !

Tertia Vox : DRAKE

If my voice were the voice that I heard when rounding the
Southern Horn—
The war-cry that rose from two oceans by hurricanes broken
and torn—
If my voice were the voice that I heard when the hundreds
of brazen lips
Of the guns of the mighty Armada spake thunderous words
to our ships—
I would send it forth with a message all England's manhood
should claim—
A fire-ship message to set all hearts that it touched aflame.

F. FRANKFORT MOORE

Ye will come when I call, ye sons of the men that were not
called in vain,
In the days when our England humbled the tyrant of splendid
Spain,
Ye will come to humble the tyrant, play manfully England's
part
In the fight he forced when his blow he aimed at our Eng-
land's heart !
Enough ; we wasted not words in the days of Raleigh and
Drake ;
We shut with a snap our teeth and then our cutlasses
spake.
I found not wisdom in words, they go not far to persuade :
Look to your priming, my men, and trust to a good steel
blade !

Quarta Vox · MARLBOROUGH

Ramillies, Oudenarde, Blenheim, these were the words that
stood
Proof of a compact made and redeemed by a nation's
blood,
When England's honour demanded, as now her honour
demands,
That the sword which was kept long sheathed should be
drawn by English hands.
I have trodden each foot of the ground that now your
battalions tread ;
I have seen the green of those meadows beyond the dykes
grow red ;
And doubt not, ye who are marching with resolute feet
to-day,
That whithsoever ye go I shall not be far away.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Ramillies, Oudenarde, Blenheim, name them and ye shall
find,
When the bugle sounds for the charge, I shall not be far
behind.
Who dares to say that the work of Marlborough faltered
when
The vault was closed on the coffin of Marlborough, leader
of men ?
Ramillies, Oudenarde, Blenheim ; they sound like the swing
of a sword ;
Charge with those names in your heart when the captain
giveth the word !

Quinta Vox : CLIVE

Were I buried a thousand fathoms down in the darkest
wave—
Were half of the great Himalayas heaped over me in my
grave,
I would rise from the thrall of such prison in joy of hearing
the tread
Of the turbaned hosts of Ind against England's foemen
led.
These were my gift to England, and England my gift to
these :
Our Empire of many peoples that laugh at the sun'dring of
seas :
This was my gift of Empire, to join the East to the West—
Comrades in arms, one purpose beating in every breast—
I send ye a word of greeting : the day that I hoped for is
now,
The banyan of many branches is twined with the green oak
bough !

F. FRANKFORT MOORE

Sexta Vox : NELSON

What word can I send to the iron men of the iron fleet ?
What signal bid them to hoist when the enemy's ships they
meet ?
Who will better the bunting that spake from the admiral's
mast,
When the morn of Trafalgar declared that our vigil of
months was past ?
Our England expects to-day what our England expected
then ;
Oak walls, or iron, what matters, so long as behind them are
men ?
If your hearts are the hearts of men, then nothing can matter
much,
Put *men's* hearts into your work, that's the true Nelson
touch !

*Day breaks over the Downs, from Brighton to Beachy Head :
The sea is no longer silent ; smoke rises from each homestead ;
The shadowy mists that hovered over the moon-lit coasts,
Waving inanimate hands, steal off like wandering ghosts—
Like guardian ghosts of a nation that turns to the past an ear,
And listening, learns to look at the future without a fear.*

F. FRANKFORT MOORE, 1914.

“ Whether this portion of the world were rent,
By the rude ocean from the continent,
Or thus created, it was sure designed
To be the sacred refuge of mankind.”

WALLER, “ To my Lord Protector.”

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

21.

Forgotten

ENGLAND, and echo cries England, and all the world
stands to admire
Her fleets off the headlands of Progress, her flag on the capes
of Desire,
Her mailed hand that menaces Europe, her legions in Egypt
and Ind—
It is England, and England, and England, whose trumpets
roll down on the wind.
But have they forgotten, forgotten, in peace and the fullness
of days,
 Scotland, my Scotland,
The triumph that tramped with your Seaforths, the glory
that rode with your Greys ?

England ! we're proud of old England, and a hand we
would lay in her hand ;
Her flag is our flag on the ocean, her trek is our trek on the
land,
Not a hero went forth from this England, when blood for
his country was poured,
But a Scotsman has stood by his shoulder to back his red
sword with a sword :
Yet these have forgotten, forgotten the days of your prowess
and pride,
 Scotland, my Scotland,
The brave men you bred in the mountains, the keels that
you laid in the Clyde.

England ! and echo cries England ! and never more noble
a name
Shall sound on the stairways of Duty and ring through the
archways of Fame ;

WILL. H. OGILVIE

But on the twin shields of our honour, the land of the heath
and the flood,
May write the proud name that her heroes have writ on the
ages in blood.
That no more forgetting, forgetting, shared camp, and shared
glory and grave,
Scotland, my Scotland,
The world shall stand forward and give you full guerdon
for all that you gave.

WILL. H. OGILVIE.

“ England came to me like a goddess then, and I have held
fast to her ever since, in a world where so much is so very
uncertain.”—F. YEATS-BROWN, *Bengal Lancer*.

22.

England's Dead

SON of the Ocean Isle !
Where sleep your mighty dead ?
Show me what high and stately pile
Is rear'd o'er Glory's bed.

Go, stranger ! track the deep—
Free, free the white sail spread !
Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,
Where rest not England's dead.

On Egypt's burning plains,
By the pyramid o'ersway'd,
With fearful power the noonday reigns,
And the palm-trees yield no shade.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

But let the angry sun
From heaven look fiercely red,
Unfelt by those whose task is done !—
There slumber England's dead.

The hurricane hath might
Along the Indian shore,
And far by Ganges' banks at night
Is heard the tiger's roar ;—

But let the sound roll on !
It hath no tone of dread,
For those that from their toil are gone—
There slumber England's dead.

Loud rush the torrent-floods
The Western wilds among,
And free, in green Columbia's woods,
The hunter's bow is strung ;—

But let the floods rush on !
Let the arrow flight be sped !
Why should *they* reck whose task is done ?—
There slumber England's dead.

The mountain-storms rise high
In the snowy Pyrenees,
And toss the pine-boughs through the sky
Like rose-leaves on the breeze ;—

But let the storm rage on !
Let the fresh leaves be shed !
For the Roncesvalles field is won ;—
There slumber England's dead.

FELICIA HEMANS

On the frozen deep's repose
'Tis a dark and dreadful hour,
When round the ship the ice-fields close,
And the northern night-clouds lower ;—

But let the ice drift on !
Let the cold-blue desert spread !
Their course with mast and flag is done ;—
Even there sleep England's dead.

The warlike of the isles,
The men of field and wave !
Are not the rocks their funeral piles,
The seas and shores their graves ?

Go, stranger ! track the deep—
Free, free, the white sail spread !
Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,
Where rest not England's dead.

FELICIA HEMANS.

“ England has saved herself by her own energy ; I hope that she will save Europe by her example.”—WILLIAM Pitt, Speech, 1805.

23. *O God of Earth and Altar*

O GOD of earth and altar,
Bow down and hear our cry,
Our earthly fathers falter,
Our people drift and die ;
The walls of gold entomb us,
The swords of scorn divide,
Take not Thy thunder from us,
But take away our pride.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

From all that error teaches,
From lies of tongue and pen
From all the easy speeches
That comfort sinful men,
From sale and profanation
Of honour and the sword,
From sleep and from damnation,
Deliver us, good Lord !

Tie in a living tether
The prince and priest and thrall,
Bind all our lives together,
Smite us and save us all ;
In ire and exultation
Aflame with faith and free,
Lift up a living nation,
A single sword to Thee.

G. K. CHESTERTON.

“ Surely in toil or fray
Under an alien sky,
Comfort it is to say,
Of no mean city am I.”

RUDYARD KIPLING, *Seven Seas.*

24.

From Mercilesse Invaders

FROM mercilesse invaders,
From wicked men’s device,
O God ! arise and help us
To quele our enemies !

JOHN STILL

Strike deepe their potent navies,
Their strength and corage breake,
O God ! arise and arm us,
For Jesus Christe his sake.

Though cruel Spain and Parma
With heathen legions come,
O God ! arise and arm us,
We'll dye for owre home !

JOHN STILL.

“ This most happy and glorious event, that this island of Britain, divided from all the world, should be united in itself.”—FRANCIS BACON, *Advancement of Learning*.

P A R T T W O

“ THIS P R E C I O U S S T O N E S E T I N A
S I L V E R S E A ”

PART TWO

“ THIS PRECIOUS STONE SET IN A SILVER SEA ”

25. *This Royal Throne of Kings*

THIS royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise.
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war ;
This happy breed of men, this little world ;
This precious stone set in a silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands.
This blessed spot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
(For Christian service and true chivalry)
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry,
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son,
This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world.

SHAKESPEARE, *Richard II.*, Act II. Scene i.

“ Like the British Constitution, she owes her success in practice to her inconsistencies in principle.”—THOMAS HARDY, *Hand of Ethelberta*.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

26.

The Soldier

IF I should die, think only this of me :
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed ;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given ;
Her sights and sounds, dreams happy as her day ;
And laughter, learnt of friends ; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

RUPERT BROOKE.

“ And when I'm in a place like this, and it's England, I'm perpetually wondering why so many people hurry abroad somewhere as soon as they've a minute to spare. Why, there's nothing so lovely as this anywhere ! ”—HUGH WALPOLE, *Maradick at Forty*.

27.

The Children's Song

LAND of our Birth, we pledge to thee
Our love and toil in the years to be ;
When we are grown and take our place
As men and women of our race.

Father in Heaven, who lovest all,
Oh, help Thy children when they call ;
That they may build from age to age
An undefiled heritage.

RUDYARD KIPLING

Teach us to bear the yoke in youth,
With steadfastness and careful truth ;
That, in our time, Thy Grace may give
The Truth whereby the Nations live.

Teach us to rule ourselves alway,
Controlled and cleanly night and day ;
That we may bring, if need arise,
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.

Teach us to look in all our ends,
On Thee for judge, and not our friends ;
That we, with Thee, may walk uncowed
By fear or favour of the crowd.

Teach us the strength that cannot seek,
By deed or thought, to hurt the weak ;
That, under Thee, we may possess
Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

Teach us delight in simple things,
And mirth that has no bitter springs ;
Forgiveness free of evil done,
And love to all men 'neath the sun !

Land of our Birth, our faith, our pride,
For whose dear sake our fathers died ;
O Mother land, we pledge to thee
Head, heart, and hand through the years to be !

RUDYARD KIPLING.

“ The man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not fain force up upon the plains of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.”—
SAMUEL JOHNSON, *Western Isles.*

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

28.

Breathes there a Man

BREATHES there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
“ This is my own, my native land ! ”
Whose heart has ne’er within him burned
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand ?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well ;
For him no Minstrel raptures swell ;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim ;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
This wretch concentrated all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

O Caledonia, stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child !
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires ! What mortal hand
Can e’er untie the filial band ?
That binds thee to thy rugged strand.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

“ You might, from your appearance, be the wife of Lucifer,” said Miss Pross, in her breathing. “ Nevertheless, you shall not get the better of me. I am an Englishwoman.”

CHARLES DICKENS, *A Tale of Two Cities.*

DORA SIGERSON

29.

Ireland

'TWAS the dream of a God,
 And the mould of His hand,
That you shook 'neath His stroke,
That you trembled and broke
 To this beautiful land.

Here he loosed from His hold
 A brown tumult of wings,
Till the wind on the sea
Bore the strange melody
 Of an island that sings.

He made you all fair,
 You in purple and gold,
You in silver and green
Till no eye that has seen
 Without love can behold.

I have left you behind
 In the path of the past,
With the white breath of flowers,
With the best of God's hours,
 I have left you at last.

DORA SIGERSON.

“ English speech, the sea that receives tributaries from every region.”—EMERSON.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

30. *England, with all Thy Faults*

ENGLAND, with all thy faults, I love thee still.
My country ! and, while yet a nook is left
Where English minds and manners may be found,
Shall be constrained to love thee. Though thy clime
Be fickle, and thy year most part deformed
With dripping rains, or withered by a frost,
I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies,
And fields without a flower, for warmer France,
With all her vines ; nor for Ausonia's groves
Of golden fruitage, and her myrtle bowers.
To shake thy senate and from heights sublime
Of patriot eloquence to flash down fire
Upon thy foes, was never meant my task.
But I can feel thy fortunes, and partake
Thy joys and sorrows, with as true a heart
As any thundered there. And I can feel
Thy follies, too ; and with a just disdain
Frown at effeminate, whose very looks
Reflect dishonour on the land I love.
How, in the name of soldiership and sense,
Should England prosper, when such things, as smooth
And tender as a girl, all essenc'd o'er
With odours, and as profligate as sweet ;
Who sell their laurel for a myrtle wreath,
And love when they should fight ; when such as these
Presume to lay their hands upon the ark
Of her magnificent and awful cause ?
Time was when it was praise and boast enough
In every clime, and travel where we might,
That we were born her children. Praise enough
To fill the ambition of a private man,

WILLIAM COWPER—ROBERT BROWNING

That Chatham's language was his mother tongue,
And Wolfe's great name compatriot with his own.

WILLIAM COWPER.

“England is a domestic country ; here home is revered
and the hearth sacred.”—BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

31. *Home Thoughts from Abroad*

OH, to be in England
Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now !

And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows
Hark ! where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters to the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—
That's the wise thrush ; he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture !
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower,
—Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower !

ROBERT BROWNING.

“There is no greater sign of a general decay of virtue
in a nation, than a want of zeal in its inhabitants for the
good of their country.”—JOSEPH ADDISON, *The Freeholder*.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

32. *Then England's Ground, Farewell*

THEN England's ground, farewell ; sweet soil, adieu ;
My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet !
Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,
Though banish'd, yet a trueborn Englishman.

SHAKESPEARE, *Richard II.*, Act i. Scene iii.

“ The only freedom that deserves the name, is that of pursuing our own good in our own way, so long as we do not attempt to deprive others of theirs, or impede their efforts to obtain it.”—JOHN STUART MILL, *On Liberty*.

33. *I travelled among Unknown Men*

I TRAVELED among unknown men.
In lands beyond the sea ;
Nor, England, did I know till then
What love I bore to thee.

’Tis past, a melancholy dream !
Nor will I quit thy shore
A second time ; for still I seem
To love thee more and more.

Among thy mountains did I feel
The joy of my desire ;
And she I cherish'd turn'd her wheel
Beside an English fire.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Thy mornings show'd, thy nights conceal'd,
The bowers where Lucy play'd ;
And thine too is the last green field
That Lucy's eyes survey'd.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

“ Patriotism depends as much on mutual suffering as on mutual success ; and it is by that experience of all fortunes and all feelings that a great national character is created ”—
BENJAMIN DISRAELI, Speech, 1862.

34.

A Thanksgiving to God

LORD, Thou hast given me a cell
Wherein to dwell ;
A little house, whose humble roof
Is weatherproof ;
Under the spars of which I lie
Both soft and dry ;
Where Thou, my chamber for to ward,
Has set a guard
Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep
Me, while I sleep.
Low is my porch, as is my fate,
Both void of state ;
And yet the threshold of my door
Is worn by th' poor,
Who thither come and freely get
Good words, or meat ;
Like as my parlour, so my hall
And kitchen's small :
A little buttery, and therein
A little bin,

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Which keeps my little loaf of bread
 Unchipped, unflead :
Some brittle sticks of thorn or briar
 Make me a fire,
Close by whose living coal I sit,
 And glow like it.
Lord, I confess too, when I dine,
 The pulse is Thine,
And all those other bits, that be
 There placed by Thee ;
The worts, the purslane, and the mess
 Of water-cress,
Which of Thy kindness Thou hast sent ;
 And my content
Makes those, and my beloved beet,
 To be more sweet.
'Tis thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
 With guiltless mirth,
And giv'st me wassail bowls to drink,
 Spiced to the brink.
Lord, 'tis Thy plenty-dropping hand
 That soils my land,
And giv'st me, for my bushel sown,
 Twice ten for one :
Thou mak'st my teeming hen to lay
 Her egg a day ;
All these, and better Thou dost send
 Me, to this end,
That I should render, for my part,
 A thankful heart ;
Which, fired by incense, I resign,
 As wholly thine ;
But the acceptance, that must be,
 My Christ by Thee. ROBERT HERRICK.

SHAKESPEARE

“ Oh, Freedom is a noble thing !
Freedom makes a man to have liking,
Freedom all solace to man gives ;
He lives at ease that freely lives.
A noble heart may have no ease,
Nor nothing else that may him please,
If freedom faileth ; for free delight
Is desired before all other thing,
Not he that aye has livèd free
May not know well the quality,
The anger, nor the wretched doom
That joinèd is to foul thraldom.”

JOHN BARBOUR (1316-95), *The Bruce*.

35.

In Her Days Every Man

IN her days every man shall eat in safety,
Under his own vine, what he plants ; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.
God shall be truly known ; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
Nor shall this peace sleep with her ; but as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phœnix,
Her ashes shall create another heir,
As great in admiration as herself.

SHAKESPEARE, *Henry VIII.*, Act v. Scene v.

“ Curse on his virtues ! they’ve undone his country ;
Such popular humanity is treason.”

JOSEPH ADDISON, *Cato*.

The Appeal

CHILDREN of our England ! stand
 On the shores that girt our land ;
 The ægis of whose cloud-white rock
 Braveth Time's own battle shock.
 Look above the wide, wide world,
 Where the northern blasts have furl'd
 Their numbèd wings amid the snows,
 Mutt'ring in a forced repose.
 Or when the madden'd sun on high
 Shakes his torch athwart the sky,
 Till within their prison sere,
 Chainèd earthquakes groan for fear.
 Look above the wide, wide world
 Where a gauntlet Sin hath hurl'd
 To astonished Life ; and where
 Death's gladiatorial smile doth glare
 Or making the arena bare.
 Shout aloud the words that show
 Jesus in the sands and snow ;—
 Shout aloud the words that free,
 Over the perpetual sea.

Speak ye. As a breath will sweep
 Avalanche from Alpine steep,
 So the spoken word shall roll
 Fear and darkness from the soul.
 Are ye men, and love not man ?
 Love ye, and permit his ban ?
 Can ye, dare ye, rend the chain,
 Wrought of common joy and pain,
 Clasping with its links of gold,
 Man to man in one stronghold ?

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

Lo ! if the golden links we sever,
Ye shall make your heart's flesh quiver :
And wheresoe'er the links are reft,
There, shall be a bloodstain left.
To earth's remotest rock repair,
Ye shall find a vulture there ;
Though for others sorrowing not,
Your own tears shall still be hot ;
Though ye play a lonely part ;
Though ye bear an iron heart ;—
Woe, like Echetus, still must
Grind your iron into dust.

But children of our Britain, ye
Rend not man's chain of sympathy ;
To those who sit in woe and night,
Denying tears and hiding light.
Ye have stretch'd your hands abroad
With the Spirit's sheathless sword :
Ye have spoken—and the tone
To earth's extremest verge hath gone ;
East and west sublime it rolls,
Echoed by a million souls !
The wheels of rapid circling years,
Erst hot with crime, are quench'd with tears.
Rocky hearts wild water pour,
That were chain'd on stone before :

Bloody hands, that only bare
Hilted sword, are clasp'd in prayer :
Savage tongues, that wont to fling
Shout of war in deathly ring,
Speak the name which angels sing.
Dying lips are lit the while
With a most undying smile,

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Which, reposing there, instead
Of language, when the lips are dead,
Saith,—“ No sound of grief or pain
Shall haunt us when we move again.”

Children of our country, brothers.
To the children of all others !
Shout aloud the words that show
Jesus in the sands and snow ;—
Shout aloud the words that free,
Over the perpetual sea !

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

“ No Freeman, Merchant, or Villein shall be excessively fined for a small offence ; the first shall not be deprived of his means of livelihood ; the second of his merchandise ; the third of his implements of husbandry.”—Clause 20, Magna Charta, 1215.

37. *A Song to England*

THE Sailor sings to you, England,
Port of the roving worlds !
He sings of the splendid blue that wraps your gate,
Of the waves’ white cavalry holding your ancient state,
But he says—
“ You are islanded no more ! ”

The Yeoman calls to you, England,
Land of the Middle Seas !
He knows how the shepherding waters built the fold,
How the dandy frigates carried the merchant’s gold,
But he asks—
“ Who is guardian of your door ? ”

C. M. TATHAM

The women call to you, England,
Daughter of Neptune's pride,
They seek in a mirrored calm your radiant glance ;
But they see reflected a white face strained to France.
And they sigh—
“ We must give the sons we bore ! ”

C. M. TATHAM.

“ Nobody planned the British estate system, nobody planned the British aristocratic system, nobody planned the confounded Constitution. It came about, it was like layer after layer wrapping round an agate, but you see it came about so happily in a way, it so suited the climate and the temperament of our people and our island, it was on the whole so cosy, that our people settled down into it. You can't help settling down into it.”—H. G. WELLS, *Mr. Britling sees it through.*

38. *England: An Ode*

I

SEA and strand, and a lordlier land than sea-tides rolling
and rising sun
Clasp and lighten in climes that brighten with day when
day that was here is done,
Call aloud on their children, proud with trust that future
and past are one.

Far and near from the swan's nest here the storm-birds bred
of her fair white breast,
Sons whose home was the sea-wave's foam, have borne the
fame of her east and west ;
North and south has the storm-wind's mouth rung praise of
England and England's quest.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Fame, wherever her flag flew, never forbore to fly with an equal wing :

France and Spain with their warrior train bowed down before her as thrall to king ;

India knelt at her feet, and felt her sway more fruitful of life than spring. *

Darkness round them as iron bound fell off from races of elder name,

Spain at sight of her eyes, whose light bids freedom lighten and burn as flame.

Night endures not the touch that cures of kingship tyrants, and slaves of shame.

All the terror of time, where error and fear were lords of a world of slaves,

Age on age in resurgent rage and anguish darkening as waves on waves,

Fell or fled from a face that shed such grace as quickens the dust of graves.

Things of night at her glance took flight ; the strengths of darkness recoiled and sank :

Sank the fires of the murderous pyres whereon wild agony writhed and shrank :

Rose the light of the reign of right from gulfs of years that the darkness drank.

Yet the might of her wings in flight, whence glory lightens and music rings,

Loud and bright as the dawn's, shall smite and still the discord of evil things,

Yet not slain by her radiant reign, but darkened now by her sail-stretched wings.

A. C. SWINBURNE

II

Music made of change and conquest, glory born of evil slain,
Stilled the discord, slew the darkness, bade the lights of
tempest wane,

Where the deathless dawn of England rose in sign that right
should reign.

Mercy, where the tiger wallowed mad and blind with blood
and lust,

Justice, where the jackal yelped and fed, and slaves allowed
it just,

Rose as England's light on Asia rose, and smote them down
to dust.

Justice, bright as mercy, mercy girt by justice with her
sword,

Smote and saved and raised and ruined, till the tyrant-ridden
horde

Saw the lightning fade from heaven and knew the sun for
God and Lord.

Where the footfall sounds of England, where the smile of
England shines,

Rings the tread and laughs the face of freedom, fair as hope
divines.

Ways to be, move brave than ours and lit by lordlier stars for
signs.

All our past acclaims our future ; Shakespeare's voice and
Nelson's hand,

Milton's faith and Wordsworth's trust in this our chosen and
chainless land,

Bear us witness : come the world against her, England yet
shall stand.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Earth and sea bear England witness if he lied who said it ; he
Whom the winds that ward her, waves that clasp, and herk
and flower and tree
Fed with English dews and sunbeams, hail as more than
man may be.

No man ever spake as he that bade our England be but true,
Keep but faith with England fast and firm, and none should
bid her rue ;
None may speak as he ; but all may know the sign that
Shakespeare knew.

III

From the springs of the dawn, from the depths of the moon,
from the heights of the night that shine,
Hope, faith, and remembrance of glory that found but in
England her throne and her shrine,
Speak louder than song may proclaim them, that here is the
seal of them set for a sign.

And loud as the sea's voice thunders applause of the land
that is one with the sea
Speaks Time in the ear of the people that never at heart were
not inly free,
The word of command that assures us of life, if we will but
that life shall be.

If the race that is first of the races of men who behold un-
ashamed the sun
Stand fast and forget not the sign that is given of the years
and the wars that are done,
The token that all who are born of its blood should in heart
as in blood be one.

A. C. SWINBURNE

The word of remembrance that lightens as fire from the
steeps of the storm-lit past
Bids only the faith of our fathers endure in us, firm as they
held it fast ;
That the glory which was from the first upon England alone
may endure to the last.

A light that is more than the sunlight, an air that is brighter
than morning's breath,
Clothes England about as the strong sea clasps her, and
answers the word that it saith ;
The word that assures her of life if she change not, and
choose not the ways of death.

Change darkens and lightens around her, alternate in hope
and in fear to be ;
Hope knows not if fear speaks truth, nor fear whether hope
be not blind as she :
But the sun is in heaven that beholds her immortal, and
girdled with life by the sea.

A. C. SWINBURNE.

“ Deare countrey ! O ! how dearely deare
Ought thy remembrance and perpetuall band
Be to thy foster Childe, that from thy hand
Did commun breath and nourture receave.
How brutish is it not to understand
How much to her we owe, that all us gave ;
That gave unto us all whatever good we have.”

EDMUND SPENSER, *Faerie Queene*.

“

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

39.

My Country

WHEN I have borne in memory what has tamed
Great Nations, how ennobling thoughts depart
When men change swords for ledgers, and desert
The student's bower for gold, some fears unnamed
I had, my Country!—am I to be blamed?
Now when I think of thee, and what thou art,
Verily, in the bottom of my heart,
Of these unfilial fears I am ashamed.
But dearly must we pray thee, we who find
In thee a bulwark for the cause of men;
And I by my affection was beguiled.
What wonder if a poet now and then,
Among the many movements of his mind,
Felt for thee as a lover or a child!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

“No Freeman shall be arrested, or imprisoned, or dispossessed of his tenement, or outlawed, or exiled, or in any wise proceeded against, unless by the legal judgement of his Peers, or by the Law of the Land.”—Clause 39, Magna Charta, 1215.

40.

Ode to the North-East Wind

WELCOME, wild North-easter,
Shame it is to see
Odes to every zephyr,
Ne'er a verse to thee.
Welcome, black North-easter!
O'er the German foam;

CHARLES KINGSLEY

O'er the Danish moorlands,
From thy frozen home.

Tired we are of summer,
Tired of gaudy glare,
Showers soft and steaming
Hot and breathless air.

Tired of listless dreaming
Through the lazy day ;
Jovial wind of winter
Turn us out to play !

Sweep the golden reed-beds,
Crisp the lazy dyke,
Hunger into madness
Every plunging pike.

Fill the air with wild-fowl,
Fill the marsh with snipe ;
While on dreary moorlands
Lonely curlew pipe.

Through the black fir forest
Thunder harsh and dry,
Scattering down the snow-flakes
Off the curdled sky.

Hark ! the brave North-easter !
Breast-high lies the scent,
On by holt and headland,
Over heath and bent.

Chime, ye dappled darlings,
Through the sleet and snow !
Who can over-ride you ?
Let the horses go !

Chime, ye dappled darlings,
Down the roaring blast ;
You shall see a fox die
Ere an hour be past.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Go ! and rest to-morrow,
Hunting in your dreams,
While our skates are ringing
O'er the frozen streams.
Let the luscious south wind
Breathe in lovers' sighs,
While the lazy gallants
Bask in ladies' eyes.
What does he but soften
Heart alike and pen,
'Tis the hard grey weather
Breeds hard Englishmen.
What's the soft South-wester ?
'Tis the ladies' breeze,
Bringing home their true loves
Out of all the seas.
But the black North-easter,
Through the snowstorm hurled,
Drives our English hearts of oak
Seaward round the world !
Come ! as came our fathers
Heralded by thee,
Conquering from the eastward,
Lords by land and sea.
Come ! and strong within us
Stir the Viking's blood ;
Bracing brain and sinew,
Blow, thou wind of God.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

“ If England's head and heart were one,
Where is that good beneath the sun,
Her noble hands should leave undone ? ”

SYDNEY DOBELL, *Shower in War-time.*

JOHN KEATS

41. *Happy is England*

HAPPY is England ! I could be content
To see no other verdure than its own ;
To feel no other breezes than are blown
Through its tall woods with high romances blent ;
Yet do I sometimes feel a languishment
For skies Italian, and an inward groan
To sit upon an Alp as on a throne,
And half forget what world or worldling meant.
Happy is England, sweet her artless daughters ;
Enough their simple loveliness for me,
Enough their whitest arms in silence clinging :
Yet do I often warmly burn to see
Beauties of deeper glance, and hear their singing,
And float with them about the summer waters.

JOHN KEATS.

“ Be England what she will,
With all her faults, I love her still.”

CHARLES CHURCHILL, *The Farewell.*

42. *Home Thoughts from the Sea*

NOBLY, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the North-West
died away ;
Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into Cadiz
Bay ;
Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar
lay ;
In the dimmest North-East distance dawned Gibraltar
grand and grey ;

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

“ Here and here did England help me : how can I help
England ? ”—say,
Who so turns as I, this evening, turn to God to praise and
pray,
While Jove’s planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.

ROBERT BROWNING.

“ Britons and Romans, Saxons and then Danes,
So many conquerors have taken it,
I somdel wonder any land is left.
Yet oak-trees grow, and daisies star the grass,
And blissful birds sing blithely as of yore ;
Sheep bleateth, and the mild-eyed cattle chaw
Their peaceful cud. Men waggon up the hay
And ear the soil and breed the olden way
As if the conquerors had never passed.”

JAMES WAIGHT, *Harold*.

43. *And did those Feet in Ancient Time*

AND did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England’s mountains green ?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England’s pleasant pastures seen ?

And did the Countenance Divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills ?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among those dark Satanic mills ?

Bring me my bow of burning gold !
Bring me my arrows of desire
Bring me my spear ! O clouds unfold !
Bring me my Chariot of fire !

WILLIAM BLAKE—THOMAS CAMPION

I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

"If an earthquake were to engulf England to-morrow, the English would manage to meet and dine somewhere among the rubbish, just to celebrate the event."—DOUGLAS JERROLD.

44. *Britons, now with One Accord*

B BRITONS, now with one accord
Sing grateful praises to the Lord
In your congregations.
He preserved your State alone,
His loving grace hath made you one
Of His chosen nations.
But His light must hallowed be
With your best oblations ;
Praise the Lord, for only great and merciful is He.
God hath call'd us and hath shown
To us the work he will have done
For Him, and no other.
Britain, this He did for thee
That thou thine own renown might see
Which no time can smother.
May thy sons thy comfort be,
Every land thy brother ;
May the world the love of peace and wisdom learn
from thee.

"No panegyric needs their praise record ;
An Englishman ne'er wants his own good word."

DANIEL DEFOE, *True-born Englishman.*

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

45.

How Sleep the Brave

HOW sleep the brave who sink to rest !
By all their country's wishes blest !
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung ;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there !

WILLIAM COLLINS.

“ Bind her, grind her, burn her with fire,
Cast her ashes into the sea,—
She shall escape, she shall aspire,
She shall arise in a sacred scorn,
Lighting the lives that are yet unborn,
Spirit supernal, splendour eternal,
England ! ”

HELEN GRAY CONE, *Chant of Love for England*.

46.

Letty's Globe

WHEN Letty had scarce pass'd her third glad year,
And her young artless words began to flow,
One day we gave the child a colour'd sphere
Of the wide earth, that she might mark and know,
By tint and outline, all its sea and land.
She patted all the world ; old empires peep'd

C. T. TURNER—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Between her baby fingers ; her soft hand
Was welcome at all frontiers. How she leap'd,
And laugh'd and prattled in her world-wide bliss ;
But when we turn'd her sweet unlearn'd eye
On our own isle, she raised a joyous cry—
“ Oh yes ! I see it, Letty's home is there ! ”
And while she hid all England with a kiss,
Bright over Europe fell her golden hair.

CHARLES TENNYSON TURNER.

“ Let not England forget her precedence of teaching nations
how to live.”—MILTON, *Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce*.

47.

British Freedom

IT is not to be thought of that the flood
Of British freedom, which, to the open sea
Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity
Hath flow'd, “ with pomp of waters, unwithstood ”—
Roused though it be full often to a mood
Which spurns the check of salutary bands—
That this most famous stream in bog and sands
Should perish ; and to evil and to good
Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung
Armoury of the invincible knights of old ;
We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake ; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held.—In everything we have sprung
Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

“ Hail, happy Britain ! highly favoured isle,
And Heaven's peculiar care ! ”

WILLIAM SOMERVILLE, *The Chase*.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

48.

Men of England

MEN of England ! who inherit
Rights that cost your sires their blood
Men whose undegenerate spirit
Has been proved on field and flood !

By the foes ye've fought, uncounted,
By the glorious deeds ye've done,
Trophies captured—breaches mounted,
Navies conquered—kingdoms won !

Yet, remember, England gathers
Hence but fruitless wreaths of fame,
If the freedom of your fathers
Glow not in your hearts the same.

What are monuments of bravery,
Where no public virtues bloom ?
What avails in land of slavery
Trophied temples, arch, and tomb ?

Pageants !—let the world revere us
For our people's rights and laws,
And the breasts of civic heroes
Bared in Freedom's holy cause.

Yours are Hampden's, Russell's glory,
Sidney's matchless shade is yours,—
Martyrs in heroic story
Worth a hundred Agincourts !

THOMAS CAMPBELL—LORD TENNYSON

We're the sons of sires who baffled
Crowned and mitred tyranny :
They defied the field and scaffold
For their birthrights—so will we !

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

“ Rejoice, O Albion ! severed from the world
By Nature's wise indulgence.”

JOHN PHILIPS, *Cider.*

49.

You ask Me Why

YOU ask me, why, tho' ill at ease,
Within this region I subsist,
Whose spirits falter in the mist,
And languish for the purple seas.

It is the land that freemen till,
That sober-suited Freedom chose,
The land, where girt with friends or foes
A man may speak the thing he will ;

A land of settled government,
A land of just and old renown,
Where Freedom slowly broadens down
From precedent to precedent.

Where factions seldom gather head,
But by degrees to fulness wrought,
The strength of some diffusive thought
Hath time and space to work and spread.

LORD TENNYSON.

“ I like our language, as our men and coast ;
Who cannot dress it well, want wit, not words.”

GEORGE HERBERT, *The Sun.*

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

50.

I Vow to Thee, my Country

I VOW to thee, my country—all earthly things above—
Entire and whole and perfect, the service of my love,
The love that asks no questions, the love that stands the test,
That lays upon the altar the dearest and the best ;
The love that never falters, the love that pays the price,
The love that makes undaunted the final sacrifice.
And there's another country, I've heard of long ago—
Most dear to them that love her, most great to them to know—
We may not count her armies : we may not see her king—
Her fortress is a faithful heart, her pride is suffering.
And soul by soul and silently her shining bounds increase,
And her ways are ways of gentleness, and all her paths
peace.

CECIL SPRING-RICE

“ He who loves not his country can love nothing.”
BYRON, *Two Foscari*

51.

Green Fields of England

GREEN fields of England, wheresoe'er
Across this watery waste we fare,
One image at our hearts we bear,
Green fields of England, everywhere.

Sweet eyes in England ! I must flee
Past where the waves' last confines be,
Ere your loved smile I cease to see,
Sweet eyes of England, dear to me.

A. H. CLOUGH

Dear home in England ! safe and fast,
If but in thee my lot be cast,
The past shall seem a nothing past
To thee, dear home, if won at last.
Dear home in England, won at last.

A. H. CLOUGH.

“ To speak his thought is every freeman’s right,
In peace and war, in council and in fight.”

POPE, *Iliad*.

P A R T T H R E E

“BUY MY ENGLISH POSIES”

PART THREE

“BUY MY ENGLISH POSIES”

52.

The Flowers

BUY my English posies !
Kent and Surrey may—
Violets of the Undercliff
Wet with Channel spray ·
Cowslips from a Devon combe—
Midland turze afire—
Buy my English posies
And I'll sell your heart's desire !

Buy my English posies !
You who scorn the May,
Won't you greet a friend from home
Half the world away ?
Green against the draggled drift,
Faint and frail and first—
Buy my Northern blood-root
And I'll know where you were nursed :
Robin down the logging-road whistles, “Come to me !”
Spring has found the maple-grove, the sap is running free ;
All the winds of Canada call the ploughing-rain.
Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love again !

Buy my English posies !
Here's to match your need—
Buy a tuft of royal heath,
Buy a bunch of weed,
White as sand in Muisenberg
Spun before the gale—
Buy my heath and lilies
And I'll tell you whence you hail !

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Under hot Constantia broad the vineyards lie—
Throned and thorned the aching berg props the speckless
sky.
Slow below the Wynberg firs trails the tilted wain—
Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love again !

Buy my English posies !
You that will not turn—
Buy my hot wood-clematis,
Buy a frond o' fern
Gathered where the Erskine leaps
Down the road to Lorne—
Buy my Christmas creeper
And I'll say where you were born !
West away from Melbourne dust holidays begin—
They that mock at Paradise woo at Cora Linn—
Through the great South Otway gums sings the great South
Main—
Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love again !

Buy my English posies !
Here's your choice unsold !
Buy a blood-red myrtle-bloom,
Buy the Kowhai's gold
Flung for gift on Taupo's face,
Sign that spring is come—
Buy my clinging myrtle
And I'll give you back your home !
Broom behind the windy town ; pollen of the pine—
Bell-bird in the leafy deep where the " rata " twine—
Fern above the saddle-bow, flax upon the plain—
Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love again !

RUDYARD KIPLING—E. VINE HALL

Buy my English posies !
Ye that have your own
Buy them for a brother's sake
Overseas, alone :
Weed ye trample underfoot
Floods his heart abrim—
Bird ye never heeded,
Oh, she calls his dead to him !
Far and far our homes are set round the seven seas ;
Woe for us if we forget, we who hold by these !
Unto each his mother-beach, bloom and bird and land—
Masters of the Seven Seas, oh, love and understand !

RUDYARD KIPLING.

“None could love freedom heartily but good men ; the rest
love not freedom, but licence.”—MILTON, *Tenure of Kings*.

53. *This Bit of England*

IF this bit of England be
Worthier because of me,
Stronger for the strength I bring,
Sweeter for the songs I sing,
Purer for the path I tread,
Lighter for the light I shed,
Richer for the gifts I give,
Happier because I live,
Nobler for the death I die ;
Not in vain have I been I.

E. VINE HALL.

“Freedom ! which in no other land could thrive—
Freedom ! an English subject's sole prerogative.”

DRYDEN, *Threnodia Augustalis*.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

54.

My Garden

A GARDEN is a lovesome thing, God wot !

Rose plot,

Fringed pool,

Fern'd grot—

The veriest school

Of peace, and yet the fool

Contends that God is not—

Not God—in gardens ! when the eve is cool ?

Nay, but I have a sign ;

’Tis very sure God walks in mine.

THOMAS EDWARD BROWN.

England was merry England when

Old Christmas brought his sports again.

’Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale

’Twas Christmas told the merriest tale ;

A Christmas gambol oft could cheer

The poor man’s heart through half the year.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, *Marmion*.

55.

The Old Country

I

O ENGLAND, country of my heart’s desire,

Land of the hedgerow and the village spire,

Land of thatched cottages and murmuring bees,

And wayside inns where one may take one’s ease ;

Of village greens where cricket may be played

And fat old spaniels sleeping in the shade,—

E. V. LUCAS

O homeland, far away across the main,
How would I love to see your face again !
Your daisied meadows and your grassy hills,
Your primrose banks, your parks, your tinkling rills,
Your copses where the purple bluebells grow,
Your quiet lanes where lovers loiter so,
Your cottage-gardens with their wallflowers' scent,
Your swallows 'neath the eaves, your sweet content !
And 'mid the fleecy clouds that o'er you spread,
Listen, the skylark singing overhead . . .
That's the old country, that's the old home !
You never forget it wherever you roam.

II

I know an English village, oh, so small !
Where every cottage has a whitewashed wall,
And every garden has a sweet-briar hedge,
And there's a cat on every window ledge.
And there's a cottage there with those within it
Whom I in fancy visit every minute.
O little village mine, so far away,
How would I love to visit you to-day !
To lift the latch and peep within the door
And join the happy company once more—
I think I'd try and catch them at their tea :
What a surprise for every one 'twould be !
How we would talk and laugh, maybe and cry,
Living our lost years over, they and I ;
And then at dusk I'd seek the well-known lane
To hear the English nightingale again. . . .
That's the old country, that's the old home !
You never can beat it wherever you roam.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

III

O London, once my home but now so far,
You shine before me brighter than a star !
By night I dream of you, by day I long
To be the humblest even of your throng :
Happy, however poor, however sore,
Merely because a Londoner once more.
Your sights, your sounds, your scents—I miss them all :
Your coloured buses racing down Whitehall ;
The fruit-stalls in the New Cut all aflare ;
The Oval with its thousands gathered there.
The Thames at evening in a mist of blue ;
Old Drury with a hundred yards of queue.
Your sausage-shops, your roads of gleaming mud,
Your pea-soup fogs—they're in my very blood ;
And there's no music to my ears so sweet
As all the noisy discord of the street. . . .
That's my dear London, that's my old home,
I'll never forget it wherever I roam.

IV

And ah ! the London pleasure parties too !—
The steamboat up to Hampton Court or Kew ;
The walk among the deer in Richmond Park ;
The journey back, all jolly, in the dark !
To Epping Forest up the Mile End Road,
Passing the donkey-barrows' merry load ;
Or nearer home, to Hampstead for a blow :
To watch old London smouldering below ;
Between the Spaniard's and Jack Straw's to pace
And feel the northern breezes in one's face ;

E. V. LUCAS

Then at the Bull and Bush perhaps to dine
And taste again their famous barley wine !
Ah me ! I wonder is it all the same ?
Is Easter Monday still the good old game ?
I hear it yet, though years have rolled away,
The maddening medley of Bank Holiday. . . .
That's my dear London, that's my true home,
I'll never forget it wherever I roam.

E. V. LUCAS.

“ Slaves cannot breathe in England ; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free.”

COWPER, *The Time-Piece*.

56.

The Fair Hills of Ireland

A PLENTEOUS place is Ireland for hospitable cheer,
Uileacan dubh O !

Where the wholesome fruit is bursting from the yellow barley
ear ;

Uileacan dubh O !

There is honey in the trees where her misty vales expand,
And her forest paths in summer are by falling waters fann'd.
There is dew at high noontide there, and springs i' the
yellow sand,

On the fair hills of holy Ireland.

Curl'd he is and ringleted and plaited to the knee—
Uileacan dubh O !

Each captain who comes sailing across the Irish Sea ;
Uileacan dubh O !

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

And I will make my journey, if life and health but stand,
Unto that pleasant country, that fresh and fragrant strand,
And leave your boasted braveries, your wealth and high
command,
For the fair hills of holy Ireland.

Large and profitable are the stalks upon the ground,
Uileacan dubh O!

The butter and the cream do wondrously abound ;
Uileacan dubh O'

The cresses on the water and the sorrels are at hand,
And the cuckoo's calling daily his note of music bland,
And the bold thrush sings so bravely his song i' the forests
grand,

On the fair hills of holy Ireland.

SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.

“ Britain, the best of islands, is situated in the Western
Ocean, . . . it produces everything that is useful to man,
with a plenty that never fails.”—GEOFFREY OF MONMOUTH
(1140), *Chronicle*.

57. *Oh, Green and Fresh*

OH, green and fresh your English sod
With daisies sprinkled over ;
But greener far were the fields I trod
And the honeyed Irish clover.

Oh, well your skylark cleaves the blue
To bid the sun good-morrow ;
He has not the bonny song I knew
High over an Irish furrow.

KATHERINE TYNAN—EDMUND SPENSER

And often, often, I'm longing still,
This gay and golden weather,
For my father's face by an Irish hill
And he and I together.

KATHERINE TYNAN.

“ From the towns all Inns have been driven ; from the villages, most. . . . But when you have lost your Inns, drown your empty selves, for you will have lost the last of England.”—HILAIRE BELLOC.

58. *Sweet Thames*

AT length they all to merry London came,
To merry London, my most kindly nurse,
That to me gave this life's first native source,
Though from another place I take my name,
An house of ancient fame ;
There when they came whereas those bricky towers,
The which on Thames' broad aged back do ride,
Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers,
There whilome wont the Templar Knights to bide ;
Till they decay'd through pride ;
Next whereunto there stands a stately place,
Where oft I gained gifts and goodly grace
Of that great lord, which therein wont to dwell,
Whose want too well now feels my friendless case ;
But ah, here fits not well
Old woes, but joys to tell
Against the bridal day, which is not long :
Sweet Thames ! run softly, till I end my song.

EDMUND SPENSER.

“ The people of England are never so happy as when you tell them they are ruined.”—ARTHUR MURPHY, *The Upholsterer*.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

59. *In Honour of the City of London*

London, thou art of townes "A per se."¹
Soveraign of cities, seemliest in sight,
Of high renoun, riches, and royltie,
Of lordis, barons, and many a goodly knyght ;
Of most delectable lusty ladies bright ;
Of famous prelatis, in habitis clericall ;
Of merchauntis full of substaunce and of myght :
London, thou art the flour of Cities all.

Gladdith ² anon, thou lusty Troynovaunt,²
Citie that some time cleped was New Troy ;
In all the erth, imperiall as thou stant,
Pryncesse of townes, of pleasure and of joy,
A richer resteth under no Christen roy ;³
For manly power, with craftis naturall,
Fourmeth ⁴ none fairer sith the flood of Noy ⁵ :
London, thou art the flour of Cities all.

Gemme of all joy, jasper of jocunditie,
Most myghty carbuncle of vertue and valour ;
Strong Troy in vigour and in strenuytie ;
Of royll cities rose and geraflour ;⁶
Empress of townes, exalt in honour ;
In beawtie beryng the crone imperiall ;
Swete paradise precelling in pleasure ;
London, thou art the flour of Cities all.

¹ Rejoice.

² New Troy.

³ King.

⁴ Appeareth.

⁵ Noah.

⁶ Gillyflower.

WILLIAM DUNBAR

Above all ryvers thy Ryver hath renowne,
Whose beryall stremys, pleasant and preclare,
Under thy lusty wallys renneth down,
Where many a swan doth swymme with wyngis fair ;
Where many a barge doth saile and row with ore ;¹
Where many a ship doth rest with top-royall.

O towne of townes ! patronē and not compare,
London, thou art the flour of Cities all.

Upon thy lusty Brigge of pylers white
Been merchauntis full royall to behold ;
Upon thy stretis goeth many a semely knyght
In velvet gownes and in cheynes of gold.
By Julyus Cesar thy Tour founded of old,
May be the hous of Mars victory all,
Whose artillery with tonge may not be told :
London, thou art the flour of Cities all.

Strong be thy wallis that about thee standis ;
Wise be the people that within thee dwellis ;
Fresh is thy ryver with his lusty strandis ;
Blith be thy chirches, wele sownyng be thy bellis ;
Rich be thy merchauntis in substaunce that excellis ;
Fair be their wives, right lovesom, white, and small ;²
Clere be thy virgyns, lusty under kellis ;³
London, thou art the flour of Cities all.

Thy famous Maire, by pryncely governaunce,
With sword of justice thee ruleth prudently.
No Lord of Parys, Venyce, or Floraunce
In digniteye or honour goeth to hym nigh.

¹ Oar.

² Slender.

³ Hoods.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

He is exampler, loode-star, and guye ;¹
Principall patronē and rose orygynalle,
Above all Maires as maister most worthy :
London, thou art the flour of Cities all.

WILLIAM DUNBAR, 1465-1520 (?).

“ Oh, London is a fine town,
A very famous city.
Where all the streets are paved with gold,
And all the maidens pretty.”

GEORGE COLMAN, Junior.

60. *Westminster Bridge*

EARTH has not any thing to show more fair :
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty :
The city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning ; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill ;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !
The river glideth at his own sweet will :
Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;
And all that mighty heart is lying still !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

“ Where law ends, tyranny begins.”—WILLIAM PITT,
Earl of Chatham, Speech, 1770.

¹ Guide.

THOMAS ASHE

61. *A Vision of Children*

I DREAM'D I saw a little brook
Run rippling down the Strand ;
With cherry-trees and apple-trees
Abloom on either hand :
The sparrows gather'd from the squares,
Upon the branches green ;
The pigeons flock'd from Palace-yard
Afresh their wings to preen ;
And children down St. Martin's Lane,
And out of Westminster,
Came trooping many a thousand strong,
With a bewilder'd air.

They hugged each other round the neck,
And titter'd for delight,
To see the yellow daffodils,
And see the daisies white ;
They rolled upon the grassy slopes,
And drank the water clear,
While 'buses the Embankment took,
Ashamed to pass anear ;
And sandwich-men stood all aghast,
And costermongers smiled ;
And a policeman on his beat
Pass'd weeping like a child.

THOMAS ASHE.

“ Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure ;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.”

THOMAS GRAY, *Elegy*.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

62.

Stoner Hill

LO, beauty undenied !
I stand upon the ledge
Of a steep wood that clings down the hillside
To lose itself in sunlight, in a pool
Of air like wavering water bright and cool—
A silver bowl a-brim
With silver shadow where quick sparkles swim,
As fireflies lace with light the summer hedge—
A haze of mingled moon and evening hours,
A precipice of quiet—trees like flowers,
Exquisite, slender, dim :
Dark firs, and whitebeam, and the shining beech,
Each alien, solitary-stemmed, and each
Knit with its fellows in a patterned sheen
Of branch and leaf, an ecstasy of green,
But green turned silver in this dusk of noon.
Let thought plunge downward, as the diver goes
Far through the sun-transmuted sea,
To find who knows what treasure ?—as who knows
This woodland venture, or can tell the tune
Of the bewildered silence—tree invoking tree,
And thought escaping thought, and passion here subdued
To the mood
Of the enchanted wood ?
Down, down, deep down, thought goes, and stays
Lost in the hollow, lost in the watery air,
Lost in the dryads' bright and tangled hair,
Lost in confusion of fine silver haze.

GERALD GOULD.

“ In those two little words, ‘ shire ’ and ‘ county,’ if you could make them render up even a small part of their treasure,

THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON

what lessons of English history are contained."—RICHARD TRENCH, *On the Study of Words*.

63.

Wassail Chorus

CHRISTMAS knows a merry merry place,
Where he goes with fondest face,
Brightest eyes, brightest hair :
Tell the Mermaid where is that one place,
Where ?

RALEIGH :

'Tis by Devon's glorious halls,
Whence, dear Ben, I come again :
Bright of golden roofs and walls
El Dorado's rare domain—
Seem those halls when sunlight launches
Shafts of gold thro' leafless branches,
When the winter's feathery mantle blanches
Field and farm and lane.

Chorus—Christmas knows, etc.

DRAYTON :

'Tis where Avon's wood-sprites weave
Through the boughs a lace of rime ;
While the bells of Christmas Eve
Fling for Will the Stratford chime
O'er the river-flags emboss'd
Rich with flowery runes of frost ;—
O'er the meads where snowy tufts are toss'd—
Strains of olden time.

Chorus—Christmas knows, etc.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

SHAKESPEARE'S FRIEND :

'Tis, methinks, on any ground
Where our Shakespeare's feet are set.
There smiles Christmas, holly crown'd
With his blithest coronet :
Friendship's face he loveth well :
'Tis a countenance whose spell
Sheds a balm o'er every mead and dell
Where we used to fret.

Chorus—Christmas knows, etc.

HEYWOOD :

More than all the pictures, Ben,
Winter weaves by wood or stream,
Christmas loves our London, when
Rise thy clouds of wassail-steam—
Clouds like these, that, curling, take
Forms of faces gone, and wake
Many a lay from lips we loved, and make
London like a dream.

Chorus—Christmas knows, etc.

BEN JONSON :

Love's old songs shall never die,
Yet the new shall suffer proof ;
Love's old drink of Yule brew I,
Wassail for new love's behoof.
Drink the drink I brew, and sing
Till the berried branches swing,
Till our song make all the Mermaid ring—
Yea, from rush to roof.

THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON

Finale—

Christmas loves this merry, merry place ;
Christmas saith with fondest face,
 Brightest eye, brightest hair :
“ Ben, the drink tastes rare of sack and mace :
 Rare ! ”

THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON.

“ The Englishman is all right as long as he is content to be what God made him, an Englishman. . . . Let us be content to trust ourselves and to be ourselves.” —STANLEY BALDWIN, Speech, 1924.

64. *The Picture Gallery at Penshurst*

THEY spoke unto me from the silent ground,
 They look'd unto me from the pictured wall :
The echo of my footstep was a sound
 Like to the echo of their own footfall,
What time their living feet were in the hall.
I breathed where they had breathed—and where they
 brought
Their souls to moralise on glory's pall,
I walked with silence in a cloud of thought :
So, what they erst had learn'd, I mine own spirit taught.

Ay ! with mine eyes of flesh, I did behold
 The likeness of their flesh ! They, the great dead,
Stood still upon the canvas, while I told
 The glorious memories to their ashes wed.
There, I beheld the Sidneys : he, who bled

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Freely for freedom's sake, bore gallantly
 His soul upon his brow ; he, whose lute said
Sweet music to the land, meseem'd to be
 Dreaming with that pale face of love and Arcadie.

Mine heart had shrined there. And therefore past
 Where these, and such as these, in mine heart's pride,
Which deem'd death, glory's other name. At last
 I stay'd my pilgrim feet, and paused beside
A picture, which the shadows half did hide.
The form was a fair woman's form ; the brow
 Brightly between the clustering curls espied :
The cheek a little pale, yet seeming so
 As if the lips could speak the paleness soon would go.

And rested there the lips, so warm and loving,
 That, they *could* speak, one might be fain to guess ;
Only they had been much too bright, if moving,
 To stay by their own will, all motionless.
One outstretch'd hand its marble seal 'gan press
On roses which look'd fading ; while the eyes,
 Uplifted in a calm, proud loveliness,
Seem'd busy with their flow'ry destinies,
 Drawing, for ladye's heart, some moral quaint and wise.

She perish'd like her roses. I did look
 On her, as she did look on them—to sigh !
Alas, alas, that the fair-written book
 Of her sweet face, should be in death laid by,
As any blotted scroll ! Its cruelty
Poison'd a heart most gentle-pulsed of all,
 And turn'd it into song, therein to die ;
For grief's stern tension maketh musical,
 Unless the strain'd string break or ere the music fall.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

Worship of Waller's heart ! no dream of thine
Reveal'd unto thee that the lowly one,
Who sate enshadow'd near thy beauty's shine,
Should, when the light was out, the life was done,
Record thy name with those by Memory won
From Time's eternal burial. I am woo'd
By wholesome thoughts this sad thought has begun,
For mind is strengthen'd when awhile subdued,
As he who touch'd the earth, and rose with power renew'd.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

“ The greater the delinquent, the greater the delict. They are a happy thing, great men and officers, if they be good, and one of the greatest blessings of the land ; but power converted into evil is the greatest curse that can befall it.”—SIR JOHN ELIOT, 1626.

65. *A Last View of Canterbury Cathedral*

O TRIPLE fingers pointing to the skies,
Sun-smitten I behold you rise
From mists of apple-bloom.
God's peace is here, and Spring's bright day,
And birds and bluebells and the scents of May—
But over there lurks Doom.

Your lacework white against the fretted blue,
The purple shadows that are wrought in you,
Those black familiar birds that haunt your fane,
The glint of gold that crowns your towers,
Your ancient glory bosomed in pink flowers,
Must I ne'er see this loveliness again ?

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

O Trinity of towers, beneath whose roof
I oft have worshipped, oft have stood aloof
From worshipping, I offer one last prayer :

“ If foes must ravage our fair land
And rapine and destruction be at hand,
God, keep this holy place beneath Thy care ! ”

DYNELEY HUSSEY, 1915.

“ I should be content to lend, but fear to draw on
myself that curse in Magna Charta, which should be
read twice a year against those who infringe it.”

JOHN HAMPDEN, 1627.

66.

A Landscape in Berkshire

A BOVE yon sombred swell of land
Thou see’st the dawn’s grave orange hue,
With one pale streak like yellow sand,
And over that a vein of blue.

The air is cold above the woods ;
All silent is the earth and sky,
Except with his own lonely moods
The blackbird holds a colloquy.

Over the broad hill creeps a beam,
Like hope that gilds a good man’s brow ;
And now ascends the nostril-stream
Of stalwart horses come to plough.

RICHARD HENRY HORNE

Ye rigid Ploughmen, bear in mind
Your labour is for future hours ;
Advance—spare not—nor look behind—
Plough deep and straight with all your powers !

RICHARD HENRY HORNE.

“England has greater counties—
Their peace to hers is small ;
Low hills, rich fields, calm rivers,—
In Essex seek them all.”

A. S. CRIPPS, *Essex*.

67.

Strawberry Hill

SOME cry up Gunnersbury,
For Sion some declare,
Some say, that with Chiswick House
No villa can compare ;
But ask the beaux of Middlesex,
Who know the country well,
If Strawberry Hill, if Strawberry Hill
Don’t bear away the bell ?

Some love to roll down Greenwich Hill,
For this thing and for that,
And some prefer sweet Marble Hill,
Though sure ’tis somewhat flat ;
Yet Marble Hill and Greenwich Hill,
If Kitty Clive can tell,
From Strawberry Hill, from Strawberry Hill
Will never bear the bell.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Though Surrey boasts its Oatlands,
And Clermont kept so jim,
And some prefer sweet Southcoats,
'Tis but a dainty whim ;
But ask the gallant Bristol,
Who dost in taste excel,
If Strawberry Hill, if Strawberry Hill
Don't bear away the bell.

Since Denham sang of Cooper's,
There's scarce a hill around,
But what in song or ditty,
Is turn'd to fairy ground.
Ah ! peace be with their memory,
I wish them wondrous well,
But Strawberry Hill, but Strawberry Hill
Will ever bear the bell.

Great William dwells at Windsor,
As Edward did of old,
And many a Gaul and many a Scot
Have found him full as bold.
On lofty hills like Windsor
Such heroes ought to dwell ;
Yet the little folks on Strawberry Hill
Like Strawberry Hill as well.

WILLIAM PULTENEY.

“ The sounds of England, the tinkle of the hammer on the anvil in the country smithy ; the corncrake on a dewy morning, the sound of the scythe against the whetstone, and the sight of a plough team coming over the brow of a hill.”—STANLEY BALDWIN, *On England*.

ALFRED NOYES

68.

At Kew

Go down to Kew in lilac-time, in lilac-time, in lilac-time :
Go down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London !),
And you shall wander hand-in-hand with love in summer's wonderland :
Go down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London !).

The cherry trees are seas of bloom, and soft perfume, and
sweet perfume,
The cherry trees are seas of bloom (and oh ! so near to
London !);
And there they say, when dawn is high, and all the world's
a blaze of sky,
The cuckoo, though he's very shy, will sing a song for
London.

The nightingale is rather rare, and yet they say you'll hear
him there,
At Kew, at Kew, in lilac-time (and oh ! so near to
London !);
The linnet and the throstle too, and after dark the long
halloo,
And golden-eyed " tu-whit, tu-whoo ! " of owls that ogle
London.

For Noah hardly knew a bird of any kind that isn't
heard
At Kew, at Kew, in lilac-time (and oh ! so near to
London !);
And when the rose begins to pout, and all the chestnut
spires are out,
You'll hear the rest without a doubt, all chorusing for
London.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Come down to Kew in lilac-time, in lilac-time, in lilac-time :
 Come down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London !);
And you shall wander hand-in-hand with ove in summer's wonderland :
 Come down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London !).

ALFRED NOYES.

“ I maun confess that I like the Englishers, if they wadna
be sae pernickitie about what they eat.”—JOHN WILSON,
Noctes Ambrosianæ.

69.

The South Country

WHEN I am living in the Midlands,
 That are sodden and unkind,
I light my lamp in the evening :
 My work is left behind ;
And the great hills of the South Country
 Come back into my mind.

The great hills of the South Country
 They stand along the sea ;
And it's there, walking in the high woods,
 That I could wish to be,
And the men that were boys when I was a boy
 Walking along with me.

The men that live in North England
 I saw them for a day :
Their hearts are set upon the waste fells,
 Their skies are fast and grey ;
From their castle-walls a man may see
 The mountains far away.

HILAIRE BELLOC

The men that live in West England

They see the Severn strong,
A-rolling on rough water brown
Light aspen leaves along.

They have the secret of the Rocks,
And the oldest kind of song.

But the men that live in the South Country

Are the kindest and most wise,
They get their laughter from the loud surf,
And the faith in their happy eyes
Comes surely from our Sister the Spring
When o'er the sea she flies ;
The violets suddenly bloom at her feet,
She blesses us with surprise.

I never get between the pines
But I smell the Sussex air ;

Nor I never come on a belt of sand
But my home is there.

And along the sky the line of the Downs
So noble and so bare.

A lost thing could I never find,
Nor a broken thing mend :

And I fear I shall be all alone
When I get towards the end.

Who will there be to comfort me,
Or who will be my friend ?

I will gather and carefully make my friends
Of the men of the Sussex Weald,

They watch the stars from silent folds,
They stiffly plough the field,

By them and the God of the South Country
My poor soul shall be healed.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

If I ever become a rich man,
Or if ever I grow to be old,
I will build a house with deep thatch
To shelter me from the cold,
And there shall the Sussex songs be sung
And the story of Sussex told.

I will hold my house in the high wood
Within a walk of the sea,
And the men that were boys when I was a boy
Shall sit and drink with me.

HILAIRE BELLOC.

“ If once we efface the joys of the chase
From the land and outroot the Stud,
Good-bye to the Anglo-Saxon race,
Farewell to the Norman blood ! ”
ADAM LINDSAY GORDON, *Weary Wayfarer*.

70. *Tewkesbury Road*

IT is good to be out on the road, and going one knows not where,
Going through meadow and village, one knows not whither nor why ;
Through the grey light drift of the dust, in the keen cool
rush of the air,
Under the flying white clouds, and the broad blue lift of
the sky ;

And to halt at the chattering brook, in the tall green fern at
the brink
Where the harebell grows, and the gorse, and the fox-
gloves purple and white ;

JOHN MASEFIELD

Where the shy-eyed delicate deer troop down to the pools to drink,

When the stars are mellow and large at the coming on of the night.

Oh, to feel the warmth of the rain, and the homely smell of the earth ;

Is a tune for the blood to jig to, a joy past power of words ;
And the blessed green comely meadows seem all a-ripple with mirth

At the lilt of the shifting feet, and the dear wild cry of the birds.

JOHN MASEFIELD.

“ Good ale, the true and proper drink of Englishmen. He is not deserving of the name of Englishman who speaketh against ale ; that is, good ale.”—GEORGE BORROW, *Lavengro*.

71.

In Lady Street

ALL day long the traffic goes
In Lady Street by dingy rows
Of sloven houses, tattered shops—
Fried fish, old clothes and fortune-tellers—
Tall trams on silver-shining rails,
With grinding wheels and swaying tops,
And lorries with their corded bales,
And screeching cars. “ Buy, buy ! ” the sellers
Of rags and bones and sickening meat
Cry all day long in Lady Street.

And when the sunshine has its way
In Lady Street, then all the grey

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Dull desolation grows in state
Move dull and grey and desolate,
And the sun is a shamefast thing,
A lord not comely-housed, a god
Seeing what gods must blush to see,
A song where it is ill to sing,
And each gold ray despiteously
Lies like a gold ironic rod.

Yet one grey man in Lady Street
Looks for the sun. He never bent
Life to his will, his travelling feet
Have scaled no cloudy continent,
Nor has the sickle-hand been strong.
He lives in Lady Street ; a bed,
Four cobwebbed walls.

But all day long
A time is singing in his head
Of youth in Gloucester lanes. He heard
The wind among the barley-blades,
The tapping of the woodpeckers
On the smooth beeches, thistle spades
Slicing the sinewy roots ; he sees
The hooded filberts in the copse,
Beyond the loaded orchard-trees
The netted avenues of hops ;
He smells the honeysuckle thrown
Along the hedge. He lives alone,
Alone, yet not alone, for sweet
Are Gloucester lanes in Lady Street.

Aye, Gloucester lanes. For down below
The cobwebbed room this grey man plies

JOHN DRINKWATER

A trade, a coloured trade. A show
Of many-coloured merchandise
Is in his shop. Brown filberts there,
And apples red with Gloucester air,
And cauliflowers he keeps, and round
Smooth marrows grown on Gloucester ground,
Fat cabbages and yellow plums,
And gaudy brave chrysanthemums.
And times a glossy pheasant lies
Among his store, not Tyrian dyes
More rich than are the neck-feathers ;
And times a prize of violets,
Or dewy mushrooms satin-skinned ;
And times an unfamiliar wind
Robbed of its woodland favour stirs
Gay daffodils this grey man sets
Among his treasure.

All day long
In Lady Street the traffic goes
By dingy houses, desolate rows
Of shops that stare like hopeless eyes ;
Day long the sellers cry their cries,
The fortune-tellers tell no wrong
Of lives that know not any right,
And drift, that has not even the will
To drift, toils through the day until
The wage of sleep is won at night.

But this grey man heeds not at all
The hell of Lady Street. His stall
Of many coloured merchandise
He makes a shining paradise,
As all day long chrysanthemums
He sells, and red and yellow plums

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

And cauliflowers. In that one spot
Of Lady Street the sun is not
Ashamed to shine and send a rare
Shower of colour through the air ;
The grey man says the sun is sweet
On Gloucester lanes in Lady Street.

JOHN DRINKWATER.

“ When Oxford draws knife,
England’s soon at strife.”

Old Rhyme.

72. *Ode upon Eckington Bridge, River Avon*

I

O PASTORAL heart of England ! like a psalm
Of green days telling with a quiet beat—
O wave into the sunset flowing calm !
O tired lark descending on the wheat !
Lies it all peace beyond that western fold
Where now the lingering shepherd sees his star
Rise upon Malvern ? Paints an Age of Gold
Yon cloud with prophecies of linkèd ease—
Lulling this land, with hills drawn up like knees,
To drowse beside her instruments of war ?

II

Man shall outlast his battles. They have swept
Avon from Naseby Field to Severn Ham ;
And Evesham’s dedicated stones have stepped
Down to the dust with Montfort’s oriflamme.

SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH

Nor the red tear nor the reflected tower
Abides ; but yet these eloquent grooves remain,
Worn in the sandstone parapet hour by hour
By labouring bargemen where they shifted ropes.
E'en so shall man turn back from violent hopes
To Adam's cheer, and toil with spade again.

III

Ay, and his mother Nature, to whose lap
Like a repentant child at length he hies,
Not in the whirlwind or the thunder-clap
Proclaiming her more tremendous mysteries :
But when in winter's grave, bereft of light,
With still, small voice divinelier whispering
—Lifting the green head of the aconite,
Feeding with sap of hope the hazel-shoot—
She feels God's finger active at the root,
Turns in her sleep, and murmurs of the Spring.

SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH.

“ We must vindicate our ancient liberties ; we must reinforce the laws made by our ancestors. We must set such a stamp upon them that no licentious spirit shall dare hereafter to invade them.”—SIR THOMAS WENTWORTH, 1628.

73.

The Midlands

BLACK in the summer night my Cotswold Hill
Aslant my window sleeps, beneath a sky
Deep as the bedded violets that fill
March woods with dusky passion. As I lie

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Abed between cool walls I watch the host
Of the slow stars let over Gloucester plain,
And drowsily the habit of these most
Beloved of English lands moves in my brain,
While silence holds dominion of the dark,
Save where the foxes from the spinney bark.

I see the valleys in their morning mist
Wreathed under limpid hills in moving light,
Happy with many a yeoman melodist :
I see the little roads of twinkling white
Busy with fieldward teams and market gear
Of rosy men, cloth-gaitered, who can tell.
The many-minded changes of the year,
Who know why crops and kine fare ill or well ;
I see the sun persuade the mist away,
Till town and stead are shining to the day.

I see the wagons move along the rows
Of ripe and summer-breathing clover-flower,
I see the lissom husbandman who knows
Deep in his heart the beauty of his power,
As, lithely pitched, the full-heaped fork bids on
The harvest home. I hear the rickyard fill
With gossip as in generations gone,
While wagon follows wagon from the hill.
I think how, when the seasons all are sealed,
Shall come the unchanging harvest from the field.

I see the barns and comely manors planned
By men who somehow moved in comely thought,
Who, with a simple shippon in their hand,
As men upon some godlike business wrought :

JOHN DRINKWATER

I see the little cottages that keep
Their beauty still where since Plantagenet
Have come the shepherds happily to sleep,
 Finding the loaves and cups of cider set ;
I see the twisted shepherds, brown and old,
Driving at dusk their glimmering sheep to fold.

But now the valleys that upon the sun
 Broke from their opal veils, are veiled again,
And the last light upon the wolds is done,
 And silence falls on flocks and fields and men ;
And black upon the night I watch my hill,
 And the stars shine, and there an owly wing
Brushes the night, and all again is still,
 And, from this land of worship that I sing,
I turn to sleep, content that from my sires
I draw the blood of England's midmost shires.

JOHN DRINKWATER.

“ Now England breathes in the hope of liberty. The English were despised like dogs, but now they have lifted up their heads and their foes are vanquished.”—ANONYMOUS, 1264.

74. *On Malvern Hill*

A WIND is brushing down the clover,
It sweeps the tossing branches bare,
Blowing the poising Kestrel over
 The crumbling ramparts of the Caer.

It whirls the scattered leaves before us,
 Along the dusty road to home,
Once it awakened into chorus
 The heart-strings in the ranks of Rome.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

There by the gusty coppice border
The shrilling trumpets broke the halt,
The Roman line, the Roman order
Swayed forwards to the blind assault.

Spearman and charioteer and bowman
Charged and were scattered into spray,
Savage and taciturn the Roman
Hewed upwards in the Roman way.

There—in the twilight—where the cattle
Are lowing home across the fields,
The beaten warriors left the battle
Dead on the clansmen's wicker shields.

The leaves whirl in the wind's riot,
Beneath the Beacon's jutting spur,
Quiet are clan and chief, and quiet
Centurion and signifer.

JOHN MASEFIELD.

“None have gone about to break Parliaments, but in the end Parliaments have broken them.”—SIR JOHN ELIOT, 1629.

75.

At Grafton

GOD laughed when He made Grafton
That's under Bredon Hill,
A jewel in a jewelled plain.
The seasons work their will
On golden thatch and crumbling stone,
And every soft-lipped breeze
Makes music for the Grafton men
In comfortable trees.

JOHN DRINKWATER

God's beauty over Grafton
 Stole into roof and wall,
And hallowed every paved path
 And every lowly stall,
And to a woven wonder
 Conspired with one accord
The labour of the servant,
 The labour of the Lord.

And momently to Grafton
 Comes in from vale and wold
The sound of sheep unshepherded,
 The sound of sheep in fold.
And, blown along the bases
 Of lands that set their wide
Frank brows to God, comes chanting
 The breath of Bristol tide.

JOHN DRINKWATER.

“ Let clerks indite in Latin, and let Frenchmen in their French also indite their quaint terms, for it is kindly to their mouths, and let us show our fantasies in such wordes as we learned of our mother's tongue.”—ANONYMOUS, *c.* Edward III.

76. *The Old Vicarage, Grantchester*

JUST now the lilac is in bloom,
 All before my little room ;
And in my flower-beds, I think,
 Smile the carnation and the pink :

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

And down the borders, well I know,
The poppy and the pansy blow. . . .
Oh ! there the chestnuts, summer through,
Beside the river make for you
A tunnel of green gloom, and sleep
Deeply above ; and green and deep
The stream mysterious glides beneath,
Green as a dream and deep as death.
—O dawn ! I know it ! and I know
How the May fields all golden show,
And when the day is young and sweet,
Gild gloriously the bare feet
That run to bathe . . .

Du lieber Gott !

Here am I, sweating, sick, and hot,
And there the shadowed waters fresh
Lean up to embrace the naked flesh.

. . . would I were
In Grantchester, in Grantchester !—
Some, it may be, can get in touch
With Nature there, or Earth, or such.
And clever modern men have seen
A Faun a-peeping through the green,
And felt the Classics were not dead,
To glimpse a Naiad's reedy head,
Or hear the Goat-foot piping low . . .
But these are things I do not know.
I only know that you may lie
Day long and watch the Cambridge sky,
And flower-lulled in sleepy grass,
Hear the cool lapse of hours pass,
Until the centuries blend and blur
In Grantchester, in Grantchester. . . .

RUPERT BROOKE

Still in the dawnlit waters cool
His ghostly Lordship swims his pool,
And tries the strokes, essays the tricks,
Long learnt on Hellespont, or Styx.
Dan Chaucer hears his river still
Chatter beneath a phantom mill.
Tennyson notes, with studious eye,
How Cambridge waters hurry by . . .
And in that garden, black and white,
Creep whispers in the grass all night, . . .

And spectral dance, before the dawn,
A hundred Vicars down the lawn ;
God ! I will pack, and take a train,
And get me to England once again !
For England's the one land, I know,
Where men with Splendid Hearts may go ;
And Cambridgeshire, of all England,
The shire for Men who Understand ;
And of *that* district I prefer
The lovely hamlet Grantchester.
For Cambridge people rarely smile,
Being urban, squat, and packed with guile ;
And Royston men in the far South
Are black and fierce and strange of mouth ;
At Over they fling oaths at one,
And worse than oaths at Trumpington.
The Ditton girls are mean and dirty,
And there's none at Harston under thirty,
And folks on Shelford and those parts,
Have twisted lips and twisted hearts,
And Barton men make Cockney rhymes,
And Coton's full of nameless crimes,

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

And things are done you'd not believe
At Madingley, on Christmas Eve.
Strong men have run for miles and miles,
When one from Cherry Hinton smiles ;
Strong men have blanched and shot their wives,
Rather than send them to St. Ives ;
Strong men have cried like babes, bydam,
To hear what happened at Babraham.
But Grantchester ! ah, Grantchester !
There's peace and holy quiet there,
Great clouds along pacific skies,
And men and women with straight eyes,
Lithe children lovelier than a dream,
A bosky wood, a slumbrous stream,
And little kindly winds that creep
Round twilight corners, half asleep.
In Grantchester their skins are white ;
They bathe by day, they bathe by night ;
The women there do all they ought ;
The men observe the Rules of Thought.
They love the Good ; they worship Truth ;
They laugh uproariously in youth ;
(And when they get to feeling old,
They up and shoot themselves, I'm told) . . .

Ah God ! to see the branches stir
Across the moon at Grantchester !
To smell the thrilling-sweet and rotten
Unforgettable, unforgotten
River-smell, and hear the breeze
Sobbing in the little trees.
Say, do the elm-clumps greatly stand
Still guardians of that holy land ?

RUPERT BROOKE

The chestnut's shade, in reverend dream
The yet unacademic stream ?
Is dawn a secret shy and cold
Anadyomene silver-gold ?
And sunset still a golden sea
From Haslingfield to Madingley ?
And after, ere the night is born,
Do hares come out about the corn ?
Oh, is the river sweet and cool,
Gentle and brown, above the pool ?
And laughs the immortal river still
Under the mill, under the mill ?
Say, is there Beauty yet to find ?
And Certainty ? and Quiet kind ?
Deep meadows yet, for to forget
The lies, the truths, the pain ? . . . oh ! yet
Stands the Church clock at ten-to-three ?
And is there honey yet for tea ?

RUPERT BROOKE.

“ Ye fields of Cambridge, our dear Cambridge say,
Have ye not seen us walking every day ?
Was there a tree about that did not know
The love betwixt us two ? ”

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

77.

Helford River

HELFORD River, Helford River,
Blessed may ye be !
We sailed up Helford River
By Durgan from the sea.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

O to hear the hawser chain
Rattle by the ferry there !
Dear, and shall we come again
By Bosahan,
By wood and water fair ?

All the woods to ransack,
All the wave explore—
Moon on Calamansack,
Ripple on the shore.

—Laid asleep and dreaming
On our cabin beds ;
Helford River streaming
By two happy heads ;

—Helford River streaming
By Durgan to the sea,
Much have we been dreaming
Since we dreamed by thee.

Dear, and shall we dream again
The one dream there ?
All may go if that remain
By Bosahan,
And the old face wear !

SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH.

“ I love thee, Cornwall, and will ever,
And hope to see thee once again !
For why ? thine equal knew I never
For honest minds and active men.”

J. FREEMAN, *Encomium Cornubiæ*, 1614.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

78. *View from the Top of Black Comb*

THIS height a ministering angel might select :

For from the summit of Black Comb (dread name
Derived from clouds and storms !) the amplest range
Of unobstructed prospect may be seen
That British ground commands :—low dusky tracts
Where Trent is nursed, far southward ! Cambrian hills
To the south-west, a multitudinous show ;
And, in a line of eyesight linked with these,
The hoary peaks of Scotland, that gave birth
To Teviot's stream, to Annan, Tweed, and Clyde ;—
Crowding the quarter whence the sun comes forth
Gigantic mountains rough with crags,—beneath,
Right at the imperial station's western base,
Main Ocean, breaking audibly and stretched
Far into silent regions blue and pale,—
And visibly engirding Mona's Isle,
That, as we left the plain, before our sight
Stood like a lofty mount, uplifting slowly,
(Above the convex of the watery globe)
Into clear view the cultured fields that streak
Her habitable shores ; but now appears
A dwindled object, and submits to lie
At the spectator's feet.—Yon azure ridge,
Is it a perishable cloud ? Or there
Do we behold the frame of Erin's coast ?
Land sometimes by the roving shepherd swain
(Like the bright confines of another world)
Not doubtfully perceived.—Look homeward now !
In depth, in height, in circuit, how serene
The spectacle, how pure ! Of Nature's works,

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

In earth and air, and earth-embracing sea,
A revelation infinite it seems ;
Display august of man's inheritance,
Of Britain's calm felicity and power.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

“ If he did not faithfully insist for the common liberty of the subject to be preserved whole and entire, it was his desire that he might be set as a beacon on a hill for all men to wonder at.”—SIR THOMAS WENTWORTH, 1629.

79. *Sunrise on Rydal Water*

COME down at dawn from windless hills
 Into the valley of the lake,
Where yet a larger quiet fills
 The hour, and mist and water make
With rocks and reeds and island boughs
 One silence and one element,
Where wonder goes surely as once
 It went
By Galilean prowls.

Moveless the water and the mist,
 Moveless the secret air above,
Hushed as upon some happy tryst
 The poised expectancy of love ;
What spirit is it that adores
 What mighty presence yet unseen ?
What consummation works apace
 Between
These rapt enchanted shores ?

JOHN DRINKWATER

Never did virgin beauty wake
 Devouter to the bridal feast,
Than moves this hour upon the lake
 In adoration to the east ;
Here is the bride a god may know,
 The primal will, the young consent,
Till surely upon the appointed mood
 Intent
 The god shall leap, and lo !

Over the lake's end strikes the sun,
 White, flameless fire ; some purity
Thrilling the mist, a splendour won
 Out of the world's heart. Let there be
Thoughts and atonements, and desires,
 Proud limbs, and undeliberate tongue,
Where now we move with mortal oars
 Among
 Immortal dews and fires.

So the old mating goes apace,
 Wind with the sea, and blood with thought,
Lover with lover ; and the grace
 Of understanding comes unsought
When stars into the twilight steer,
 Or thrushes build among the may,
Or wonder moves between the hills,
 And day
 Comes up on Rydal mere.

JOHN DRINKWATER.

“ If I die, I shall die for the cause of the freedom we have won, counting myself happy to end my life by such a martyrdom.”—WILLIAM GRINDECOBBE, at St. Albans, 1381.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

80.

Keith of Ravelston

THE murmur of the mourning ghost
That keeps the shadowy kine,
“ O Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line ! ”

Ravelston, Ravelston,
The merry path that leads
Down the golden morning hill,
And thro’ the silver meads ;

Ravelston, Ravelston,
The stile beneath the tree,
The maid that kept her mother’s kine,
The song that sang she !

She sang her song, she kept her kine,
She sat beneath the thorn,
When Andrew Keith of Ravelston
Rode thro’ the Monday morn.

His henchmen sing, his hawk bells ring,
His belted jewels shine ;
O Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line !

Year after year, where Andrew came,
Comes evening down the glade,
And still there sits a moonshine ghost
Where sat the sunshine maid.

SYDNEY DOBELL

Her misty hair is faint and fair,
She keeps the shadowy kine ;
O Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line !

I lay my hand upon the stile,
The stile is lone and cold,
The burnie that goes babbling by
Says naught that can be told.

Yet, stranger ! here, from year to year,
She keeps her shadowy kine ;
O Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line !

Step out three steps, where Andrew stood—
Why blanch thy cheeks for fear ?
The ancient stile is not alone,
'Tis not the burn I hear !

She makes her immemorial moan,
She keeps her shadowy kine ;
O Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line !

SYDNEY DOBELL.

“ This ground therefore let us lay for a foundation of our building, that that Truth, not with words, but with actions we will maintain ! ”—SIR JOHN ELIOT, 1629.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

81.

In the Highlands

IN the highlands, in the country places,
Where the old plain men have rosy faces,
And the fair young maidens
 Quiet eyes ;
Where essential silence cheers and blesses,
And for ever in the hill-recesses
 Her more lovely music
 Broods and dies.

O to mount again where erst I haunted ;
Where the old red hills are bird-enchanted,
And the low green meadows
 Bright with sward ;
And when even dies, the million-tinted,
And the night has come, and planets glinted,
 Lo, the valley hollow,
 Lamp-bestarr'd !

O to dream, O to awake and wander
There, and with delight to take and render,
 Through the trance of silence,
 Quiet breath !
Lo ! for there, among the flowers and grasses,
Only the mightier movement sounds and passes ;
 Only winds and rivers,
 Life and death.

R. L. STEVENSON.

“ The heart of Scotland, Britain’s other eye.”—BEN
JONSON’s description of Edinburgh.

ROBERT BURNS

82.

The Birks of Aberfeldy

BONNIE lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go,
Bonnie lassie, will ye go
To the birks of Aberfeldy ?
Now simmer blinks on flow'ry braes,
And o'er the crystal streamlet plays,
Come let us spend the lightsome days
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

While o'er their heads the hazels hing ;
The little birdies blythely sing
Or lightly flit on wanton wing,
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie, etc.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foaming stream deep roaring fa's,
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
The birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie, etc.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
And, rising, weets wi' misty showers
The birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie, etc.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Let fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
Supremely blest wi' love and thee,
In the barks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go,
Bonnie lassie, will ye go
To the barks of Aberfeldy ?

ROBERT BURNS.

“ I know it well ; for I see the steeple of that place where God first in public opened my mouth to His glory ; and I am fully persuaded, how weak that ever I now appear, I shall not depart this life till my tongue glorify His holy name in the same place.”—JOHN KNOX, seeing Scotland from a French galley on which he was a slave, 1548.

83.

Leven Water

PURE stream, in whose transparent wave
My youthful limbs I wont to lave ;
No torrents stain thy limpid source,
No rocks impede thy dimpling course.
Devolving from thy parent lake
A charming maze thy waters make
By towers of birch and groves of pine
And edges flower'd with eglantine.

Still on thy banks so gaily green
May numerous herds and flocks be seen,
And lasses chanting o'er the pail,
And shepherds piping in the dale,

TOBIAS GEORGE SMOLLETT—ANONYMOUS

And ancient faith that knows no guile,
And industry embrown'd with toil,
And hearts resolved and hands prepared
The blessings they enjoy to guard.

TOBIAS GEORGE SMOLLETT.

“ When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman.”

Popular Rhyme, 1380.

84.

Two Rivers

SAYS Tweed to Till—
“ What gars ye rin sae still ? ”
Says Till to Tweed—
“ Though ye rin with specd
And I rin slaw,
For ae man that ye droon,
I droon twa.”

ANONYMOUS.

“ O Scotia ! my dear, my native soil !
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent !
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content.”

ROBERT BURNS, *Cottar's Saturday Night.*

85.

Afton Water

FLOW gently, sweet Afton, amang thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise ;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Thou stock-dove, whose echo resounds through the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbird in yon thorny den.
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
Far marked with the courses of clear-winding rills !
There daily I wander as morn rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow !
There oft as mild evening creeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides !
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave
As gath'ring sweet flow'rets she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, amang thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays ;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

ROBERT BURNS.

“ Britain is known to be the most flourishing and excellent, most renowned and famous isle of the whole world. So rich in commodities, so beautiful in situation, so resplendent in all glory, that if the most Omnipotent had fashioned the world like a ring, as he did like a globe, it might have been most worthily the only gemme therein.”—WILLIAM CAMDEN.

86.

Over the Sea to Skye

SING me a song of a lad that is gone,
Say, could that lad be I ?
Merry of soul, he sailed on a day
Over the sea to Skye.

Rum on the port, Mull was astern,
Eigg on the starboard bow ;
Glory of youth glowed in his soul.
Where is that glory now ?

Give me again all that was there,
Give me the sun that shone !
Give me the eyes, give me the soul,
Give me the lad that's gone.

Billow and breeze, islands and seas,
Mountains of rain and sun,
All that was good, all that was fair,
All that was me is gone.

R. L. STEVENSON.

“ From the lone shieling of the misty island
Mountains divide us, and a waste of seas ;
Yet still the blood is warm, the heart is Highland,
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides.”

JOHN WILSON, *Noctes Ambrosianæ*.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

87. *Lake Isle of Innisfree*

I WILL arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made ;
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings ;
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore ;
While I stand on the roadway or on the pavements gray,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

W. B. YEATS.

“ The world is a bundle of hay,
Mankind are the asses who pull ;
Each pulls in a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull.”

BYRON, *Epigram*.

88. *The Bells of Shandon*

WITH deep affection,
And recollection,
I often think of
Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would,
In the days of childhood,

FRANCIS MAHONY

Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells.
On this I ponder
Wherc'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
Sweet Cork, of thee ;
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
Cathedral shrine,
While at a glib rate,
Brass tongues would vibrate
But all their music
Spoke naught like thine ;
For memory, dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of the belfry knelling
Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling
Old Adrian's Mole in,
Their thunder rolling
From the Vatican,
And cymbals glorious
Swinging uproarious

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

In the gorgeous turrets
Of Notre Dame ;
But thy sounds are sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber,
Pealing solemnly—
Oh, the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

There's a bell at Moscow,
While on tower and kiosk O !
In Saint Sophia
The Turkman gets,
And loud in air
Calls men to prayer
From the tapering summits
Of tall minarets.
Such empty phantom
I freely grant them ;
But there's an anthem
More dear to me,—
'Tis the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

FRANCIS MAHONY.

“Treason is hated of many, but the traitor is hated of all.”—ROBERT GREENE, *Pandosto*.

P A R T F O U R

“ RICHEST, ROYALEST SEED ”

PART FOUR

“ RICHEST, ROYALEST SEED ”

89. *On the Tombs in Westminster Abbey*

MORTALITY, behold and fear !
What a change of flesh is here !
Think how many royal bones
Sleep within this heap of stones ;
Here they lie had realms and lands,
Who now want strength to stir their hands :
Where from their pulpits seal'd with dust
They preach, “ In greatness is no trust.”
Here's an acre sown indeed
With the richest, royall'st seed
That the earth did e'er suck in
Since the first man died for sin :
Here the bones of birth have cried—
“ Though gods they were, as men they died.”
Here are sands, ignoble things,
Dropt from the ruin'd sides of kings ;
Here's a world of pomp and state,
Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

“ So long as I have lived I have striven to live worthily.
I desire to leave the men who come after me a remembrance
of me in good works.”—ALFRED THE GREAT, *Quoted by*
Asser.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

90.

The Dead at Clonmacnois

IN a quiet water'd land, a land of roses,
Stands Saint Kieran's city fair ;
And the warriors of Erin in their famous generations
Slumber there.

There beneath the dewy hillside sleep the noblest
Of the clan of Conn,
Each below his stone with name in branching Ogham
And the sacred knot thereon.

There they laid to rest the seven kings of Tara,
There the sons of Caïrbhè sleep—
Battle-banners of the Gael that in Kieran's plain of crosse
Now their final hosting keep.

And in Clonmacnois they laid the men of Teffia,
And right many a lord of Breagh ;
Deep in the sod above Clan Creidè and Clan Conaill,
Kind in hall and fierce in fray.

Many and many a son of Conn the Hundred-Fighter
In the red earth lies at rest ;
Many a blue eye of Clan Colman the turf covers,
Many a swan-white breast.

T. W. ROLLESTON.

“ It is reported that there was then such perfect peace
Britain, wheresoever the dominion of King Edwin extended
that a woman with her new-born babe might walk through
out the island, from sea to sea, without receiving any harm.”

THE VENERABLE BEDE, *Chronicle.*

WILLIAM COWPER

91.

Boadicea

WHEN the British warrior queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
Counsel of her country'd gods.

Sage beneath the spreading oak
Sat the Druid, hoary chief ;
Every burning word he spoke
Full of rage, and full of grief.

“ Princess, if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'Tis because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.

“ Rome shall perish—write that word
In the blood that she has spilt ;
Perish, hopeless and abhor'd,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

“ Rome, for empire far renown'd,
Tramples on a thousand states ;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—
Hark ! the Gaul is at her gates !

“ Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soldier's name ;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
Harmony the path to fame.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

“ Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Arm’d with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

“ Regions Cæsar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway ;
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they.”

Such the bard’s prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch’s pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow :
Rush’d to battle, fought and died,
Dying, hurled them at the foe.

“ Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
Heaven awards the vengeance due ;
Empire is on us bestowed,
Shame and ruin wait for you.”

WILLIAM COWPER.

“ Canute, King of England, Denmark, Norway, and part
of the Swedes, to Aethelnoth, Metropolitan, and Elfric,
Archbishop of York, and to all bishops, nobles, and to the
whole nation of the English high and low, health.”—KING
CANUTE, Letter to the English.

CHARLES KINGSLEY

92.

The Red King

THE King was drinking in Malwood Hall,
There came in a monk before them all ;
He thrust by squire, he thrust by knight,
Stood over against the daïs aright.
And “ The word of the Lord, thou cruel Red King,
The word of the Lord to thee I bring.
A grimly sweven I dreamt yestreen :
I saw thee lie under the hollins green,
And thorow thine heart an arrow keen,
And out of thy body a smoke did rise,
Which smirched the sunshine out of the skies ;
So if thou God’s anointed be,
I rede thee unto thy soul thou see,
For mitre and pall thou hasty sold
False knights to Christ, for gain and gold ;
And for this forest were diggèd down all,
Steading and hamlet and churches tall ;
And Christès poor were ousten forth,
To beg their bread from south to north.
So tarry at home, and fast and pray,
Lest friends hunt thee in the judgment day.”

The monk he vanished where he stood ;
King William sterte up wroth and wode ;
Quoth he “ Fools’ wit will jump together ;
The Hampshire ale and the thunder weather
Have turned the brains of us all, I think ;
And monks are curst when they fall to drink.
A loathly sweven I dreamt last night,
How there hoved anigh me a grisly knight,
Did smite me down to the pit of hell ;
I shrieked and woke, so fast I fell.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

There's Tyrrel as dour as I, perdie,
So he of you all shall hunt with me—
A grimly brace for a hart to see."

The Red King down from Malwood came ;
His heart with wine was all aflame,
His eyne were shotten, red as blood,
He rated and swore wherever he rode.

They roused a hart, that grimly brace,
A hart of ten, a hart of grace,
Fled over against the Kingès place.
The sun, it blinded the Kingès e'e,
A fathom behind his hocks shot he :
" Shoot thou," quoth he, " in the fiendès name,
To lose such a quarry were seven years' shame ! "
And he hove up his hand to mark the game.
Tyrrel he shot full light, God wot ;
For whether the saints they swerved the shot,
Or whether by treason, men knownen not ;
But under the arm, in a secret part,
The iron fled through the Kingès heart.
The turf it squelched where the Red King fell,
And the fiends they carried his soul to hell ;
Quoth, " His master's name it hath sped him well."

Tyrrel he smiled full grim that day,
Quoth, " Shooting of Kings is no bairn's play."
And he smote in his spurs, and fled fast away.
As he pricked along by Fritham plain,
The green tufts flew behind like rain ;
The waters were out, and over the sward ;
He swam his horse like a stalwart lord ;
Men clepen that water Tyrrel's Ford.

CHARLES KINGSLEY

By Rhinefield and by Osmondsleigh,
Through glade and furze-brake fast drove he,
Until he heard the roaring sea ;
Quoth he, " Those gay waves they call me."
By Mary's grace a seely boat
On Christchurch bar did lie afloat,
He gave the shipman mark and groat
To ferry him over to Normandy,
And there he fell to sanctuary.
God send his soul all bliss to see !
And fend our princes every one
From foul mishap and trahison ;
But Kings that harrow Christian men
Shall England never bide again.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

" It came to mind to him and in his chiefest thought that
he would tell the noble deeds of England, what the men were
named and whence they came who first had English land."

LAYAMON.

93.

Robin Hood

NO ! those days are gone away,
And their hours are old and grey,
And their minutes buried all
Under the down-trodden pall
Of the leaves of many years :
Many times have Winter's shears,
Frozen North, and chilling East,
Sounded tempests to the feast
Of the forest's whispering fleeces,
Since men knew not rent nor leases.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

No, the bugle sounds no more,
And the twanging bow no more ;
Silent is the ivory shrill
Past the heath and up the hill ;
There is no mid-forest laugh,
Where lone Echo gives the half
To some wight, amazed to hear
Jesting, deep in forest drear.

On the fairest time of June
You may go, with sun or moon,
Or the seven stars to light you,
Or the polar ray to right you ;
But you never may behold
Little John, or Robin bold ;
Never one, of all the clan,
Thrumming on an empty can
Some old hunting ditty, while
He doth his green way beguile
To fair hostess, Merriment,
Down beside the pasture Trent ;
For he left the merry tale,
Messenger for spicy ale.

Gone, the merry morris din ;
Gone, the song of Gamelyn ;
Gone, the tough-belted outlaw
Idling in the “grenè shawe” :
All are gone away and past !
And if Robin should be cast
Sudden from his tufted grave,
And if Marian should have
Once again her forest days,
She would weep, and he would craze :

JOHN KEATS

He would swear ; for all his oaks,
Fallen beneath the dockyard strokes,
Have rotted on the briny seas ;
She would weep that her wild bees
Sang not to her—strange ! that honey
Can't be got without hard money !

So it is, yet let us sing,
Honour to the old bow-string !
Honour to the bugle-horn !
Honour to the woods unshorn !
Honour to the Lincoln green !
Honour to the archer keen !
Honour to tight little John,
And the horse he rode upon !
Honour to bold Robin Hood,
Sleeping in the underwood !
Honour to Maid Marian,
And to all the Sherwood-clan !
Though their days have hurried by,
Let us two a burden try.

JOHN KEATS.

“Deduct all that men of the humbler classes have done for England in the way of invention only ; and see where she would have been but for them.”—SIR ARTHUR HELPS, *Friends in Council*.

94. *Epitaph on King John*

JOHN rests below. A man more infamous
Never hath held the sceptre of these realms,
And bruised beneath the iron rod of Power
The oppressed men of England. Englishman !

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Curse not his memory. Murderer as he was,
Coward and slave, yet he it was who sign'd
That Charter which should make thee morn and night
Be thankful for thy birthplace. Englishman !
That holy Charter, which should'st thou permit
Force to destroy, or Fraud to undermine,
Thy children's groans will persecute thy soul,
For they must bear the burthen of thy crime.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

“ Let us commend our souls to God, for our bodies are
the foes.”—SIMON DE MONTFORT, to his men at Evesham.

95. *Death of Robin Hood*

WHEN Robin Hood and Little John
Went o'er yon bank of broom,
Said Robin Hood to Little John,
“ We have shot for many a pound :

“ But I am not able to shoot one shot more,
My arrows will not flee ;
But I have a cousin lives down below,
Please God, she will bleed me ! ”

Now Robin is to fair Kirkley gone
As fast as he can win ;
But before he came there, as we do hear
He was taken very ill.

And when that he came to fair Kirkley Hall,
He knock'd all at the ring,
But none was so ready as his cousin herself
For to let bold Robin in.

TRADITIONAL

“ Will you please to sit down, Cousin Robin,” she said,

“ And drink some beer with me ? ”

“ No, I will neither eat nor drink,

Till I am blooded by thee.”

“ Well, I have a room, Cousin Robin,” she said,

“ Which you did never see,

And if you please to walk therein,

You blooded by me shall be.”

She took him by the lily-white hand

And led him to a private room,

And there she blooded bold Robin Hood,

Whilst one drop of blood would run.

She blooded him in the vein of the arm,

And locked him up in the room ;

There did he bleed all the livelong day,

Until the next day at noon.

He then bethought him of a casement door,

Thinking for to be gone,

He was so weak he could not leap,

Nor he could not get down.

He then bethought him of his bugle-horn,

Which hung low down to his knee,

He set his horn unto his mouth,

And blew out weak blasts three.

Then Little John, when hearing him,

As he sat under the tree,

“ I fear my master is near dead,

He blows so wearily.”

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Then Little John to fair Kirkley is gone,
As fast as he can dree ;
But when he came to Kirkley Hall,
He broke locks two and three.

Until he came bold Robin to,
Then he fell on his knee ;
“A boon, a boon,” cries Little John,
“Master, I beg of thee.”

“What is that boon,” cried Robin Hood,
“Little John, thou begs of me ?”
“It is to burn fair Kirkley Hall,
And all their nunnery.”

“Now nay, now nay,” quoth Robin Hood,
“That boon I’ll not grant thee ;
I never hurt woman in all my life,
Nor man in woman’s company.

“I never hurt fair maid in all my time,
Nor at my end shall it be ;
But give me my bent bow in my hand,
And a broad arrow I’ll let flee ;
And where this arrow is taken up,
There shall my grave digg’d be.

“Lay me a green sod under my head,
And another at my feet ;
And lay my bent bow at my side,
Which was my music sweet ;
And make my grave of gravel and green,
Which is most right and meet.

TRADITIONAL

“ Let me have length and breadth enough,
With a green sod under my head ;
That they may say, when I am dead,
Here lies bold Robin Hood.”

These words they readily promised him,
Which did Bold Robin please ;
And there they buried bold Robin Hood
Near to the fair Kirkleys.

Traditional.

“ In the person of the great Edward (I.) the work of reconciliation is completed. Norman and Englishmen have become one under the best and greatest of our later Kings, the first who, since the Norman entered our land . . . followed a purely English policy.”—E. A. FREEMAN, *History of England*.

96.

The Bard

“ **R**UIN seize thee, ruthless King !
Confusion on thy banners wait ;
Tho’ fann’d by Conquest’s crimson wing
They mock the air with idle state.
Helm, nor hauberk’s twisted mail,
Nor e’en thy virtues, tyrant, shall avail
To save thy secret soul from mighty fears,
From Cambria’s curse, from Cambria’s tears ! ”

Such were the sounds that o’er the crested pride
Of the first Edward scatter’d wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowdon’s shaggy side
He wound with toilsome march his long array :—

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance ;
" To arms ! " cried Mortimer, and couch'd his quivering
lance.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frown's o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in the sable garb of woe
With haggard eyes the Poet stood ;
(Loose his beard and hoary hair
Stream'd like a meteor to the troubled air.)
And with a master's hand and prophet's fire
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre :
" Hark, how each giant oak and desert-cave
Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath !
O'er thee, O King ! their hundred arms they wave,
Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe ;
Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

" Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
That hush'd the stormy main :
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed :
Mountains, ye mourn in vain.
Modred, whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topt head.
On dreary Arvon's shore they lie
Smear'd with gore and ghastly pale ;
Far, far aloof the affrighted ravens sail ;
The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by.
Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear as the ruddy drops that warms my heart,
Ye died amidst your dying country's cries.

THOMAS GRAY

“ No more I weep ; they do not sleep ;
On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
I see them sit ; they linger yet,
Avengers of their native land :
With me in dreadful harmony they join,
And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.”

“ *Weave the warp and weave the woof*
The winding sheet of Edward’s race ;
Give ample room and verge enough
The characters of hell to trace.
Mark the year and mark the night,
When Severn shall re-echo with affright.
The shrieks of death thro’ Berkley’s roof that ring,
Shrieks of an agonising King !
She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs
That tear’st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
From thee be born, who o’er thy country hangs
The scourge of heaven ! What terrors round him wait !
Amazement in his van, with flight combined,
And sorrow’s faded form and solitude behind.

“ *Mighty victor, mighty lord,*
Now on his funeral couch he lies !
No pitying heart, no eye, afford
A tear to grace his obsequies.
Is the sable warrior fled ?
Thy son is gone, He rests among the dead.
The swarm that in thy noon-tide beam were born ?
Gone to salute the rising morn.
Fair laughs the Morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o’er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes :
Youth on the prow, and pleasure at the helm ;

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

*Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That hush'd in grim repose expects his evening prey*

“ Fill high the sparkling bowl,
The rich repast prepare ;
Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast ;
Close by the regal chair
Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
A baleful smile upon their baffled quest,
Heard ye the din of battle bray,
Lance to lance, and horse to horse ?
Long years of Lavock urge their destined course,
And thro’ the kindred squadrons mow their way.
Ye towers of Julius, London’s lasting shame,
With many a foul and midnight murder fed.
Revere his consort’s faith, his father’s fame,
And spare the meek usurper’s holy head !
Above, below, the rose of snow,
Twined with her blushing foe, we spread ;
The bristled boar in infant-gore
Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
Now, brothers, bending o’er the accursed loom,
Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

“ Edward, lo ! to sudden fate
(Weave we the woof ; the thread is spun),
Half of thy heart we consecrate.
(The web is wove ; the work is done.)”

—Stay, oh, stay ! nor thus forlorn
Leave me unbliss’d, unpitied, here to mourn :
In yon bright track that fires the western skies
They melt, they vanish from my eyes.

THOMAS GRAY

But oh ! what solemn scene on Snowdon's height
Descending slow their glittering skirts unroll ?
Visions of glory, spare my aching sight,
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul !
No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail :—
All hail, ye genuine kings ! Britannia's issue, hail !

“ Girt with many a baron bold,
Sublime their starry fronts they rear ;
And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old
In bearded majesty, appear.
In the midst a form divine !
Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line :
Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face
Attemper'd sweet to virgin-grace.
What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
What strains of vocal transport round her play ?
Hear from the grave, great Taliessan, hear ;
They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
Bright Rapture calls, and soaring as she sings,
Waves in the eye of heaven her many-colour'd wings.

“ The verse adorn again,
Fierce war, and faithful love,
And truth severe, by fairy fiction drest.
In buskin'd measures move,
Pale grief, and pleasing pain,
With horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast,
A voice as of the cherub choir,
Gales from blooming Eden bear,
And distant warblings lessen on my ear
That lost in long futurity expire.
Fond impious man, think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,
Raised by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day ?

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

To-morrow he repairs the golden flood
And warms the nations with redoubled ray.

Enough for me : with joy I see
The different doom our fates assign :
Be thy despair and sceptred care,
To triumph and to die are mine.”

—He spoke, and headlong from the mountain’s height
Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless night.

THOMAS GRAY.

“ It is I who have brought you into this strait, and I will have no advantage of you in meat or drink.”—EDWARD I., to his men, when on his Welsh Campaign.

97. *The Death of Wallace*

JOY, joy in London now !
He goes, the rebel Wallace goes to death,
At length the traitor meets the traitor’s doom,
Joy, joy in London now.

He on a sledge is drawn,
His strong right arm unweapon’d and in chains,
And garlanded around his helmless head
The laurel wreath of scorn.

They throng to view him now,
Who in the field had fled before his sword ;
Who at the name of Wallace once grew pale
And falter’d out a prayer.

Yes ! they can meet his eye,
That only beams with patient courage now ;
Yes ! they can look upon those manly limbs,
Defenceless now and bound.

ROBERT SOUTHEY

And that eye did not shrink
As he beheld the pomp of infamy ;
Nor one ungoverned feeling shook those limbs,
When the last moment came.

What though suspended sense
Was by their legal cruelty revived ;
What though ingenious vengeance lengthened life
To feel protracted death.

What though the hangman's hand
Graspt in his living breast the heaving heart . . .
In the last agony, the last sick pang,
Wallace had comfort still.

He call'd to mind his deeds
Done for his country in the embattled field ;
He thought of that good cause for which he died,
And it was joy in death.

Go, Edward, triumph now !
Cambria is fallen, and Scotland's strength is crush'd ;
On Wallace, on Llewelyn's mangled limbs,
The fowls of heaven have fed.

Unrivall'd, unopposed,
Go, Edward, full of glory to thy grave !
The weight of patriot blood upon thy soul,
Go, Edward, to thy God !

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

“ We have come, not to make peace, but to free our country.”—WILLIAM WALLACE, before the battle of Stirling,
1297.

98.

The Heart of the Bruce

IT was upon an April morn,
While yet the frost lay hoar,
We heard Lord James's bugle-horn
Sound by the rocky shore.

Then down we went, a hundred knights,
All in our dark array,
And flung our armour in the ships
That rode within the bay.

We spoke not as the shore grew less,
But gazed in silence back,
Where the long billows swept away
The foam behind our track.

And aye the purple hues decay'd
Upon the fading hill,
And but one heart in all that ship
Was tranquil, cold, and still.

The good Lord Douglas walk'd the deck.
And oh, his brow was wan !
Unlike the flush it used to wear
When in the battle van—

“ Come hither, come hither, my trusty knight,
Sir Simon of the Lee ;
There is a freit lies near to my soul
I fain would tell to thee.

W. E. AYTOUN

“ Thou know’st the words King Robert spoke
Upon his dying day,
How he bade me take his noble heart
And carry it far away ;

“ And lay it in the holy soil
Where once the Saviour trod,
Since he might not bear the blessed Cross,
Nor strike one blow for God.

“ Last night as in my bed I lay,
I dream’d a dreary dream :—
Methought I saw a Pilgrim stand
In the moonlight’s quivering beam.

“ His robe was of the azure dye,
Snow-white his scatter’d hairs,
And even such a cross he bore
As good Saint Andrew bears.

“ ‘ Why go you forth, Lord James,’ he said,
‘ With spear and belted brand ?
Why do you take its dearest pledge
From this our Scottish land ?

“ ‘ The sultry breeze of Galilee
Creeps through its groves of palm,
The olives on the Sacred Mount
Stand glittering in the calm.

“ ‘ But ’tis not there that Scotland’s heart
Shall rest by God’s decree,
Till the great angel calls the dead
To rise from earth and sea !

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

“ ‘ Lord James of Douglas, mark my rede !
That heart shall pass once more
In fiery fight against the foe,
As it was wont of yore.

“ ‘ And it shall pass beneath the Cross,
And save King Robert’s vow,
But other hands shall bear it back,
Not, James of Douglas, thou ! ’

“ Now, by thy knightly faith, I pray,
Sir Simon of the Lee—
For truer friend had never man
Than thou has been to me.

“ If ne’er upon the Holy Land
’Tis mine in life to tread,
Bear thou to Scotland’s kindly earth
The relics of her dead.”

The tear was in Sir Simon’s eye
As he wrung the warrior’s hand—
“ Betide me weal, betide me woe,
I’ll hold by thy command.

“ But if in battle front, Lord James,
’Tis ours once more to ride,
No force of man, nor craft of fiend,
Shall cleave me from thy side ! ”

And aye we sail’d, and aye we sail’d
Across the weary sea,
Until one morn the coast of Spain
Rose grimly on our lee.

W. E. AYTOUN

And as we rounded to the port,
Beneath the watch-tower's wall,
We heard the clash of the atabels,
And the trumpet's wavering call.

“ Why sounds yon Eastern music here
So wantonly and long,
And whose the crowd of armèd men
That round yon standard throng ? ”

“ The Moors have come from Africa
To spoil and waste and slay,
And King Alonzo of Castile
Must fight with them to-day.”

“ Now shame it were,” cried good Lord James,
“ Shall never be said of me,
That I and mine have turn'd aside,
From the Cross in jeopardie !

“ Have down, have down, my merry men all—
Have down unto the plain ;
We'll let the Scottish lion loose
Within the fields of Spain ! ”

“ Now welcome to me, noble lord,
Thou art thy stalwart power ;
Dear is the sight of a Christian knight
Who comes in such an hour !

“ Is it for bond or faith ye come,
Or yet for golden fee ?
Or bring ye France's lilies here,
Or the flower of Burgundie ? ”

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

“ God greet thee well, thou valiant king,
Thee and thy belted peers—
Sir James of Douglas am I called,
And these are Scottish spears.

“ We do not fight for bond or plight,
Nor yet for golden fee ;
But for the sake of our blessed Lord,
Who died upon the Tree.

“ We bring our great King Robert’s heart
Across the weltering wave,
To lay it in the holy soil
Hard by the Saviour’s grave.

“ True pilgrims we, by land or sea,
Where danger bars the way ;
And therefore are we here, Lord King,
To ride with thee this day ! ”

The King has bent his stately head,
And the tears were in his eyne—
“ God’s blessing on thee, noble knight,
For this brave thought of thine ! ”

“ I know thy name full well, Lord James,
And honour’d may I be,
That those who fought beside the Bruce
Should fight this day for me ! ”

“ Take thou the leading of the van,
And charge the Moors amain ;
There is not such a lance as thine
In all the host of Spain ! ”

W. E. AYTOUN

The Douglas turned towards us then,

 Oh, but his glance was high !—

“ There is not one of all my men

 But is as bold as I.

“ There is not one of all my knights

 But bears as true a spear—

Then onwards ! Scottish gentlemen—

 And think—King Robert’s here ! ”

The trumpets blew, the cross-bolts flew,

 The arrows flashed like flame,

As spur in side, and spear in rest,

 Against the foe we came.

And many a bearded Saracen

 Went down, both horse and man ;

For through their ranks we rode like corn,

 So furiously we ran !

But in behind our path they closed,

 Though fain to let us through,

For they were forty thousand men,

 And we were wondrous few.

We might not see a lance’s length,

 So dense was their array,

But the long fell sweep of the Scottish blade

 Still held them hard at bay.

“ Make in ! make in ! ” Lord Douglas cried,

 “ Make in, my brethren dear !

Sir William of Saint Clair is down ;

 We may not leave him here ! ”

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

But thicker, thicker, grew the swarm,
And sharper shot the rain,
And the horses reared amid the press,
But they would not charge again.

“ Now Jesu help thee,” said Lord James,
“ Thou kind and true Saint Clair !
An’ if I may not bring thee off,
I’ll die beside thee there ! ”

Then in his stirrups up he stood,
So lionlike and bold,
And held the precious heart aloft
All in its case of gold.

He flung it from him, far ahead,
And never spake he more,
But “ Pass thee first, thou dauntless heart,
As thou wert wont of yore ! ”

The roar of fight grew fiercer yet,
And heavier still the stour,
Till the spears of Spain came shivering in
And swept away the Moor.

“ Now praised be God, the day is won !
They fly o’er flood and fell—
Why dost thou draw the rein so hard,
Good Knight, that fought so well ? ”

“ Oh, ride ye on, Lord King ! ” he said,
“ And leave the dead to me,
For I must keep the dreariest watch
That ever I shall dree ! ”

W. E. AYTOUN

“ There lies, beside his master’s heart,
The Douglas, stark and grim ;
And woe is me I should be here,
Not side by side with him !

“ The world grows cold, my arm is old,
And thin my lyart hair,
And all that I loved best on earth
Is stretch’d before me there.

“ O Bothwell banks ! that bloom so bright
Beneath the sun of May,
The heaviest cloud that ever blew
Is bound for you this day.

“ And, Scotland, thou may’st veil thy head
In sorrow and in pain ;
The sorest stroke upon thy brow
Hath fallen this day in Spain !

“ We’ll beat them back unto our ship,
We’ll beat them o’er the sea,
And lay them in the hallowed earth,
Within our own countrie.

“ And be thou strong of heart, Lord King,
For this I tell thee sure,
The sod that drank the Douglas’ blood
Shall never bear the Moor ! ”

The King he lighted from his horse,
He flung his brand away,
And took the Douglas by the hand
So stately as he lay.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

“ God give thee rest, thou valiant soul,
That fought so well for Spain ;
I'd rather half my land was gone,
So thou wert here again ! ”

We bore the good Lord James away,
And the priceless heart he bore,
And heavily we steer'd our ship
Towards the Scottish shore.

No welcome greeted our return,
Nor clang of martial tread,
But all were dumb and hushed as death,
Before the mighty dead.

We laid our chief in Douglas Kirk ;
The heart in fair Melrose ;
And woeful men were we that day—
God grant their souls repose !

W. E. AYTOUN.

“ I have brought you to the ring, hop (dance) if you can.”—WILLIAM WALLACE, to his men at Falkirk, 1298.

99. *Our Father Chaucer*

ALONG these low pleached lanes, on such a day,
So soft a day as this, through shade and sun,
With glad grave eyes that scanned the glad wild way,
And heart still hovering o'er a song begun,
And smile that warmed the world with benison,
Our father, lord long since of lordly rhyme,
Long since hath haply ridden, when the lime
 Bloomed broad above him, flowering where he came.
Because thy passage once made warm this clime,
 Our father Chaucer, here we praise thy name.

A. C. SWINBURNE

Each year that England clothes herself with may,
She takes thy likeness on her. June hath spun
Fresh raiment all in vain and strange array
For earth and man's new spirit, fain to shun
Things past for dreams of better to be won,
Through many a century since thy funeral chime
Rang, and men deemed it death's most direful crime
To have spared not thee for very love or shame ;
And yet, while mists round last year's memories climb,
Our father Chaucer, here we praise thy name.

Each turn of the old wild road, whereon we stray,
Meseems, might bring us face to face with one
Whom seeing we could not but give thanks, and pray
For England's love our father and her son
To speak with us as once in days long done
With all men, sage and churl and monk and mime,
Who knew not as we know the soul sublime
That sang for song's love more than lust of fame.
Yet, though this be not, yet, in happy time,
Our father Chaucer, here we praise thy name.

Friends, even as bees about the flowering thyme,
Years crowd on years, till hoar decay begrime.
Names once beloved ; but, seeing the sun the same,
As birds of autumn fain to praise the prime,
Our father Chaucer, here we praise thy name.

A. C. SWINBURNE.

“ Dan Chaucer, well of English undefyed,
On Fame's eternall beadroll worthy to be fyled.”

EDMUND SPENSER.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

100.

Surrey in Captivity

TWAS a May morning, and the joyous sun
Rose o'er the city with a proud array,
As though he knew the month of flowers begun,
And came bright vested for a holiday :
On the wide river barge and vessel lay,
Each with its pennon floating on the gale :
And garlands hung in honour of the may,
Wreathed round the mast, or o'er the furlèd sail,
Or scattered on the deck, as fancy might prevail.

And quick, on every side, were busy feet,
Eagerly thronging, passing to and fro ;
Bands of young dancers gathering in the street ;
And ever and anon, apart and low,
Was heard of melody the quiet flow,
As some musician tuned his instrument,
And practised o'er his part for masque or show ;
And dames and maidens o'er their casements bent,
And scattered flowers about that a sweet perfume lent.

From every church the pealing bells rang out,
The gay parades were thronging every square,
With flaunting banners, revelry, and rout ;
And, like a tide, the gale did music bear,
Now loud, then softened ; and in that low air
Came, on the listener's ear, the regular tread
Of the gay multitude ; the brave, the fair
Passed on—the high born and the lowly bred,
All, for one little day, a round of pleasure led.

MARY HOWITT

Who saw that city on that joyous morn,
Might deem her people held a truce with care ;
What was there then to speak of those forlorn,
Who in her pastimes might not have a share ?
Of her best nobles many were not there,
The heart of valour and the arm of might :
The sun shone on the tower in prison, where
Wailing his hard hap, lay the worthiest knight,
The proudest and the best, at banquet or in fight.

There lay he, the young Surrey ;—that brave heart
That knighthood might not peer. He chid the day
That, with its sunny light, could not impart
To him the freedom of its pleasant ray.
Oh, doom unmerited ! There, as he lay,
Came on his ear the jocund sounds without ;
He thought how once unnoted was the may
Unless the merry people hailed with shout
The gallant Surrey there, in revel and in rout.

He thought how he had been the one of all ;
The knight in contest never yet unhorsed,
The courtliest gallant in the proudest hall.
His sword and name by no dishonour crossed :—
Alone and captived now, from joy divorced,
The thought of Geraldine some solace lent ;
How he, in foreign courts, made chivalrous boast,
Holding her beauty all pre-eminent,
And by his own good arm maintained where'er he went.

He thought of her, and of the magic glass
Wherein, by skill of secret science raised,
He saw her pale and faithful, as she was,
She whom his love-lorn lyre so oft had praised :
He thought of times in memory undefaced,—

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

The pleasures of the woods,—the royal sport,—
The cry of hounds,—the hart each morning chased,—
The tennis-ground,—the race,—the tilting court,—
And all the love-known scenes where ladies made resort.

His looks were such as ladies love to see,
For, as his spirit, was his bearing bold ;
His speech the “ mirror of all courtesy ” ;
Of such as he romance hath often told.
And in his hand a tablet he did hold,
Wherein he noted down, from time to time,
The heavy thoughts that o'er his spirit rolled :
Grief seemed to prey on him, and blight his prime,—
His name without a blot, his heart without a crime.

From the dim window of his cell his eye
Gazed on the revel scene that lay below,
Then glanced upon the beautiful blue sky ;
The gale blew fresh,—'twas free—he was not so :
He wept awhile the captive's bitter woe,—
He sang the captive's bitter fate. Ere long,
Through street and square, moved a procession slow,
A coffined noble, and a mourning throng,
With murmuring lament, for gallant Surrey's wrong.

MARY HOWITT.

“ I will come, but with helmet on my head, and with sixty thousand men at my back.”—The Black Prince to Charles V., 1369.

FRANCIS PALGRAVE

101.

Elizabeth at Tilbury

LET them come, come never so proudly,
O'er the green waves in tall array ;
Silver clarions menacing loudly,
" All the Spains " on their pennons gay ;
High on deck of their gilded galleys
Our light sailors they scorn below :—
We will scatter them, plague and shatter them
Till their flag hauls down to the foe !
For our oath we swear
By the name we bear
By England's Queen and England free and fair,—
Her's ever and her's still, come life, come death :
God save Elizabeth !

Sidonia, Recalde, and Leyva,
Watch from their bulwarks in swarthy scorn ;
Lords and Princes by Philip's favour :
We by birthright are noble born !
Freemen born of the blood of freemen,
Sons of Cressy and Flodden are we :
We shall sunder them, fire, and plunder them,
English boats on the English sea !
And our oath we swear
By the name we bear
By England's Queen and England free and fair,—
Her's ever and her's still, come life, come death :
God save Elizabeth !

Drake and Frobisher, Hawkins and Howard,
Raleigh, Cavendish, Cecil, and Brooke,
Hang like wasps by the flagships tower'd,
Sting their way through the thrice-piled oak :—

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Let them range their seven-mile crescent,
Giant galleons, canvass wide !
Ours will harry them, board and carry them,
Plucking the plumes of the Spanish pride.
For our oath we swear
By the name we bear,
By England's Queen and England free and fair :—
Her's ever and her's still, come life, come death :
God save Elizabeth !

—Has God risen in wrath and scatter'd,
Have His tempests smote them in scorn ?
Past the Orcades, dumb and tatter'd,
'Mong sea-beasts do they drift forlorn ?
We were as lions hungry for battle ;
God has made our battle his own !
God has scatter'd them, sunk, and shatter'd them :
Give the glory to Him alone !
While our oath we swear
By the name we bear ;
By England's Queen and England free and fair,—
Her's ever and her's still, come life, come death :
God save Elizabeth !

FRANCIS PALGRAVE.

“ I know that I have the body of a weak and feeble woman, but I have the heart of a king, and a King of England, too, and think foul scorn that Parma, or Spain, or any prince of Europe, should dare to invade the borders of my realm ; to which, rather than any dishonour should grow by me, I will myself take up arms, I myself will be your general, the judge and rewarder of every one of your virtues in the field.”—
QUEEN ELIZABETH, to the troops at Tilbury, 1588.

GEORGE PEELE

102. *To Queen Elizabeth: A Farewell to Arms*

HIS golden locks Time hath to silver turn'd ;
O Time too swift, O swiftness never ceasing !
His youth 'gainst time and age hath ever spurn'd,
But spurn'd in vain ; youth waneth by increasing :
Beauty, strength, youth, are flowers but fading seen ;
Duty, faith, love, are roots, and ever green.

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees ;
And, lovers' sonnets turn'd to holy psalms,
A man-at-arms must now serve on his knees,
And feed on prayers, which are Age his alms :
But though from court to cottage he depart,
His Saint is sure of his unspotted heart.

And when he saddest sits in homely cell,
He'll teach his swains this carol for a song,—
“ Blest be the hearts that wish my sovereign well,
Curst be the souls that think her any wrong.”
Goddess, allow this agèd man his right
To be your beadsman now that was your knight.

GEORGE PEELE.

“ So may we say to the memory of this worthy knight.
Repose yourself in this our Catalogue under what topic you
please, statesman, seaman, soldier, learned writer or what not.

“ His worth unlocks our cabinets and provides both room
and welcome to entertain him . . . so dexterous was he in
all his undertakings in Court, in camp, by sea, by land, with
sword, with pen.”—THOMAS FULLER, *On Sir Walter Raleigh*.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

103. *On the Death of Sir Philip Sidney*

GIVE pardon, blesstèd soul, to my bold cries,
If they, importune, interrupt thy song,
Which now with joyful notes thou sing'st among
The angel-quiristers of th' heavenly skies.
Give pardon eke, sweet soul, to my slow eyes,
That since I saw thee now it is so long,
And yet the tears that unto thee belong,
To thee as yet they did not sacrifice.
I did not know that thou wert dead before ;
I did not feel the grief I did sustain ;
The greater stroke astonishesth the more ;
Astonishment takes from us sense of pain ;
I stood amazed when others' tears begun,
And now begin to weep when they have done.

HENRY CONSTABLE.

“ Renownèd Spenser, lie a thought more nigh
To learned Chaucer, and rare Beaumont lie
A little nearer Spenser, to make room
For Shakespeare in your threefold, fourfold tomb.”

WILLIAM BASSE, *Shakespeare*.

104 *Advice to his Son*

GOD gives not kings the style of gods in vain,
For on the throne His sceptre do they sway ;
And as their subjects ought them to obey,
So kings should fear and serve their God again.
If, then, ye would enjoy a happy reign,
Observe the statutes of our heavenly king,
And from His law make all your laws to spring.

JAMES I.—MATTHEW ARNOLD

If His lieutenant here you would remain,
Reward the just, be steadfast, true, and plain ;
Repress the proud, maintaining aye the right ;
Walk always so as ever in His sight,
Who guards the godly, plaguing the profane ;
And so shall you in princely virtues shine,
Resembling right your mighty King divine.

JAMES I.

“O rare Ben Jonson.”—Inscription on Ben Jonson’s Tomb.

105.

Shakespeare

OTHERS abide our question. Thou art free.
We ask and ask : thou smilest and art still,
Out-topping knowledge. For the loftiest hill
That to the stars uncrowns his majesty ;
Planting his steadfast footsteps in the sea,
Making the Heaven of Heavens his dwelling-place,
Spares but the cloudy border of his base
To the foil’d searching of mortality :
And thou, who did’st the stars and sunbeams know,
Self-school’d, self-scann’d, self-honour’d, self-secure,
Did’st walk on Earth unguess’d at. Better so !
All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
All weakness that impairs, all griefs that bow,
Find their sole voice in that victorious brow.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

“ Soul of the age !
Th’ applause ! delight ! the wonder of our stage !
My Shakespeare rise ! . . .

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Thou art a monument, without a tomb,
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give."

BEN JONSON, *Shakespeare*.

106. *Raleigh's Cell in the Tower*

HERE writ was the World's History by his hand
Whose steps knew all the earth ; albeit his world
In these few piteous paces then was furl'd.
Here daily, hourly, have his proud feet spann'd
This smaller speck than the receding land
Had ever shown his ships ; what time he hurl'd
Abroad o'er new-found regions spiced and pearl'd
His country's high dominion and command.

Here dwelt two spheres. The vast terrestial zone
His spirit traversed ; and that spirit was
Itself the zone celestial, round whose birth
The planets played within the zodiac's girth ;
Till hence, through unjust death unfear'd, did pass
His spirit to the only land unknown.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

" As those these ashes, little brook ! wilt bear
Into the Avon, Avon to the tide
Of Severn, Severn to the narrow seas,
Into main ocean they, this deed accurst
An emblem yields to friends and enemies
How the bold teacher's doctrine, sanctified
By truth, shall spread throughout the world dispersed."

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, *To Wycliffe*.

107. *An Horatian Ode upon Cromwell's
Return from Ireland*

THE forward youth that would appear
Must now forsake his Muses dear,
Nor in the shadows sing
His numbers languishing.

'Tis time to leave the books in dust,
And oil the unused armour's rust,
Removing from the wall
The corslet of the hall.

So restless Cromwell could not cease
In the inglorious arts of peace,
But through adventurous war
Urgèd his active star :

And like the three-fork'd lightning, first
Breaking the clouds where it was nurst
Did thorough his own side
His fiery way divide :

For 'tis all one to courage high,
The emulous ; or enemy ;
And with such, to enclose
Is more than to oppose.

Then burning through the air he went
And palaces and temples rent ;
And Cæsar's head at last
Did through his laurels blast.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

'Tis madness to resist or blame
The face of angry Heaven's flame ;
And if we would speak true,
Much to the man is due.

Who, from his private gardens, where
He lived reservèd and austere
(As if his highest plot
To plant the bergamot),

Could by industrious valour climb
To ruin the great work of Time,
And cast the kingdoms old
Into another mould ;

Though Justice against Fate complain,
And plead the ancient rights in vain—
But those do hold or break
As men are strong or weak.

Nature, that hateth emptiness,
Allows of penetration less,
And therefore must make room
Where greater spirits come.

What field of all the Civil War
Where his were not the deepest scar ?
And Hampton shows what part
He had of wiser art ;

Where twining subtle fears with hope,
He wove a net of such a scope
That Charles himself might chase
To Carisbrooke's narrow case ;

ANDREW MARVELL

That thence the Royal actor borne
The tragic scaffold might adorn ;
 While round the armèd bands
Did clap their bloody hands.

He nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable scene,
 But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try ;

Nor call'd the gods, with vulgar spite,
To vindicate his helpless right ;
 But bow'd his comely head
Down, as upon a bed.

This was that memorable hour
Which first assured the forcèd power ;
 So when they did design
The Capitol's first line,

A bleeding head, where they begun,
Did fright the architects to run ;
 And yet in that the State
Foresaw its happy fate !

And now the Irish are ashamed
To see themselves in one year tamed :
 So much one man can do
That does both act and know

They can affirm his praises best,
And have, though overcome, confess
 How good he is, how just
And fit for highest trust.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Nor yet grown stiffer with command,
But still in the Republic's hand—

How fit is he to sway
That can so well obey !

He to the Commons' feet presents
A Kingdom for his first year's rents,
And, what he may, forbears
His fame to make it theirs :

And has his sword and spoils ungirt
To lay them at the Public's skirt.
So when the falcon high
Falls heavy from the sky,

She, having killed, no more doth search
But on the next green bough to perch ;
Where, when he first doth lure,
The falconer has her sure.

What may not then our Isle presume
While victory his crest does plume ?
What may not others fear,
If thus he crowns each year ?

As Cæsar he, ere long, to Gaul,
To Italy an Hannibal,
And to all States set free
Shall climacteric be.

The Pict no shelter now shall find
Within his parti-coloured mind,
But from this valour, sad,
Shrink underneath the plaid ;

ANDREW MARVELL

Happy, if in the tufted brake
The English hunter him mistake,
 Nor lay his hounds in near
 The Caledonian deer.

But thou, the war's and fortune's son,
March indefatigably on ;
 And for the last effect,
 Still keep the sword erect ;

Besides the force it has to fright
The Spirits of the shady night,
 The same arts that did gain
 A power, must it maintain.

ANDREW MARVELL.

“ This, sir, is my warrant. By the sword our fathers
won their lands . . . and by the sword we will keep them.”

EARL DE WARENNE, 1278.

108.

Cromwell's Statue

WHAT needs our Cromwell stone or bronze to say
 His was the light that lit on England's way
 The sundawn of her time-compelling power,
The noontide of her most imperial day ?

His hand won back the sea for England's dower ;
His footfall bade the Moor change heart and cower ;
 His word on Milton's tongue spake law to France
When Piedmont felt the she-wolf Rome devour.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

From Cromwell's eye the light of England's glance
Flashed, and bowed down the Kings by grace of chance,

The priest-anointed princes ; one alone
By grace of England held their hosts in France.

The enthroned Republic from her kinglier throne
Spake, and her speech was Cromwell's. Earth has known
 No lordlier presence. How should Cromwell stand
With kinglets and with queenlings hewn in stone ?

Incarnate England in his warrior hand
Smote, and as fire devours the blackening brand
 Made ashes of their strengths who wrought her wrong,
And turned the strongholds of her foes to sand.

His praise is in the sea's and Milton's song ;
What praise could reach him from the weakling throng
 That rules by leave of tongues whose praise is shame—
Him, who made England out of weakness strong ?

There needs no clarion's blast of broad-blown fame
To bid the world bear witness whence he came,
 Who bade fierce Europe fawn at England's heel
And purged the plague of lineal rule with flame.

There needs no witness graven on stone or steel
For one whose work bids fame bow down and kneel ;
 Our man of men, whose time-commanding name
Speaks England, and proclaims her common weal.

A. C. SWINBURNE.

“ Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood ;
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest,
 Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.”

THOMAS GRAY, *Elegy*.

JOHN MILTON

109. *To the Lord General Cromwell*

CR OMWELL, our chief of men, who through a cloud
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed,
And on the neck of crownèd Fortune proud
Hast reared God's trophies, and his work pursued ;
While Darwen stream, with blood of Scots imbrued,
And Dunbar field, resounds thy praises loud,
And Worcester's laureate wreath, yet much remains
To conquer still ; peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war : new foes arise,
Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains.
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

JOHN MILTON.

“ You may well have a greater prince, but you shall never have a more loving prince.”—ELIZABETH, addressing the Citizens of London.

110. *The Song of the Western Men*

A GOOD sword and a trusty hand !
A merry heart and true ;
King James's men shall understand
What Cornish lads can do.

And have they fixed the where and when ?
And shall Trelawny die ?
Here's twenty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why !

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Out spake their captain brave and bold,
A merry wight was he :
" If London Tower were Michael's hold,
We'll set Trelawny free !

" We'll cross the Tamar, land to land,
The Severn is no stay,
With ' one and all ' and hand in hand,
And who shall bid us nay ? "

" And when we come to London Wall,
A pleasant sight to view,
Come forth ! come forth, ye cowards all,
Here's men as good as you !

" Trelawny he's in keep and hold,
Trelawny he may die :
But here's twenty thousand Cornish bold,
Will know the reason why ! "

R. S. HAWKER.

" Here lies one who never feared nor flattered any flesh."
EARL OF MORTON, spoken at the grave of John Knox.

III.

Bonny Dundee

TO the Lords of Convention 'twas Claverhouse spoke :
Ere the King's crown go down there are heads to be
broke,
Then each cavalier who loves honour and me,
Let him follow the bonnets of Bonny Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle my horses, and call out my men ;
Unhook the west port, and let us gae free,
For it's up with the bonnets of Bonny Dundee.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
The bells they ring backward, the drums they are beat,
But the Provost (douce man) said, " Just e'en let it be,
For the toun is weel rid o' that Deil o' Dundee."

Come fill up my cup, etc.

There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond Forth,
Be there lords in the south, there are chiefs in the north ;
There are brave Duinnewassels, three thousand times thre,
Will cry, " Hey, for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee ! "

Come fill up my cup, etc.

Then awa' to the hills, to the lea, to the rocks,
Ere I own a usurper I'll crouch with the fox ;
And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee,
Ye hae no seen the last o' my bonnets and me.

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle my horses, and call out my men ;
Unhook the west port, and let us gae free,
For it's up with the bonnets of Bonny Dundee.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

" Play the man, Master Ridley ! We shall this day light
up such a candle by God's grace in England as I trust shall
never be put out."—BISHOP LATIMER, at the stake at Oxford,
1555.

112. *Bonnie Prince Charlie*

CAM' ye by Athol, lad wi' the philabeg,
Down by the Tummel, or banks of the Garry ?
Saw ye the lads wi' their bonnets and white cockades
Leaving their mountains to follow Prince Charlie ?

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Follow thee, follow thee, wha wadna follow thee ?
Lang hast thou lo'ed and trusted us fairly !
Charlie, Charlie, wha wadna follow thee ?
King o' the Highland hearts, bonnie Prince Charlie.

I ha'e but ae son, my brave young Donald,
But if I had ten they should follow Glengarry ;
Health to M'Donald and gallant Clan Ronald,
For these are the men that will die for their Charlie.

Follow thee, etc.

I'll to Lochiel and Appin, and kneel to them,
Down by Lord Murray and Roy o' Kildarlie,
Brave Mackintosh he shall fly to the field wi' them :
They are the lads I can trust wi' my Charlie.

Follow thee, etc.

Down thro' the Lowlands, down wi' the Whigamore,
Loyal true Highlanders, down wi' them rarely ;
Ronald and Donald, drive on wi' the braid claymore,
Over the necks o' the foes o' Prince Charlie.

Follow thee, follow thee, wha wadna follow thee ?
Lang hast thou lo'ed and trusted us fairly !
Charlie, Charlie, wha wadna follow thee ?
King o' the Highland hearts, bonnie Prince Charlie.

JAMES HOGG.

“ Thy necessity is greater than mine.”—SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, dying, giving the water brought for him to another dying soldier.

THOMAS, LORD MACAULAY

113.

A Jacobite's Epitaph

TO my true King I offer'd free from stain,
Courage and faith, vain faith and courage vain.
For him I threw lands, honours, wealth away,
And one dear hope, that was more prized than they.
For him I languished in a foreign clime,
Grey-hair'd with sorrow in my manhood's prime ;
Heard on Lavernia Scargill's whispering trees,
And pined by Arno for my lovelier Tees ;
Beheld each night my home in fever'd sleep,
Each morning started from the dream to weep ;
Till God, who saw me tried too sorely, gave
The resting-place I ask'd, an early grave.
O thou, whom chance leads to this nameless stone,
From that proud country which was once mine own,
By those white cliffs I never more must see,
By that dear language which I spake like thee,
Forget all feuds, and shed an English tear
O'er English dust. A broken heart lies here.

THOMAS, LORD MACAULAY.

“ I live, and by God's help I will conquer yet.”—WILLIAM
THE CONQUEROR, at the battle of Hastings.

114. *The Lament of Flora MacDonald*

FAR over those hills of the heather sae green,
An' down by the Corrie that sings to the sea,
The bonnie young Flora sat sighing her lane,
The dew on her plaid, and the tear in her e'e.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

She look'd at a boat wi' the breezes that swung,
 Away on the wave like a bird on the main ;
An' aye as it lessen'd she sigh'd an' she sung :
 " Fareweel to the lad I shall ne'er see again.
Fareweel to my hero, the gallant an' young,
 Fareweel to the lad I shall ne'er see again."

The moorcock that crows on the brows o' Ben Connal,
 He kens o' his bed in a sweet mossy hame ;
The eagle that soars o'er the cliffs o' Clan-Ronald
 Unawed and unhunted his eyrie can claim ;
The solan can sleep on the shelve of the shores,
 The cormorant roost on his rock of the sea,
But, ah, there is one whose hard fate I deplore,
 Nor house, ha', nor hame in his country has he ;
The conflict is past, and our name is no more,
 There's naught left but sorrow for Scotland and me !

The target is torn from the arm of the just,
 The helmet is cleft on the brow of the brave,
The claymore for ever in darkness must rust,
 But red is the sword of the stranger and slave ;
The hoof of the horse, and the foot of the proud,
 Have trod o'er the plumes on the bonnet of blue.
Why slept the red bolt in the breast of the cloud
 When tyranny revell'd in blood of the true ?
Fareweel, my young hero, the gallant and good !
 The crown of thy fathers is torn from thy brow.

JAMES HOGG.

"O my country, how I leave my country."—The last words of William Pitt.

JOHN KEATS

115. *On first looking into Chapman's Homer*

MUCH have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen ;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne ;
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold :
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swings into his ken ;
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

JOHN KEATS.

“ I never heard the story of Percy and Douglas, that I
found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet.”

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

116. *Victoria's Tears*

“ O MAIDEN heir of kings !
A king has left his place !
The majesty of Death has swept
All other from his face !
And though upon thy mother's breast,
No longer lean adown—
But take the glory from the rest,
And rule the land that loves thee best.”
The maiden wept ;
She wept to wear a crown !

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

They decked her courtly halls—
They reined her hundred steeds—
They shouted at her palace gates,
“A noble Queen succeeds ! ”
Her name has stirred the mountain’s sleep,
Her praise has filled the town !
And mourners God had stricken deep
Looked hearkening up, and did not weep.
Alone she wept,
Who wept to wear a crown.

She saw no purples shine,
For tears had dimmed her eyes,
She only knew her childhood’s flowers
Were happier pageantries !
And while her heralds played the part
For million shouts to drown—
“God save the Queen,” from hill to mart,—
She heard through all her beating heart,
And turned and wept ;
She wept to wear a crown !

God save thee, weeping Queen !
Thou shalt be well beloved !
The tyrant’s sceptre cannot move,
As those pure tears have moved !
The nature in thine eyes we see,
That tyrants cannot own—
The love that guardeth liberties !
Strange blessing on the nation lies,
Whose Sovereign wept—
Yea ! wept to wear its crown !

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

God bless thee, weeping Queen,
With blessing more divine !
And fill with happier love than earth's
That tender heart of thine !
That, when the thrones of earth shall be
As low as graves brought down,
A piercèd hand may give to thee
The crown which angels shout to see !
Thou wilt not *weep*,
To wear that heavenly crown !

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

“ All . . . who love the old country, and what man or woman of Anglo-Saxon race does not?—have ere this rehearsed their English travels, and visited in fancy the spots with which their hopes, their parents' fond stories, their friends' descriptions, have rendered them familiar.”—
WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, *The Virginians*.

117. *On a Portrait of Wordsworth*

WORDSWORTH upon Helvellyn ! Let the cloud
Ebb audibly along the mountain-wind,
Then break against the rock, and show behind
The lowland valleys floating up to crowd
The sense with beauty. *He*, with forehead bowed
And humble-lidded eyes, as one inclined
Before the sovran thought of his own mind,
And very meek with inspirations proud,—

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Takes here his rightful place as poet-priest
By the high altar, singing prayer and prayer
To the higher Heavens ! A noble vision free,
Our Haydon's hand hath flung out from the mist !
No portrait this, with Academic air—
This is the poet and his poetry.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

“ I would be willing to live to be further serviceable to God and His people, but my work is done ! Yet God will be with His people ! ”—Dying words of Cromwell.

118. *On the Jubilee of Queen Victoria*

I

FIFTY times the rose has flower'd and faded,
Fifty times the golden harvest fallen,
Since our Queen assumed the globe, the sceptre

II

She, beloved for a kindness
Rare in Fable or History ;
Queen and Empress of India,
Crown'd so long with a diadem
Never worn by a worthier ;
Now with prosperous auguries
Comes at last to the bounteous
Crowning year of her Jubilee.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

III

Nothing of the lawless, of the Despot,
Nothing of the vulgar, or vainglorious,
All is gracious, gentle, great, and Queenly.

IV

You then joyfully, all of you,
Set the mountain afame to-night,
Shoot your stars to the firmament,
Deck your houses, illuminate
All your towns for a festival,
And in each let a multitude
Loyal, each, to the heart of it,
One full voice of allegiance,
Hail the fair ceremonial
Of this year of her Jubilee.

V

Queen, as true to womanhood as Queenhood,
Glorying in the glories of her people,
Sorrowing with the sorrows of the lowest !

VI

You, that wanton in affluence,
Spare not now to be bountiful,
Call your poor to regale with you,
All the lowly, the destitute ;
Make your neighbourhood healthfuller.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Give your gold to the Hospital,
Let the weary be comforted,
Let the needy be banqueted,
Let the maim'd in his heart rejoice
At this glad Ceremonial,
And this year of her Jubilee.

VII

Henry's fifty years are all in shadow,
Grey with distance Edward's fifty summers,
E'en her Grandsire's fifty half forgotten.

VIII

You, the Patriot Architect,
You that shape for Eternity,
Raise a stately memorial,
Make it regally gorgeous ;
Some Imperial Institute,
Rich in symbol, in ornament,
Which may speak to the centuries,
All the centuries after us,
Of this great Ceremonial,
And this year of her Jubilee."

IX

Fifty years of ever-broadening Commerce !
Fifty years of ever-brightening Science !
Fifty years of ever-widening Empire !

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

X

You, the Mighty, the Fortunate,
You, the Lord-territorial,
You, the Lord-manufacturer,
You, the hardy, laborious,
Patient children of Albion.
You, Canadian, Indian,
Australasian, African,
All your hearts be in harmony,
All your voices in unison,
Singing, “ Hail to the glorious
Golden year of her Jubilee ! ”

XI

Are there thunders moaning in the distance ?
Are there spectres moving in the darkness ?
Trust the Hand of Light will lead her people,
Till the thunders pass, the spectres vanish,
And the light is victor, and the darkness
Dawns into the Jubilee of the Ages.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

“ First to look to God, and after God to the King.”
SIR THOMAS MORE.

P A R T F I V E

“ SUN THAT NEVER SETS ”

PART FIVE

“SUN THAT NEVER SETS”

119.

Song of the Cities

BOMBAY

ROYAL and Dower-royal, I the Queen,
Fronting thy richest sea with richer hands—
A thousand mills roar through me where I glean
All races from all lands.

CALCUTTA

Me the Sea-captain loved, the River built,
Wealth sought and Kings adventured life to hold.
Hail, England ! I am Asia—Power on silt,
Death in my hands, but Gold !

MADRAS

Clive kissed me on the mouth and eyes and brow,
Wonderful kisses, so that I became
Crowned above Queens—a withered beldame now,
Brooding on ancient fame.

RANGOON

Hail, Mother ! Do they call me rich in trade ?
Little care I, but hear the shorn priest drone,
And watch my silk-clad lovers, man by maid,
Laugh 'neath my Shwe Dagon.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

SINGAPORE

Hail, Mother ! East and West must seek my aid
Ere the spent gear may dare the ports afar.
The second doorway of the wide world's trade
Is mine to loose or bar.

HONG-KONG

Hail, Mother ! Hold me fast ; my Praya sleeps
Under innumerable keels to-day.
Yet guard (and landward) or to-morrow sweeps
Thy warships down the bay !

HALIFAX

Into the mist my guardian prows put forth,
Behind the mist my virgin ramparts lie,
The Warden of the Honour of the North,
Sleepless and veiled am I !

QUEBEC AND MONTREAL

Peace is our portion. Yet a whisper rose,
Foolish and causeless, half in jest, half hate.
Now wake me and remember mighty blows,
And fearing no man, wait !

VICTORIA

From East to West the circling word has passed,
Till East is West beside our land-locked blue ;
From East to West the tested chain holds fast,
The well-forged link rings true !

RUDYARD KIPLING

CAPE Town

Hail ! Snatched and bartered oft from hand to hand,
I dream my dream, by rock and heath and pine,
Of Empire to the northward. Ay, one land
From Lion's Head to Line.

MELBOURNE

Greeting ! Nor fear nor favour won us place,
Got between greed of gold and dread of drouth,
Loud-voiced and reckless as the wild tide-race
That whips our harbour mouth !

SYDNEY

Greeting ! My birth-stain have I turned to good ;
Forcing strong wills perverse to steadfastness :
The first flush of the Tropics in my blood,
And at my feet Success !

BRISBANE

The northern strip beneath the southern skies—
I build a Nation for an Empire's need,
Suffer a little and my land shall rise,
Queen over lands indeed !

HOBART

Man's love first found me ; man's hate made me Hell ;
For my babes' sake I cleansed those infamies.
Earnest for leave to live and labour well,
God flung me peace and ease.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

II

May we find, as ages run,
The mother featured in the son ;
And may yours for ever be
That old strength and constancy
Which has made your fathers great
In our ancient island State,
And wherever her flag fly,
Glorying between sea and sky,
Makes the might of Britain known ;
 Britons, hold your own !

Britain fought her sons of yore—
Britain fail'd ; and never more,
Careless of our growing kin,
Shall we sin our father's sin,
Men that in a narrower day—
Unprophetic rulers they—
Drove from out the mother's nest
That young eagle of the West
To forage for herself alone ;
 Britons, hold your own !

Sharers of our glorious past,
Brothers, must we part at last ?
Shall we not thro' good and ill
Cleave to one another still ?
Britain's myriad voices call,
“ Sons, be welded, each and all,
Into one imperial whole—
One with Britain, heart and soul !
One life, one flag, one fleet, one throne !
 Britons, hold your own ! ”

LORD TENNYSON.

ALFRED NOYES

“ The essential, unalterable right in nature, engrafted into the British Constitution as a fundamental law and ever held sacred and irrevocable by the subjects within the realm, that what a man has honestly acquired is absolutely his own, which he may freely give, but cannot be taken from him without his consent.”—SAMUEL ADAMS, Massachusetts, 1768.

122.

Britain—to the Empire

I

BECAUSE in victory, as of old, I bear
The burden of defeat; both foe and friend
Believe my strength must fail. They want to wear
The crown I wore, and wear to the world’s end.

At ease to watch the soul that none could kill—
Crushed by his own proud load, expectant eyes
Flatter the night-bound Titan, labouring still,
But slowly, surely sinking.—And I rise;

Rise like an athlete, stripped for the great test;
Stripped of all softness, trained to muscle and bone,
Lean as the lightning; and, within my breast
One iron victory that they have not known,—

The victory of the will that, come what may,
Still rules the world, from darkness to full day.

II

Little they know of victory who mistake
Silence for death, or brawling surf for power.
Though I build slowly, granite does not break
Before the hurrying waves of one dark hour.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Though I build slowly, as under the wild seas
The strong foundations of the hills were laid ;
And every cloud that flies before the breeze
May mock the steadfast ramparts I have made ;

My hills are rising. There is fire beneath.
My ways are ancient, but my walks endure.
A thousand years of pain and toil and death,
Compact in rock, have made my reign secure.

Waves may be swift ; but though my cliffs are old,
Waves, waves, and waves against their strength have rolled.

III

They have broken and passed in smoke, and I remain ;
And you, that are my own lost youth reborn,
Whose thousand lakes reflect without a stain
In my far sunset your rekindling morn ;

Whose mountains in your own far sunset stand
Calling the lost stars back, while dawn returns
Round India, home, to me, your mother-land,
And my dark city in your own glory burns ;

Your boundless prairies whisper through my mind ;
Your mightier hopes through all my visions rise ;
And, if I falter in the mists that bind,
Your cleaner winds restore my deeper skies ;

Your eagles in these ancient rocks grew strong ;
And, on their wings, my thousand years grow young.

ALFRED NOYES

IV

Who shaped this union ? Neither you nor I.

We are but instruments of the moving whole,
Blind instruments of that ultimate harmony,
The music of the world-creating Soul.

Through steadfast minds that are not fooled by lies ;

Through men that serve mankind and are not heard ;
Through inarticulate lips and honest eyes,
The living power still speaks the living word :

*I am that Freedom ; I that made you great ;
I am that Honour, and uphold you still ;
I am that Peace, and bound you, State to State,
Even as the stars are bound to one high will ;*

*I am that One, and made you one in Me,
Reign by that law which sets all nations free.*

ALFRED NOYES.

“ Is it an offence, is it a mistake, is it a crime to take a hopeful view of the prospects of your own country ? Why should it be ? Why should patriotism and pessimism be identical ? Hope is the mainspring of patriotism.”—LLOYD GEORGE, Speech, 1919.

123. *Men of the High North*

Men of the High North, the wild sky is blazing ;
Islands of opal float on silver seas :
Swift splendours kindle, barbaric, amazing ;
Pale ports of amber, golden argosies.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Ringed all around us the proud peaks are glowing ;
Fierce chiefs in council, their wigwam the sky ;
Far, far below us the big Yukon flowing,
Like threaded quicksilver, gleams to the eye.

Men of the High North, you who have known it ;
You in whose hearts its splendours have abode ;
Can you renounce it, can you disown it ?
Can you forget it, its glory and its goad ?
Where is the hardship, where is the pain of it ?
Lost in the limbo of things you've forgot ;
Only remains the guerdon and gain of it ;
Zest of the foray, and God, how you fought.

You who have made good, you foreign faring ;
You money-magic to far lands has whirled ;
Can you forget those days of vast daring,
There with your soul on the Top o' the World ?
Nights when no peril could keep you awake, on
Spruce boughs you spread for your couch in the snow ;
Taste all your feasts like the beans and the bacon
Fried at the camp-fire at forty below.

Can you remember your huskies all going,
Barking with joy and their brushes in air ;
You in your parka, glad-eyed and glowing,
Monarch, your subjects the wolf and the bear ?
Monarch, your kingdom unravish't and gleaming ;
Mountains your throne, and a river your car ;
Crash of a bull moose to rouse you from dreaming ;
Forest your couch, and your candle a star.

ROBERT W. SERVICE

You who this faint day the High North is luring
Unto her vastness, taintlessly sweet ;
You who are steel-braced, straight-lipped, enduring,
Dreadless in danger, and dire in defeat :
Honour the High North ever and ever,
Whether she crown you, or whether she slay ;
Suffer her fury, cherish and love her—
He who would rule he must learn to obey.

Men of the High North, fierce mountains love you ;
Proud rivers leap when you ride on their breast.
See, the austere sky, pensive above you,
Dons all her jewels to smile on your rest.
Children of Freedom, scornful of frontiers,
We who are weaklings honour your worth.
Lords of the wilderness, Princes of Pioneers,
Let's have a rouse that will ring round the earth.

ROBERT W. SERVICE.

“ England be tearless ;
Rise, and with front serene
Answer, thou Spartan queen,
‘ Still God is good to me
My sons are fearless.’ ”
SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH, *Victoria*.

124. *To the Virginian Voyage*

YOU brave, heroic minds,
Worthy your country's name,
That honour still pursue,
Go and subdue,
Whilst loitering hinds
Lurk here at home with shame.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Britons, you stay too long ;
Quickly aboard bestow you,
And with a merry gale
 Swell your stretch'd sail
 With vows as strong
As the winds that blow you.

Your course securely steer,
West and by south forth keep ;
Rocks, lee-shores, nor shoals,
 When Eolus scowls,
 You need not fear ;
So absolute the deep.

And cheerfully at sea
Success you still entice.
To get the pearl and gold,
 And ours to hold—
 Virginia,
Earth's only Paradise.

Where Nature has in store—
Fowl, venison, and fish,
And the fruitful'st soil,
 Without your toil,
 Three harvests more,
All greater than your wish.

And the ambitious vine
Crowns with his purple mass
The cedar reaching high
 To kiss the sky,
 The cypress, pine,
And useful sassafras.

MICHAEL DRAYTON

To whom the Golden Age
Still Nature's laws doth give,
No other cares attend
 But them to defend
 From winter's rage,
That long there doth not live.

When as the luscious smell
Of that delicious land,
Above the seas that flows,
 The clear wind throws—
 Your heart to swell,
Approaching the dear strand ;

In kenning of the shore
(Thanks to God first given)—
O you, the happiest man,
 Be frolic then ;
 Let cannons roar,
Frighting the wide heaven.

And in regions far,
Such heroes bring ye forth
As those from whom we came ;
 And plant our name
 Under that star
Not known unto our North.

And as there plenty grows
Of laurel everywhere,
Apollo's sacred tree,
 You it may see,
 A poet's brows
To crown, that may sing there.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Thy voyages attend
Industrious Hakluyt,
Whose reading shall inflame
Men to seek fame,
And much commend
To after-times thy wit.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

“ Nothing is to be expected there, but by labour. . . .
Men fell to building houses and planting corn.”—JOHN
SMITH, *Letter from Virginia*.

125. *Song of the Emigrants in Bermuda*

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride
In the ocean’s bosom unespied,
From a small boat that row’d along
The listening winds received this song.
“ What should we do but sing His praise
That led us through the watery maze
Where He the huge sea-monsters wracks,
That lift the deep upon their backs,
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own ?
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms and prelate’s rage :
He gave us this eternal Spring
Which here enamels everything,
And sends the fowls to us in care
On daily visits through the air.
He hangs in shades the orange bright
Like golden lamps in a green night,
And does in the pomegranates close
Jewels more rich than Ormuz shows :

ANDREW MARVELL

He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
And throws the melons at our feet ;
But apples plants at such a price,
No tree could ever bear them twice.
With cedars chosen by His hand
From Lebanon He stores the land ;
And makes the hollow seas that roar
Proclaim the ambergris on shore.
He cast (of which we rather boast)
The Gospel's pearl upon our coast ;
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple where to sound His name.
Oh ! let our voice His praise exalt
Till it arrives at Heaven's vault,
Which thence (perhaps) rebounding may
Echo beyond the Mexique bay ! ”
—Thus sang they in the English boat
A holy and a cheerful note.
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.

ANDREW MARVELL.

“ We are well weaned from the delicate milk of the mother-country, and inured to the difficulties of a strange land : . . . it is not with us as with men whom small things can discourage.”—JOHN ROBINSON, minister to the Virginian settlers.

126.

Gibraltar

SEVEN weeks of sea, and twice seven days of storm.
Upon the huge Atlantic, and once more
We ride into still water and the calm
Of a sweet evening, screen'd by either shore

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Of Spain and Barbary. Our toils are o'er,
Our exile is accomplish'd. Once again
We look on Europe, mistress as of yore
Of the fair earth and of the hearts of men.
Ay, this is the famed rock which Hercules
And Goth and Moor bequeath'd us. At this door
England stands sentry. God ! to hear the shrill
Sweet treble of her fifes upon the breeze,
And at the summons of the rock gun's roar
To see her red coats marching from the hill !

WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT.

“ It is under the British flag that the prosperity of the British Empire must be rebuilt.”—LORD ROTHERMERE.

127. *The True Believers*

PATIENT-HEARTED, the English set their hands to
the ploughs ;
Most slowly the share-blades turn up the rich earth to
the sky,
Till the long furrows end where the end of the earth allows,
And new dawns gladden the dust that blows where their
horses ply.

Not sudden, like other nations, but utterly patient have
wended

The toilers of England their way to the ploughing and
reaping ;

And many remain, and become as the dust they have tended,
The masters of earth, who have died for the earth in their
keeping. KINGSLEY FAIRBRIDGE.

“ Farewell, dear England ! ”—Cry of Winthrop's
emigrants on leaving England.

CLIVE PHILLIPPS WOLLEY

128.

The Chain of Empire

ROSS BAY CEMETERY, BRITISH COLUMBIA

THROUGH grey salt grass the April breezes creep ;
To your still feet the long blue rollers swing ;
The drowsy sea-fowl mutter in their sleep ;
Above your headstones honeysuckles cling,
Flowers of your Eastern home, your English spring.

Silent your camp ! The last camp on that trail
Worn between oceans by your tireless feet ;
Yet where a new sea spreads, where dry lands fail,
Where East and West, where old and new worlds meet.
Your grey nurse welcomes you, your work complete.

Wayfaring children, gathered round her breast,
Your sea-nurse murmurs in your slumbering ears
The same brave song that stirred or lulled to rest
The stormy hearts of those, your sires and peers,
Vikings and Conquerors, and Pioneers,

Whose oaken keels ploughed roads through seas unknown
To shores unnamed, till English swords had writ
Some word of Empire on them. Far and lone
Like fledgling eagles England's outposts sit.
'Twas theirs to win ; it has been yours to knit.

Through black battalions whence the Wood Lords creep,
Whitening with age, towards the peaks of God ;
O'er dizzy fields where snow-slides plough and reap,
Through those lone lands where Time and Death abode
With Nature brooding till your brave feet trod,

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Ye drove the way. Now red from main to main
Your camp-fires smoulder still. Around them grow
The home-fires of your people, one long chain
Through apple bloom, and fold of corn and snow,
The chain of Love—the only chain we know.

Where were you when the Spirit called you forth ?
Dreaming in old-world gardens sweet with stocks,
Or, mid the purple heather of the North,
Watching the wanderings of your half-wild flocks,
Till some white gull's wing glistened o'er the rocks.

And took your eyes out seaward, where the wind
Filled the strong sails, and mocked your idle rest ?
How could you, Viking-bred, have stayed behind,
You, who had sucked at that old mother's breast,
Whose children win the world, from East to West.

How could you go ? Whilst Spring with cuckoo calls,
With all the music in which wood-birds woo,
With hymning larks, and hedgerow madrigals
Girlish with sunshine, sweet with cushat's coo,
Bade you to dream ; how did you dare to do ?

Nay, rather, could you stay ? Through warm red loam
Ran the sea-rover's path. A wild salt scent
Blown over seas, pierced through the apple bloom ;
The dove's soft voice with Ocean's call was blent.
You could not stay ; you could not be content.

How could you rest ? whilst thick on every hand
The air grew foul with smoke, men cried for bread,
With half a world untrod, they prayed for land,
For room to breathe, for leave to work and wed.
They needed leaders. God be praised, you led.

CLIVE PHILLIPPS WOLLEY

What was it that ye slew ? An old world's gloom,
What won ? A staunching of sweet woman's tears ;
Bread for the children ; for the strong men, room ;
Empire for Britain ; for your failing years
Rest, in the front rank of her Pioneers.

O seed of Empire ! Stones on which we set
That Greater Britain which is yet to be ;
Here, where the farthest West and East are met,
Sleep, whilst your old nurse croons for lullaby,
Thanks for a Realm, that owes you Unity.

CLIVE PHILLIPPS WOLLEY.

“ Let it not be grievous unto you that you have been instrumental to break the ice for others. The honour shall be yours to the world's end.”—Letter from England to the Pilgrim Fathers.

129.

Mooni

HE that is by Mooni now
Sees the water-sapphires gleaming
Where the River Spirit, dreaming,
Sleeps by fall and fountain streaming
Under lute of leaf and bough !—
Hears what stamp of Storm with stress is,
Psalms from unseen wildernesses
Deep among far hill-recesses—
He that is by Mooni now.

Yea, for him by Mooni's marge
Sings the yellow-hair'd September,
With the face the gods remember,
When the ridge is burnt to ember,
And the dumb sea chains the barge !

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Where the mount like molten brass is,
Down beneath fern-feather'd passes
Noonday dew in cool green grasses
Gleams on him by Mooni's marge.

Who that dwells by Mooni yet,
Feels in flowerful forest arches
Smiting wings and breath that parches
Where strong Summer's path of march is,
And the suns in thunder set !
Housed beneath the gracious kirtle
Of the shadowy water-myrtle—
Winds may kiss with heat and hurtle,
He is safe by Mooni yet !

Days that were when he who sings
(Dumb so long through passion's losses)
Stood where Mooni's water crosses
Shining tracks of green-hair'd mosses,
Like a soul with radiant wings :
Then the psalm the wind rehearses—
Then the song the stream disperses—
Lent a beauty to his verses
Who to-night by Mooni sings.

Ah, the theme—the sad, grey theme !
Certain days are not above me,
Certain hearts have ceased to love me,
Certain fancies fail to move me,
Like the effluent morning dream.
Head whereon the white is stealing,
Heart whose hurts are past all healing,
Where is now the first pure feeling ?
Ah, the theme—the sad, grey theme !

HENRY CLARENCE KENDALL

Still to be by Mooni cool—
Where the water-blossoms glister,
And by gleaming vale and vista
Sits the English April's sister,
 Soft and sweet and wonderful !
Just to sit beneath the burning
Outer world,—its sneers and spurning—
Ah, my heart—my heart is yearning
 Still to be by Mooni cool !

HENRY CLARENCE KENDALL.

“ Be one people ! Forget everything but the public !
I set you the example ! ”—WILLIAM Pitt, Earl of Chatham.

130.

Yasin Khan

AY, thou hast found thy kingdom, Yasin Khan,
 Thy father's pomp and power are thine at last.
No more the rugged roads of Khorasan,
 The scanty food and tentage of the past !

Wouldst thou make war ! thy followers know no fear,
 Where shouldst thou lead them but to victory ?
Wouldst thou have love ? thy soft-eyed slaves draw near,
 Eager to drain thy strength away from thee.

My thoughts drag backwards to forgotten days,
 To scenes etched deeply on my heart by pain ;
The thirsty marches, ambuscades, and frays,
 The hostile hills, the burnt and barren plain.

Hast thou forgotten how one night was spent,
 Crouched in a camel's carcase by the road,
Along which Akbar's soldiers, scouting went,
 And he himself all unsuspecting rode.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Did we not waken, one despairing dawn,
 Attacked in front, cut off in rear by snow,
Till, like a tiger leaping on a fawn,
 Half of the hill crashed down upon the foe ?

Once, as thou mourn'dst thy lifeless brother's fate,
 The red tears falling from thy shattered wrist,
A spent Waziri, forceful still, in hate,
 Covered thy heart, ten paces off,—and missed !

Ah, men thrust a worn and dinted sword
 Into a velvet-scabbarded repose ;
The gilded pageants that salute thee, Lord,
 Cover one sorrow-rusted heart, God knows.

Ah, to exchange this wealth of idle days
 For one cold reckless night of Khorasan !
To crouch once more before the camp-fire blaze
 That lit the lonely eyes of Yasin Khan.

To watch the starlight glitter on the snows,
 The plain stretched round us like a waveless sea,
Waiting until thy weary lids should close,
 To slip my furs and spread them over thee.

How the wind howled about the lonely pass,
 While the faint snow-shine of that plateau'd space
Lit, where it lay upon the frozen grass,
 The mournful, tragic beauty of thy face.

Thou hast enough caressed the scented hair
 Of these soft-breasted girls who waste thee so.
Hast thou not sons for every adult year ?
 Let us arise, O Yasin Khan, and go !

LAURENCE HOPE

Let us escape from out these prison bars,
To gain the freedom of an open sky,
Thy soul and mine, alone beneath the stars,
Intriguing danger, as in days gone by.

Nay, there is no returning, Yasin Khan.
The white peaks ward the passes, as of yore,
The wind sweeps o'er the wastes of Khorasan ;—
But thou and I go thitherward no more.

Close, ah, too close, the bitter knowledge clings,
We may not follow where my fancies yearn,
The years go hence, and wild and lovely things,
Their own, go with them, never to return.

LAURENCE HOPE.

“ The world saw one of the races of the north-west cast
into the heart of Asia new manners, new doctrines, new
institutions ”—EDMUND BURKE, 1758.

131.

The Masters

OH, Masters, you who rule the world,
Will you not wait for me awhile,
When swords are sheathed and sails are furled,
And all the fields with harvest smile ?
I would not waste your time for long,
I ask you but—when you are tired,
To read how by the weak, the strong
Are weighed and worshipped and desired.

When weary of the Mart, the Loom,
The Withering-house, the Riffle-blocks,
The Barrack-square, the Engine-room,
The pick-axe, ringing on the rocks,—

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

When tents are pitched, and work is done,
 While restful twilight broods above,
By fresh-lit lamp, or dying sun,
 See in my songs how women love.

We shared your lonely watch by night,
 We knew you faithful at the helm,
Our thoughts went with you through the fight,
 That saved a soul—or wrecked a realm.
Oh, how our hearts leapt out to you,
 In pride and joy, when you prevailed,
And when you died, serene and true,
 —We wept in silence,—when you failed !

Oh, brain, that did not gain the gold !
 Oh, arm, that could not wield the sword,
Here is the love that is not sold,
 Here are the hearts to hail you Lord !

You played and lost the game ? What then ?
 The rules are hard and harsh, we know,
You, still, oh, brothers, are the men
 Whom we in secret reverence so.
Your work was waste ? Maybe your share
 Lay in the hour you laughed and kissed ;
Who knows but what your son shall wear
 The laurels' that his father missed ?

Ay, you who win, and you who lose,
 Whether you triumph,—or despair,—
When your returning footsteps choose
 The homeward track, our love is there.
For, since the world is ordered thus,
 To you the fame, the stress, the sword,
We can but wait, until to us
 You give yourselves, for our reward.

LAURENCE HOPE

To Whaler's deck and Coral beach,
To lonely Ranch and Frontier-Fort,
Beyond the narrow bounds of speech
I lay the cable of my thought.
I fain would send my thanks to you,
(Though who am I to give you praise ?)
Since what you are, and work you do,
Are lessons for our easier ways.

'Neath alien stars your camp-fires glow,
I know you not, your tents are far.
My hope is but in song to show,
How honoured and how dear you are.

LAURENCE HOPE.

“ Of all the nations of the world, at present, the English are the stupidest in speech, the wisest in action.”—THOMAS CARLYLE, *Past and Present*.

132.

L'Envoi

WE talked of yesteryears, of trails and treasure,
Of men who played the game, and lost or won ;
Of mad stampedes, of toil beyond all measure,
Of camp-fire comfort when the day was done.
We talked of sullen nights by moon-dogs haunted,
Of bird and beast and tree, of rod and gun ;
Of boat and tent, of hunting-trip enchanted
Beneath the wonder of the midnight sun ;
Of bloody-footed dogs that gnawed the traces,
Of prisoned seas, wind-lashed and winter-locked.
The ice-grey dawn was pale upon our faces,
And still we filled the cup and still we talked.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

The city street was dimmed. We saw the glitter
Of moon-picked brilliants on the virgin snow,
And down the drifted canyon heard the bitter
Relentless slogan of the winds of woe.
The city was forgot, and, parka-shirted,
We trod that leagueless land that once we knew ;
We saw stream past, down valleys glacier-girted,
The wolf-worn legions of the caribou ;
We smoked our pipes, o'er scenes of triumph dwelling ;
Of deeds of daring, dire defeats, we talked ;
And other tales that lost not in the telling,
Ere to our beds uncertainly we walked.

And so, dear friends, in gentler valleys roaming,
Perhaps, when on my printed page you look,
Your fancies by the firelight may go homing
To that lone land that haply you forsook.
And if perchance you hear the silence calling,
The frozen music of star-yearning heights,
Or, dreaming, see the seines of silver trawling
Across the sky's abyss on vasty nights,
You may recall that sweep of savage splendour,
That land that measures each man at his worth,
And feel in memory, half fierce, half tender,
The brotherhood of men who know the North.

ROBERT W. SERVICE.

“ For he might have been a Roosian,
A French, or Turk, or Proosian,
Or perhaps I-ta-li-an !
But in spite of all temptations
To belong to other nations,
He remains an Englishman.”

SIR W. S. GILBERT, *H.M.S. Pinafore*.

ADAM LINDSAY GORDON

133.

Gone

IN Collins Street standeth a statue tall—
A statue tall on a pillar of stone,
Telling its story to great and small
 Of the dust reclaimed from the sand waste lone.
Weary and wasted, and worn and wan,
Feeble and faint, and languid and low,
He lay on the desert a dying man,
 Who has gone, my friends, where we all must go.

There are perils by land, and perils by water,
 Short, I ween, are the obsequies
Of the landsman lost, but they may be shorter
 With the mariner lost in the trackless seas ;
And well for him, when the timbers start,
 And the stout ship reels and settles below,
Who goes to his doom with as bold a heart
 As that dead man gone where we all must go.

Man is stubborn his rights to yield,
 And redder than dews at eventide
Are the dews of battle, shed on the field
 By a nation's wrath or a despot's pride ;
But few who have heard their death-knell roll,
 From the cannon's lips where they faced the foe,
Have fallen as stout and steady of soul,
 As that dead man gone where we all must go.

Traverse yon spacious burial-ground,
 Many are sleeping soundly there ;
Who pass'd with mourners standing around,
 Kindred, and friends, and children fair ;

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Did he envy such ending ? 'twere hard to say ;
Had he cause to envy such ending ? no ;
Can the spirit feel for the senseless clay
When it once has gone where we all must go ?

What matters the sand or the whitening chalk,
The blighted herbage, the black'ning log,
The crooked beak of the eagle-hawk,
Or the hot red tongue of the native dog ?
That couch was rugged, those sextons rude,
Yet, in spite of a leaden shroud, we know
That the bravest and fairest are earth-worms' food,
When once they've gone where we all must go.

With the pistol clenched in his failing hand,
With the death mist spread o'er his fading eyes,
He saw the sun go down on the sand,
And he slept, and never saw it rise ;
'Twas well ; he toil'd till his task was done,
Constant and calm in his latest throe,
The storm was weathered, the battle was won,
When he went, my friends, where we all must go.

God grant that whenever, soon or late,
Our course is run and our goal is reach'd,
We may meet our fate as steady and straight
As he whose bones in yon desert bleach'd ;
No tears are needed—our cheeks are dry,
We have none to waste upon living woe ;
Shall we sigh for one who has ceased to sigh,
Having gone, my friends, where we all must go ?

We tarry yet, we are toiling still,
He is gone and he fares the best,
He fought against odds, he struggled uphill,
He has fairly earned his season of rest ;

ADAM LINDSAY GORDON

No tears are needed—fill out the wine,
Let the goblets clash, and the grape-juice flow ;
Ho ! pledge me a death-drink, comrade mine,
To the brave man gone where we all must go.

ADAM LINDSAY GORDON.

“ I called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old.”—GEORGE CANNING, *King's Message*, 1826.

134. *India to England*

O ENGLAND ! in thine hour of need,
When Faith's reward and Valour's meed
Is death or glory ;
When fate indites, with biting brand,
Clasped in each warrior's stiff'ning hand,
A Nation's story ;

Though weak our hands, which fain would clasp
The warrior's sword with warrior's grasp,
On Victory's field ;
Yet turn, O mighty Mother ! turn
Unto the million hearts that burn
To be thy shield !

Thine equal justice, mercy, grace,
Have made a distant alien race
A part of thee !
'Twas thine to bid our souls rejoice,
When first they heard the living voice
Of Liberty !

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Unmindful of their ancient name,
And lost to Honour, Glory, Fame,
 And sunk in strife
Thou found'st them, whom thy touch hath made
Men, and to whom thy breath conveyed
 A nobler life !

They, whom thy love hath guarded long,
They, whom thy care hath rendered strong
 In love and faith,
Their heart-strings round thy heart entwine ;
They are, they ever shall be thine,
 In life—in death !

NIZAMUT JUNG, 1914.

“ In deep and awful channel runs
This sympathy of Sire and Sons ;
Untried our brothers have been loved
With heart by simple nature moved ;
And now their faithfulness is proved.”

WORDSWORTH, *White Doe of Rylstone*.

135. *Cape Town from Platte Klip*

WINTER EVENING

THEN in a pause between the day and dark
 The world has slid into another space,
The Time we know has slipt its boundary,
And the dim city swayed into a dream.

Beyond the town a cold enchanted sea
Slept, tranced by visions of pale ships that sail
O'er desolate oceans white with moonshine,
Dream ships, dream ships, a dreaming spellbound sea.

E. BERLEIN

A sudden bell cleaves through the deepening dusk,
The immortal dream breaks into mortal flower
As the town's myriad lamps leap into life,
And the world's pieces are Time's toys again.

Only the mountain stands remote withdrawn,
A cairn of darkness on the fading sky,
Then o'er the edge of darkness—magical
Flows the bright ripple of the waiting moon.

E. BERLEIN.

“ To found a great empire for the sole purpose of raising up a people of customers may at first sight appear a project fitting for a nation of shopkeepers.”—ADAM SMITH, *Wealth of Nations*.

136. *Cecil John Rhodes*

ONE in the heart of his continent sleeping,
Deep in the heart of his people enshrined ;
Silence and solitude watch o'er him keeping,
Space and the Ages to vigil resigned.
Great son of England ! Africa called him,
Strengthened, inspired him, and ravished his soul ;
With her sad story engaged and enthralled him ;
Stirred and impelled him to serve and control.

Showed him the wealth she had hoarded for ages,
Drew from her bosom the key of the North,
Gave him her scroll with its unwritten pages,
Whispered her secret, and bade him go forth !
Slave of her will, with authority vested,
Rich with her treasures and true to her trust,
Power from the hands of Oppression he wrested,
Freedom established, and laws that were just.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Not from a selfish or sordid ambition
Dreamt he of Empire—in continents thought :
His the response to that mystic tuition,
From the great throb of the universe caught.
Steadfast of purpose, and strong as the fountains
Where the dark Nile and the deep Congo rise ;
Calm is the mist in the lap of the mountains
Where in his sculptureless granite he lies.

What if he erred—in creation untiring ?
Ever to failings the faithful have owned.
Nobly the falls of unselfish aspiring !
Greatly he erred and—how greatly atoned !
Prince of her patriots Afric has crowned him !
Strong in her heroes his spirit shall glow,
Long as the moveless Matopos surround him—
Long as the mighty Zambesi shall flow !

And when tradition and fable and story,
In the far future, about him shall cling,
Still shall his name be the patriot's glory—
Still his achievements the poet will sing.
Here, in the mountains, the mist and the wonder,
Here in the wind and the rain and the sun,
Here, with the tempest, the storm and the thunder,
Leave him to rest who so greatly has done.

WILLIAM BLANE, *A Ballad of Men.*

“ Remote compatriots, wheresoe'er ye dwell,
By your prompt voices, ringing clear and true,
We know that with our England all is well :
Young is she yet, her world-task but begun ;
By you who know her safe, and know by you
Her veins are million, but her heart is one.”

SIR WILLIAM WATSON, *Ver Tenebrosum.*

To his Readers

WHERE o'er smooth floors of violet seas
 Long wedges of black duikers fly ;
Where on the mountain's mighty knees
 The mists of the Antarctic lie ;

Or where beside the furrow'd stream
 The vines their purple harvest bear ;
Where through green oaks white gables gleam—
 Meerlust, Dauphiné, Morgen Ster ;

Or where upon the wide Karoo
 The lonely shepherd, far withdrawn,
Beholds—monotonously new—
 The rose of sunset and of dawn.

"Tis all one land ; one people we—
 If not completely reconciled,
If we must quarrel, let it be
 But " as a lover or a child."

On the contracted brows of hate
 Let our satiric sunbeams dance,
And if the frown be obstinate,
 Let's laugh it out of countenance.

IAN COLVIN.

" The English sway of their colonies has no root of kindness. They govern by their arts and ability ; they are more just than kind." —EMERSON, *English Traits*.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

138.

A Refrain

TELL the tune his feet beat
On the ground all day—
Black-burnt ground and green grass
Seamed with rocks of grey—
“England, England, England !”
That one word they say.

Now they tread the beech-mast,
Now the ploughland’s clay,
Now the faery ball-floor of her fields in May,
Now her red June sorrel, now her new-turned hay,
Now they keep the great road, now by sheep-path
stray,
Still it’s “England, England,
England !” all the way !

ARTHUR SHEARLY CRIPPS.

“We view the establishment of the English colonies on principles of liberty, as that which is to render the kingdom venerable to future ages.”—BURKE, Address to Colonies, 1777.

139.

The Navigators

THE pageant of the pilgrims of the sea :
Ship followed ship, high poop and antique mast.
The Vikings’ shielded oars moved sounding past,
And Saxon and Plantagenet argosy.
Drake I beheld, new-risen from bended knee
Of knighthood, Raleigh, of that great race the last,
Anson and Cook, from southern waters vast,
And Franklin, from his frozen shroud made free.

LANCE FALLAW—EDWARD BAUNTON FORD

Then I had vision of their heritage,
The sea-like rivers, wharved with living pine,
Broad lands behind a thousand leagues of coast,
Prairie and lake, of the old diluvian age ;
And, as they faded, like a mid-watch sign,
The Cape of Hope stood with the heavenly host.

LANCE FALLAW.

“Leave to think imperially.”—JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN,
Speech, 1904.

140. *Mother Most Dear*

MOTHER most dear, long is the path but plain,
The length of Africa, the length of Spain—
A thousand lonely leagues of tropic blue,
And then across the cold grey Bay to you
And all the sweet home-scented things again.

Here have I gleaned no gold but other grain,
A welcome life, firm friends—but exile too,
And in all joys to feel the touch of pain,
Mother most dear.

Too long the distant years have cleft us twain,
Many new things I do, and some are vain—
Yet still I bring them to your judgment true,
Ever my thoughts stand at your knee and sue
That you may shape their form across the main,
Mother most dear.

EDWARD BAUNTON FORD.

“To none will we sell, to none will we refuse, to none
will we delay, Right and Justice.”—Article 40, Magna
Charta, 1215.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

141.

Inscriptions

I

TELL England, you who pass our monument,
Men who died serving Her rest here, content.

Together, sundered once by blood and speech,
Joined here in equal muster of the brave,
Lie Boer and Briton, foes each worthy each :
May peace strike root into their common grave,
And blossoming where the fathers fought and died,
Bear fruit for sons that labour side by side.

FYDELL EDMUND GARRETT.

“ I appeal to the House of Commons to bring back what my Lord Clarendon called ‘ the old good-nature of the people of England.’ They may build up again the fortunes of the land of England—that land to which we owe our Power and our Freedom ; that Land which has achieved the union of those two qualities for combining which a Roman Emperor was deified : *Imperium et Libertas.*”—BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

142.

The Song of an Exile

I HAVE seen the Cliffs of Dover
And the White Horse on the Hill ;
I have walked the lanes, a rover ;
I have dreamed beside the rill :
I have known the fields awaking
To the gentle touch of Spring ;
The joy of morning breaking,
And the peace your twilights bring.

WILLIAM HAMILTON

But I long for a sight of the pines, and the blue shadows
under ;
For the sweet-smelling gums, and the throbbing of African
air ;
For the sun and the sand, and the sound of the surf's ceaseless
thunder,
The height and the breadth and the depth, and the
nakedness there !

I have visited your cities
Where the unregenerate dwell ;
I have trilled the ploughman's ditties
To the mill-wheel and the well.
I have heard the poised lark's singing
To the blue of summer's skies ;
The whirr of pheasants winging,
And the crash when grouse arise.
But I sigh for the heat of the veld, and the cool-flowing
river ;
For the crack of the trek-whip, the shimmer of dust-laden
noon :
For the day sudden dying ; the croak of the frogs, and the
shiver
Of tropical night, and the stars, and the low-hanging
moon.

I have listened in the gloaming
To your poets' tales of old ;
I know, when I am roaming,
That I walk on hallowed mould.
I have lived and fought among you
And I trow your hearts are steel ;
That the nations who deride you
Shall, like dogs, be brought to heel.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

But I pine for the roar of the lion on the edge of the clearing ;
For the rustle of grass-snake ; the bird's flashing wing in
the heath :
For the sun-shrivelled peaks of the mountains to blue heaven
rearing ;
The limitless outlook, the space, and the freedom beneath.

WILLIAM HAMILTON.

“ Wherever in the world a high aspiration was entertained or a noble blow was struck, it was to England that the eyes of the oppressed were always turned—to this favourite, this darling home of so much privilege and so much happiness, where the people who had built up a noble edifice for themselves would, it was well known, be ready to do what in them lay to secure the benefit of the same inestimable boon for others.”—W. E. GLADSTONE.

143. *The Return of Botha*

FROM wastes of war, and weary maze of speech
In glittering towns, the husbandman returned,
A spent and footsore victor. Yet to reach
The threshold's peace for which his body yearned
He still delayed, tramping the grain fields o'er
To view his life-work as a farmer must ;
Vineyard and watercourse, the winter store—
Sweet, in his native sun, the very dust,
The harvest green with hope. One walked beside,
A Reaper also, and to Him he fell
Even on the lands he loved. The homestead bell
Speaks with his voice for ever ; though dawn is cold,
Press we the grapes, fill high the granaries wide
With wheat sprung radiant from a heart of gold.

ETHELREDA LEWIS.

JOHN LOMAX

“And he gave it for his opinion, that whoever should make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together.”

JONATHAN SWIFT, *Gulliver's Travels*.

144.

They held the Wood

HERE—in a garden overgrown
With weeds, by night I lie alone ;
And though within it fruit and bloom
Are never seen, nor faint perfume
Regales the sense, nor song of birds,
Nor low of kine, nor human words,
I would not barter if I might
Its melancholy, murky night
To sleep beneath a canopy
Upon a couch of royalty,
For here he walked—but would to God
His feet again this garden trod !

There—in a garden overgrown
With havoc lies he—not alone ;
And though within it soul and shell
Are rankly sown, and gun and yell
Alternate o'er the turmoil sound,
While foul miasma hugs the ground,
I would not wish him in this place—
A coward blanch upon his face—

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Who ransomed with his dearest blood
Thy scourged frondage, Delville Wood ;
Yea, through my tears I thank my God
That thus his feet that garden trod !

JOHN LOMAX.

“ Individuals may form communities, but it is institutions alone that can create a nation.”—BENJAMIN DISRAELI, Speech, 1866.

145.

Namaqualand

A LAND of deathful sleep, where fitful dreams
Of hurrying spring scarce wake swift-fading flowers ;
A land of fleckless sky, and sheer-shed beams
Of sun and stars through day's and dark's slow hours ;
A land where sun has choked once fluent streams—
Where grassless plains lie girt by granite towers
That fright the swift and heaven-nurtured teams
Of winds that bear afar the sea-gleaned showers.
The wild Atlantic, fretted by the breath
Of fiery gales o'er leagues of desert sped,
Rolls back, and wrecks in surf its thunderous wrath
On rocks that down the wan wide shore are spread ;
The waves for ever roar a song of death,
The shore they roar to is for ever dead.

WILLIAM CHARLES SCULLY.

“ His Majesty's Dominions, on which the sun never sets.”—JOHN WILSON.

146.

The Transport Wagon

THE noonday sun falls fierce and strong
Upon a sandy road,
Where sixteen oxen crawl along,
Dragging a heavy load.

The driver walks with lazy swing,
His hands in pockets thrust;
And round the slow procession cling
White clouds of choking dust.

The dreary veld for miles and miles
Is dry as dry can be,
And stony kopjes stand like isles
Amid a brown, brown sea.

A sea, but not like other seas,
Where cooling waters beat—
Its ships are wrecks of leafless trees
'Mid dancing waves of heat.

And in this sea the sandy track
Bends every here and there,
As if it thought of turning back
To escape the dreadful glare.

Oh, for some pleasant deep-down glade,
Where rippling waters run,
With rustling, verdant trees to shade
This cruel, cruel sun !

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Along the road the oxen wind,
With heavy steps and slow.
So many weary miles behind !
So many more to go !

CHARLES CLAYBROOK WOOLLACOTT.

“ The house of every one is to him as his castle and fortress.”—SIR EDWARD COKE, *In a Judgement*.

147.

Fatherland

THE brave old land of deed and song,
Of gentle hearts and spirits strong,
Of queenly maids and heroes grand,
Of equal laws—our Fatherland !

Though born beneath a brighter sun,
Shall we forget the marvels done,
By soul outspoken, blood outpoured,
By bard and patriot, song and sword ?

Forget how firm and true our sires,
Still lighted by their battle-fires,
'Gainst kingly power and kingly crime,
Long struggled in the darkened time ?

How in a rolling sea they stood,
Where every wave was freeman's blood,—
Shall we forget the time of strife,
When Freedom's only price was life ?

SIR HENRY PARKES

Shall Cromwell's memory, Milton's lyre,
Not kindle 'mong us souls of fire,
Not raise in us a spirit strong—
High scorn of shams, quick hate of wrong ?

Shall we not learn, Australians born !
To smile on tinselled power our scorn,—
At least, a freeman's pride to try,
When tinselled power would bend or buy ?

The brave old land of deed and song,
We ne'er shall do her memories wrong !
For freedom here we'll firmly stand,
As stood our sires for Fatherland !

SIR HENRY PARKES.

“ Nothing can redound more to the honour of this nation as a maritime power, to the dignity of the Crown of Great Britain, and to the advancement of the trade and navigation thereof, than to make discoveries of countries hitherto unknown.”—Admiralty Instructions to Commodore Byron, 1764.

148. A Midsummer Noon in the Australian Forest

NOT a sound disturbs the air,
There is quiet everywhere ;
Over plains and over woods
What a mighty stillness broods !

All the birds and insects keep
Where the coolest shadows sleep ;
Even the busy ants are found
Resting in their pebbled mound ;

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Even the locust clingeth now
Silent to the barky bough :
Over hills and over plains
Quiet, vast and slumbrous, reigns.

Only there's a drowsy humming
From yon warm lagoon slow coming :
'Tis the dragon-hornet—see !
All bedaubed resplendently,
Yellow on a tawny ground—
Each rich spot nor square nor round,
Rudely heart-shaped, as it were
The blurred and hasty impress there
Of a vermeil-crusted seal,
Dusted o'er with golden meal.
Only there's a droning where
Yon bright beetle shines in air,
Tracks it in its gleaming flight
With a slanting beam of light
Rising in the sunshine higher,
Till its shards flame out like fire.

Every other thing is still,
Save the ever-wakeful rill,
Whose cool murmur only throws
Cooler comfort round repose ;
Or some ripple in the sea
Of leafy boughs, where, lazily,
Tired summer, in her bower
Turning with the noontide hour,
Heaves a slumbrous breath ere she
Once more slumbers peacefully.

CHARLES HARPUR

Oh, 'tis easeful here to lie
Hidden from noon's searching eye,
In this grassy cool recess
Musing thus of quietness.

CHARLES HARPUR.

“ In the first class I place the judges as of the first importance. It is the public justice that holds the community together.”—EDMUND BURKE.

149.

Australia

SHE rose amid the Nations, tall and fair,
The wide South seas kissed at her garment hem,
Lights of new heavens gleamed in her lustrous hair—
Freedom her diadem !

And on her bosom, Time's glad prophesy,
Six stars that into one rich radiance ran,
Her Urim and her Thummim of the free—
Young Commonwealth of Man :

And in her raiment, curiously inwrought,
Opal and sapphire, gems of price untold,
Pearl from far wave, and, through deep mine-shaft sought,
The shimmering glow of gold :

And magic colours blent of range and dell
And pasture where the sportive lambs may bleat,
And subtlest tints—no poet's tongue can tell—
From sun-kissed fields of wheat.

Too confident of beauty to be proud,
Too satisfied and young to doubt or pray,
Her open glance and buoyant will unbowed
Fronted the broadening day.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Her face uplifted and her brave bold eyes
 Gazed on into the future unafraid,—
No mystic depths of reverence, awe, surprise,
 No Past to make dismayed !

No martyr-moan from pyre or battle-plain
 Had seamed that beauty, frank and debonair,
No sobs from Gethsemanes of pain,
 No midnights of despair—

Changed into morns of triumph, when the day
 Saw men like gods, but featured homelier far,
As, in the pass, by mazed Thermopylæ
 Or glorious Trafalgar.

And, all accustomed to her wide-wayed sea
 And amplest spaces and unhindered room,
She faltered not to meet her destiny
 Nor reck'd of gathering doom.

But at her girdle hung an opening scroll,
 On whose white virgin folds might yet be writ
Tales of high deeds, transcending utmost goal
 Of Man's prophetic wit.

And at her feet the Ocean yearned away
 To East and North, and Southward without bound,
And Westward where the sequent Night and Day
 Circled the great world round.

J. LAURENCE RENTOUL.

“ English institutions, English speech, English thought, will become the main features of the political, the social, and the intellectual life of mankind.”—J. R. GREEN, *History of the English People*.

150. *Dunedin in the Gloaming*

LIKE a black enamoured king whispered low the thunder
To the lights of Roslyn, terraced far asunder ;
Hovered low the sister cloud in wild warm wonder.

“ O my love, Dunedin town, the only, the abiding,
Who can look undazzled up where the Norn is riding,—
Watch the sword of Destiny from the scabbard gliding !—

“ Dark and rich and ringing true, word and look for ever !
Taking to her woman heart all forlorn endeavour ;
Heaven’s sea about her feet, not the bounded river !

“ Sister of the mountain mist and never to be holden
With the weary sophistries that dimmer eyes embolden !
O the dark Dunedin town, shot with green and golden ! ”

Then a silver pioneer, netted in the drift,
Leaning over Maori Hill, dreaming in the lift,
Dropped her starry memories through the passioned drift.

“ Once I do remember them, the glory and the garden,
Ere the elder stars had learned God’s mystery of pardon ;
Ere the youngest, I myself, had seen the flaming warden.

“ Once even after even I stole over shy and early
To mirror me within a glade of Eden cool and pearly,
Where shy and cold and holy ran a torrent sought but rarely.

“ And fondly could I swear that this my glade had risen
newly,—
Burst the burning desert tomb wherein she lieth truly
To keep an Easter with the birds and me who loved her
duly ! ”

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Wailing, laughing, loving, hoar, spake the lordly ocean ;—
“ You are sheen and steadfastness ; I am sheen and
motion,
Gulping argosies for whim, navies for a notion.

“ Sleep you well, Dunedin town, though loud the lulling
lyre is ;
Lady of the stars terrene, where quick the human fire
is,—
Lady of the Maori pines, the turrets and the eyries ! ”

JESSIE MACKAY.

“ Wherever a separation is made between liberty and
justice, neither is safe.”—EDMUND BURKE, 1790.

151. *Britannia's Throne*

MIRROR of the trackless sky,
Priestess of its changing mood,
Ere thy shores were piled on high
Thou didst feel God's Spirit brood ;
Though didst hear His word alone ;—
Be thou still Britannia's throne.

From thy deeps the creeping things
Spread through cove and brook and fen,
Changing scales for soaring wings
And the mould of mortal men ;
From thy tomb the world hath grown !
Be thou still Britannia's throne.

ARTHUR MAQUARIE

Then among the happier ones
 Filing in millennial train,
Thou didst make us favoured sons,
 Teaching us to rule and reign :
Thou didst call us for thine own—
 Be thou still Britannia's throne.

Mighty Mistress, thou didst school
 England's heart in all thy ways ;
May she learn no nicer rule
 In the ease of after-days ;
For the greatness we have known
 Be thou still Britannia's throne.

For the passion of our plea,
 For the memory of our brave,
For the fights we fought for thee,
 For the bones that thou dost lave,
For the love that we have shown !
 Be thou still Britannia's throne.

ARTHUR MAQUARIE.

“ I am convinced that the only method of retaining distant colonies with advantage is to enable them to govern themselves.”—CHARLES JAMES FOX, 1791.

152.

Gloriana's England

FORTH sped thy gallant sailors, blithe and free,
 Fearing nor foeman's hate, nor iron clime,
Nor Lima's flame, nor Plata's fever-slime,
 So that they might give thee far Cathay in fee ;

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Yet swept thy poets o'er a vaster sea,
'Neath fairer gales to Indies more sublime,
Questing along the golden shores of Rhyme
For all the treasure of eternity.
One will, one end, one pulse of deep desire
Drove Hudson through the ice to joy and death,
Sped Drake to glory through the long South roll,
And kindled Marlowe's eager heart with fire ;
Set Spencer voyaging 'neath the spirit's breath,
And won the world for Shakespeare's captain soul.
ARCHIBALD T. STRONG.

“ If God start not at the helm we be at the point of greatest misery that can happen to any people, which is to become thrall to a foreign nation.”—ELIZABETH, Proclamation, 1558.

153.

Canada

CANADA ! Maple-land ! land of great mountains !
Lake-land and river-land ! land 'twixt the seas !
Grant us, God, hearts that are large as our heritage,
Spirits as free as the breeze.

Grant us Thy fear that we walk in humility,
Fear that is rev'rent—not fear that is base—
Grant to us righteousness, wisdom, prosperity,
Peace, if unstained by disgrace.

Grant us Thy love and the love of our country ;
Grant us Thy strength, for our strength's in Thy name ;
Shield us from danger, from every adversity,
Shield us, O Father ! from shame !

ANONYMOUS

Last-born of nations ! the offspring of freedom !
Heir to wide prairies, thick forests, red gold !
God grant us wisdom to value our birthright,
Courage to guard what we hold !

ANONYMOUS.

“ If I send an army to Germany, it is because in Germany I can conquer America ! ”—WILLIAM Pitt, Earl of Chatham.

154.

Empire First

SHALL we break the plight of youth,
And pledge us to an alien love ?
No ! We hold to faith and truth,
Trusting to the God above.
Stand, Canadians, firmly stand,
Round the flag of Fatherland !

Britain bore us in her flank,
Britain nursed us at our birth,
Britain reared us to our rank
'Mid the nations of the earth.
Stand, Canadians, firmly stand,
Round the flag of Fatherland !

In the hour of pain and dread,
In the gathering of the storm,
Britain raised above our head
Her broad shield and sheltering arm.
Stand, Canadians, firmly stand,
Round the flag of Fatherland !

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

O triune kingdom of the brave !
O sea-girt island of the free !
O Empire of the land and wave !
Our hearts, our hands, are all for thee.
Stand, Canadians, firmly stand,
Round the flag of Fatherland !

JOHN TALON LESPERANCE.

“ No man ever entered Mr. Pitt’s closet who did not feel himself braver when he came out than when he went in.”

Remark of a contemporary soldier.

155.

The Gift of India

IS there aught you need that my hands withhold,
Rich gifts of raiment, or grain or gold ?
Lo ! I have flung to the East and West
Priceless treasures torn from my breast,
And yielded the sons of my stricken womb
To the drum-beats of duty, the sabres of doom.

Gathered like pearls in their alien graves,
Silent they sleep by the Persian waves,
Scattered like shells on Egyptian sands,
They lie with pale brows, and brave broken hands,
They are strewn like blossoms mown down by chance
On the blood-brown meadows of Flanders and France.

Can ye measure the grief of the tears I weep,
Or compass the woe of the watch I keep ?
Or the pride that thrills thro’ my heart’s despair,
And the hope that comforts the anguish of prayer ?
And the far sad glorious vision I see
Of the torn red banners of Victory ?

SAROJINI NAIDU

When the terror and tumult of hate shall cease,
And life be refashioned on anvils of peace,
And your love shall offer memorial thanks
To the comrades who fought in your dauntless ranks,
And you honour the deeds of the deathless ones,—
Remember the blood of my martyred sons !

SAROJINI NAIDU.

“ Through a wise and salutary neglect of the British Colonies, a generous nature has been suffered to take her own way to perfection.”—EDMUND BURKE, Speech on Conciliation.

156. *Children of the Empire*

CHILDREN of the Empire, you are brothers all ;
Children of the Empire, answer to the call :
Let your voices mingle, lift your heads and sing,
“ God save dear old Britain, and God save Britain’s King ! ”

Children of the Empire, your fathers fought and died
That you might stand, a noble band, in honour and in pride ;
That you might do the things you will, and strike with arms
of might
For justice and for freedom’s sake, for country, king, and
right.

Children of the Empire, from little isles they came,
To spread abroad in every land the magic of their fame ;
They toiled, they strove, they perished, that you and I might
see

The fair, free lands of Britain arise in every sea.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Children of the Empire, clasp hands across the main,
And glory in your brotherhood again and yet again.
Uphold your noble heritage—oh, never let it fall—
And love the land that bore you, but the Empire best of all !

EDWARD SHIRLEY.

“ Be prepared.”—Motto of the Boy Scouts.

157.

A Song of Canada

SING me a song of the great Dominion !
Soul-felt words for a patriot’s ear !
Ring out boldly the well-tuned measure,
Voicing your notes that the world may hear.
Here is no starveling—Heaven-forsaken—
Shrinking aside where the Nations throng ;
Proud as the proudest moves she among them—
Worthy is she of a noble song !

Sing me the might of her giant mountains,
Baring their brows in the dazzling blue ;
Changeless alone where all else changes,
Emblems of all that is grand and true.
Free as the eagles around them soaring ;
Fair as they rose from their Maker’s hand ;
Shout, till the snow-caps catch the chorus,—
The white-topped peaks of our mountain-land !

Sing me the calm of her tranquil forests,
Silence eternal, and peace profound,
Into whose great heart’s deep recesses
Breaks no tempest and comes no sound.

ROBERT REID

Face to face with the death-like stillness,
Here if at all man's soul might quail :
Nay ! 'tis the love of that great peace leads us
Thither, where solace will never fail !

.

Sing me the worth of each Canadian—
Roamer in wilderness, toiler in town—
Search earth over you'll find none stauncher,
Whether his hands be white or brown.
Come of a right good stock to start with,
Best of the world's blood in each vein ;
Lord of ourselves and slaves to no one,
For us or from us, you'll find we're MEN !

ROBERT REID.

“ These gentry are invariably saying all they can in dispraise of their native land ; and it is my opinion, grounded upon experience, that an individual who is capable of such baseness would not hesitate at the perpetration of any villainy, for next to the love of God, the love of country is the best preventive of crime.”—GEORGE BORROW, *Bible in Spain*.

158. *The Exiled Canadian*

BY fate ordained to rove,
Exiled from hearth and home ;
'Gainst sighs and tears he strove,
Whilst forced strange lands to roam.

All sad at heart one day,
Close to a stream he stood ;
To ripples there at play
Cried he in mournful mood.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

“ If e'er my home you see,
Home which I weep for yet,
Tell all my friends from me
That them I ne'er forget !

“ O days replete with bliss
Ye all for me are o'er !
Home that I sorely miss
I shall behold no more.

“ But Canada, my pride,
When dying I shall see,
Old love my thoughts shall guide
To thee and only thee.

French-Canadian song, *translated by*
EDWARD OXFORD.

“ We who comprise the English-speaking peoples of the Empire have ties of race, of loyalty and of outlook, which must inevitably prove stronger than the chance of geographical neighbourhood.”—LORD BEAVERBROOK, 1930.

159.

The Grey Mother

LO, how they come to me,
Long through the night I call them,
Ah, how they turn to me !

East and south my children scatter,
North and west the world they wander,

LAUCHLAN MACLEAN WATT

Yet they come back to me,
Come with their brave hearts beating,
Longing to die for me,—

Me, the grey, old, weary Mother,
Throned amid the northern waters,

Where they have died for me,
Died with their songs around me,
Girding my shores for me.

Narrow was my dwelling for them,
Homes they builded o'er the ocean,

Yet they leave all for me,
Hearing their Mother calling,
Bringing their lives for me.

Up from the South Seas swiftly sailing,
Out from under stars I know not,

Come they to fight for me,
Sons of the sons I nurtured,
God keep them safe for me !

Long ago their fathers saved me,
Died for me among the heather ;

Now they come back to me ;
Come, in their children's children . . .
Brave of the brave for me.

In the wilds and waves they slumber,
Deep they slumber in the deserts.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Rise they from graves for me,
Graves where they lay forgotten,
Shades of the brave for me.

Yet my soul is veiled in sadness,
For I see them fall and perish ;

Strewing the hills for me,
Claiming the world in dying,
Bought with their blood for me.

Hear the grey, old, Northern Mother,
Blessing now her dying children ;—

God keep you safe for me,
Christ watch you in your sleeping,
Where ye have died for me !

And when God's own slogan soundeth,
All the dead world's dust awaking,

Ah, will ye look for me ?
Bravely we'll stand together
I and my sons with me.

LAUCHLAN MACLEAN WATT.

“ If all existing Greek and Latin books were destroyed,
is there not in our English Classics sufficient material to
build a future of which our successors need not be ashamed ? ”

JOHN BRIGHT, in a letter, 1866.

ANDREW LANG

160.

Advance, Australia

SONS of the giant Ocean isle,
In sport our friendly foes for long ;
Well England loves you, and we smile
When you outmatch us many a while,
So fleet you are, so keen and strong.

You, like that fairy people set
Of old in their enchanted sea,
Far off from men might well forget
An elder nation's toil and fret,
Might heed not aught but game and glee.

But what your fathers were you are
In lands the fathers never knew ;
'Neath skies of alien sign and star
You rally to the English war,
Your hearts are English, kind and true.

And now, when first on England falls
The shadow of a darkening fate
You hear the Mother ere she calls,
You leave your ocean-girdled walls,
And face the foemen in the gate.

ANDREW LANG.

“ The English laugh is the purest and truest in the metal
that can be minted. And indeed only Heaven can know
what the country owes to it.”—JOHN RUSKIN.

P A R T S I X

“ONCE MORE UNTO THE BREACH”

PART SIX

“ONCE MORE UNTO THE BREACH”

161. *On, on, you Noblest English!*

ON, on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument:
Dishonour not your mothers; now attest
That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you.
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war. And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean and base
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:
Follow your spirit, and upon this charge
Cry “God for Harry! England, and Saint George!”

SHAKESPEARE, *Henry V.*, Act III. Scene i.

“Now, victory to our England!
And where'er she lift her hand
In Freedom's fight, to rescue Right,
God bless the dear old Land!”

GERALD MASSEY.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

162. *Wish not a Man from England*

NO, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England :
God's peace ! I would not lose so great an honour
As one man more, methinks, would share from me
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more !
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart ; his passport shall be made
And crowns for convoy put into his purse :
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is call'd the feast of Crispian ;
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say, " To-morrow is Saint Crispian " :
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
And say, " These wounds I had on Crispin's day."
Old men forget ; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day : then shall our names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words,
Harry the King, Bedford, and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
This story shall the good man teach his son ;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world ;
But we in it shall be remembered ;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers ;

SHAKESPEARE

For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother ; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition ;
And gentlemen in England now abed
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

SHAKESPEARE, *Henry V.*, Act iv. Scene iii.

“ An Englishman,
Being flattered, is a lamb ; threatened, a lion.”

GEORGE CHAPMAN, *Alphonsus*.

163. *If We be English Deer*

IF we be English deer, be then in blood ;
Not rascal-like, to fall down with a pinch,
But, rather, moody-mad and desperate stags,
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel
And make the cowards stand aloof at bay ;
Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends.
God and Saint George, Talbot and England's right,
Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight.

SHAKESPEARE, *Henry VI.*, Part I.
Act iv. Scene ii.

“ But British forces are unused to fear.”—WILLIAM CONGREVE.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

164.

Saxon War Song

I

WHET the bright steel,
Sons of the White Dragon !
Kindle the torch,
Daughter of Hengist !

The steel glimmers not for the carving of the banquet,
It is hard, broad, and sharply pointed ;
The torch goeth not to the bridal chamber,
It steams and glitters blue with sulphur.
Whet the steel, the raven croaks !
Light the torch, Zernebock is yelling !
Whet the steel, sons of the Dragon !
Kindle the Torch, daughter of Hengist !

II

The black clouds are low over the thane's castle :
The eagle screams—he rides on their bosom.
Scream not, grey rider of the sable cloud,
Thy banquet is prepared !
The maidens of Valhalla look forth,
The race of Hengist will send them guests.
Shake your black tresses, maiden of Valhalla !
And strike your loud timbrels for joy !
Many a haughty step bends to your halls,
Many a helmed head.

III

Dark sits the evening upon the thane's castle,
The black clouds gather round ;
Soon they shall be red as the blood of the valiant !

SIR WALTER SCOTT

The destroyer of forests shall shake his red crest against
them ;
He, the bright consumer of palaces,
Broad waves he his blazing banner,
Red, wide, and dusky,
Over the strife of the valiant ;
His joy is in the clashing swords and broken bucklers ;
He loves to lick the hissing blood as it bursts warm from the
wound !

IV

All must perish !
The sword cleaveth the helmet ;
The strong armour is pierced by the lance :
Fire devoureth the dwelling of princes,
Engines break down the fences of the battle.
All must perish !
The race of Hengist is gone—
The name of Horsa is no more !
Shrink not then from your doom, sons of the sword !
Let your blades drink blood like wine ;
Feast ye in the banquet of slaughter.
By the light of the blazing halls !
Strong be your swords while your blood is warm,
And spare neither for pity nor fear,
For vengeance hath but an hour ;
Strong hate itself shall expire !
I also must perish.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

“ An Englishman fears contempt more than death.”
OLIVER GOLDSMITH, *Citizen of the World*.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

165.

Battle of Brunanburh

I

A THELSTAN King,
Lord among Earls,
Bracelet-bestower and
Baron of Barons,
He with his brother,
Edmund Atheling,
Gaining a livelong
Glory in battle,
Slew with the sword-edge
There by Brunanburh ;
Brake the shield-wall
Hew'd the lindenwood,
Hacked the battle-shield,
Sons of Edward with hammer'd brands.

II

Theirs was a greatness
Got from their Grandsires—
Theirs that so often in
Strife with their enemies
Struck for their hoards and their hearths and their
homes.

III

Bow'd the spoiler,
Bent the Scotsman,
Fell the ship crews
Doom'd to the death.

LORD TENNYSON

All the field with blood of the fighters
Flowed, from when first the great
 Sun-star of morning-tide,
 Lamp of the Lord God
 Lord everlasting,
Glode over earth till the glorious creature
 Sank to his setting.

IV

There lay many a man
Marr'd by the javelin,
Men of the Northland
Shot over shield.
There was the Scotsman
Weary of war.

V

We the West-Saxons
Long as the daylight
 Lasted, in companies
Troubled the track of the host that we hated,
Grimly with swords that were sharp from the
 grindstone,
Fiercely we hack'd, at the fliers before us.

VI

Mighty the Mercian,
Hard was his hand-play,
Sparing not any of
Those that with Anlaf,
 Warriors over the
 Weltering waters
Borne in the bark's-bosom,
Drew to this island ;
Doom'd to the death.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

VII

Five young kings put asleep by the sword-stroke,
Seven strong Earls of the army of Anlaf.
Fell on the war-field, numberless numbers,
Shipmen and Scotsmen.

VIII

Then the Norse leader,
Dire was his need of it,
Few were his following,
Fled to his warship :
Fleeted his vessel to sea with the King in it
Saving his life on the fallow flood.

IX

Also the crafty one,
Constantinus,
Crept to his North again,
Hoar-headed hero !

X

Slender warrant had
He to be proud of
The welcome of war-knives—
He that was reft of his
Folk and his friends who had
Fallen in conflict,
Leaving his son too
Lost in the carnage,
Mangled to morsels,
A youngster in war !

LORD TENNYSON

XI

Slender reason had
He to be glad of
The clash of the war-glaive—
 Traitor and trickster
 And spurner of treaties—
 He nor had Anlaf
 With armies so broken
 A reason for bragging
 That they had the better
 In perils of battle
 On places of slaughter—
 The struggle of standards,
 The rush of the javelins,
 The crash of the charges
 The wieldling of weapons—
 The play that they play'd with
 The children of Edward.

XII

Then with their nail'd prows
Parted the Norsemen, a
Blood-redden'd relic of
Javelins over
The jarring breaker, the deep-sea billow,
Shaping their way toward Dyflen again,
 Shamed in their souls.

XIII

Also the brethren
King and Atheling,
Each in his glory,
Went to his own in his own West-Saxon-land,
 Glad of the war.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

XIV

Many a carcase they left to be carrion,
Many a livid one, many a sallow-skin—
Left for the white-tail'd eagle to tear it, and
Left for the horny-nibb'd raven to rend it, and
Gave to the garbaging war-hawk to gorge it, and
That grey beast, the wolf of the weald.

XV

Never had huger
Slaughter of heroes
Slain by the sword-edge—
Such as old writers
Have writ of in histories—
Hapt in this isle, since
Up from the East hither
Saxon and Angle from
Over the broad billow
Broke into Britain with
Haughty war-workers who
Harried the Welshmen, when
Earls that were lured by the
Hunger of glory gat
Hold of the land.

LORD TENNYSON (*Translation*).

“ To my brother Tostig I will give the Kingdom of Northumberland, and I will make peace with him, for he is an Englishman. But to Harold Hardraga, who is a foreigner and an enemy, I will give him six feet of English ground ; or, as I hear that he is taller than most men, I will give him seven feet, but that is all the English ground he will have from me.”—HAROLD, before Stamford Bridge, 1066.

RED glows the forge in Strigil's bounds,
 And hammers din, and anvil sounds,
 And armourers, with iron toil,
 Barb many a steed for battle's broil.
 Foul fall the hand that bends the steel
 Around the courser's thundering heel,
 That e'er shall dint a sable wound
 On fair Glamorgan's velvet ground !

From Chepstow's towers, ere dawn of morn,
 Was heard afar the bugle horn :
 And forth, in banded pomp and pride,
 Stout Clare and fiery Neville ride.
 They swore their banners broad should gleam,
 In crimson light, on Rymny's stream ;
 They vow'd, Cacrphil's sod should feel
 The Norman charger's spurning heel.

And sooth they swore—the sun arose
 And Rymny's wave with crimson glows !
 For Clare's red banner, floating wide,
 Roll'd down the stream to Severn's tide !
 And sooth they vow'd—the trampled green
 Show'd where hot Neville's charge had been ;
 In every sable hoof-tramp stood
 A Norman horseman's curdling blood !

Old Chepstow's brides may curse the toil,
 That arm'd stout Clare for Cambria's broil ;
 Their orphans long the art may rue,
 For Neville's war-horse forged the shoe.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

No more the stamp of armed steed
Shall dint Glamorgan's velvet meed ;
Nor trace be there, in early spring,
Save of the Fairies' emerald ring.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

"I will die any death before I put iron on the man who freed England from the stranger and saved Dover from France."—The Smith who was ordered to shackle Hubert de Burgh, 1232.

167. *Song of the Bow*

WHAT of the bow ?
The bow was made in England
Of true wood, of yew-wood
The wood of English bows ;
So the men who are free
Love the old yew-tree
And the land where the yew-tree grows.

What of the cord ?
The cord was made in England,
A rough cord, a tough cord,
A cord that bowmen love ;
And so we will sing
Of the hempen string,
And the land where the string was wove.

What of the shaft ?
The shaft was cut in England,
A long shaft, a strong shaft,
Barbed and trim and true :
So we'll drink all together
To the grey goose-feather,
And the land where the grey goose flew.

A. CONAN DOYLE

What of the mark ?
Ah, seek it not in England,
A bold mark, our old mark
Is waiting oversea.
When the strings harp in chorus,
And the Lion flag is o'er us,
It is there that our mark will be.

What of the men ?
The men were bred in England,
The bowmen, the yeomen,
The lads of dale and fell.
Here's to you, and to you !
To the hearts that are true,
And the land where the true hearts dwell.

A. CONAN DOYLE.

“ Lances in rest ; Advance banners ; Archers, bend your bows ; cry, ‘ Saint George for England ! ’ ”—English battle-orders at Crécy, 1346.

168.

Chevy Chase

PART I

GOD prosper long our noble King,
Our lives and safeties all !
A woeful hunting once there did
In Chevy Chase befall.

To drive the deer, with hound and horn,
Earl Percy took the way ;
The child may rue, that is unborn,
The hunting of that day.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

The stout Earl of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods,
Three summer days to take,

The chiefest harts in Chevy Chase
To kill and bear away.
These tidings to Earl Douglas came
In Scotland, where he lay ;

Who sent Earl Percy present word,
He would prevent his sport.
The English Earl, not fearing that,
Did to the woods resort,

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well, in time of need,
To aim their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran,
To chase the fallow deer.
On Monday they began to hunt,
Ere daylight did appear ;

And long before high noon they had
A hundred fat bucks slain :
Then, having dined, the drovers went
To rouse the deer again.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,
The nimble deer to take,
That with their cries the hills and dales
An echo shrill did make.

TRADITIONAL

Lord Percy to the quarry went,
To view the slaughtered deer,
Quoth he, " Earl Douglas promised
This day to meet me here.

" But if I thought he would not come,
No longer would I stay ! "
With that a brave young gentleman,
Thus to the Earl did say :

" Lo, yonder doth Earl Douglas come !
His men in armour bright !
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears
All marching in our sight !

" All pleasant men of Tividale,
Fast by the river 'Tweed.' "
" Oh, cease your sports ! " Earl Percy said,
" And take your bows with speed ;

" And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance ;
For there was never champion yet,
In Scotland, nor in France,

That ever did on horseback come ;
And, if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
With him to break a spear ! "

Earl Douglas, on his milk-white steed,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of his company,
Whose armour shone like gold.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

“ Show me,” said he, “ whose men you be
That hunt so boldly here ?
That, without my consent, do chase
And kill my fallow deer.”

The first man that did answer make,
Was noble Percy he,
Who said, “ We list not to declare,
Nor show, whose men we be :

“ Yet we will spend our dearest blood
Thy chiefest harts to slay.”
Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,
And thus in rage did say :

“ Ere thus I will outbravèd be,
One of us two shall die :
I know thee well ! An earl thou art,
Lord Percy. So am I.

“ But, trust me, Percy, pity it were,
And great offence, to kill
Any of these, our guiltless men !
For they have done no ill.

“ Let thou and I the battle try ;
And set our men aside.”
“ Accursed be he,” Earl Percy said,
“ By whom it is denied ! ”

Then stepped a gallant squire forth,
Witherington was his name,
Who said, “ I would not have it told
To Henry our King, for shame,

TRADITIONAL

“ That e'er my Captain fought on foot,
And I stood looking on.
You be two earls,” quoth Witherington,
“ And I a squire alone.

“ I'll do the best that do I may,
While I have power to stand :
While I have power to wield my sword,
I'll fight with heart and hand.”

Our English archers bent their bows,
Their hearts were good and true.
At the first flight of arrows sent,
Full fourscore Scots they slew.

“ To drive the deer with hound and horn ! ”
Douglas bade on the bent.
Two captains moved, with mickle might,
Their spears to shivers went.

They closed full fast on every side ;
No slackness there was found ;
But many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

O Christ ! it was a grief to see
And likewise for to hear,
The cries of men lying in their gore,
And scattered here and there.

At last, these two stout earls did meet
Like captains of great might,
Like lions wode, they laid on load,
And made a cruel fight.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

They fought, until they both did sweat,
With swords of tempered steel,
Till blood adown their cheeks, like rain,
They trickling down did feel.

“ Yield thee, O Percy,” Douglas said.
“ In faith ! I will thee bring,
Where thou shalt high advancèd be
By James, our Scottish King !

“ Thy ransom I will freely give !
And this report of thee—
‘ Thou art the most courageous knight
That ever I did see ! ’ ”

“ No, Douglas,” quoth Earl Percy then,
“ Thy proffer I do scorn ;
I will not yield to any Scot
That ever yet was born ! ”

With that, there came an arrow keen
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart,
A deep and deadly blow.

Who never said more words than these,
“ Fight on, my merry men all !
For why ? My life is at an end,
Lord Percy sees my fall ! ”

Then leaving life, Lord Percy took
The dead man by the hand,
Who said, “ Earl Douglas, for thy sake,
Would I have lost my land ! ”

TRADITIONAL

“ O Christ ! my very heart doth bleed
For sorrow, for thy sake,
For sure, a more redoubted knight
Mischance could never take ! ”

A knight, amongst the Scots there was,
Which saw Earl Douglas die ;
Who straight in heart did vow revenge
Upon the Lord Percy.

PART II

Sir Hugh Montgomery was he called;
Who, with a spear most bright,
Well mounted on a gallant steed,
Ran fiercely through the fight.

And passed the English archers all,
Without or dread or fear ;
And through Earl Percy's body then
He thrust his hateful spear.

With such a vehement force and might
He did his body gore :
The staff ran through the other side,
A large cloth-yard and more.

Thus did both these nobles die,
Whose courage none could stain ;
An English archer then perceived
The noble earl was slain.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

He had a good bow in his hand
Made of a trusty tree.

An arrow of a cloth-yard long,
Up to the head drew he.

Against Sir Hugh Montgomery,
So right the shaft he set ;
The grey-goose wing that was thereon,
In his heart's blood was wet.

This fight did last from break of day
Till setting of the sun :
For when they rang the evening bell,
The battle scarce was done.

With stout Earl Percy there were slain
Sir John of Egerton,
Sir Robert Radcliffe, and Sir John,
Sir James, that bold Baron.

And with Sir George and stout Sir James,
Both knights of good account,
Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slain,
Whose prowess did surmount.

For Witherington needs must I wail,
As one in doleful dumps,
For when his legs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumps.

And with Earl Douglas there were slain
Sir Hugh Montgomery ;
And Sir Charles Murray, that from field
One foot would never flee.

TRADITIONAL

Sir Charles Murray of Ratcliffe, too
His sister's son was he :
Sir David Lamb, so well esteemed,
But saved he could not be.

And the Lord Maxwell, in like case,
Did with Earl Douglas die.
Of twenty hundred Scottish spears
Scarce fifty-five did fly.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,
Went home but fifty-three ;
The rest on Chevy Chase were slain,
Under the greenwood tree.

Next day did many widows come
Their husbands to bewail :
They washed their wounds with brinish tears ;
But all would not prevail.

Their bodies, bathed in purple blood,
They bore with them away.
They kissed them, dead, a thousand times,
Ere they were clad in clay.

The news was brought to Edinborough,
Where Scotland's King did reign,
That brave Earl Douglas suddenly
Was with an arrow slain.

“ Oh, heavy news ! ” King James did say,
“ Scotland may witness be,
I have not any captain more
Of such account as he ! ”

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Like tidings to King Henry came,
Within as short a space,
That Percy of Northumberland
Was slain in Chevy Chase.

“ Now, God be with him ! ” said our King,
“ Sith it will better be ;
I trust I have, within my realm,
Five hundred as good as he !

“ Yet shall not Scots, nor Scotland, say
But I will vengeance take ;
And be revengèd on them all,
For brave Earl Percy’s sake.”

This vow the King did well perform
After, on Humbledown,
In one day fifty knights were slain,
With lords of great renown.

And of the rest, of small account,
Did many thousands die.
Thus endeth the hunting in Chevy Chase,
Here by the Earl Percy.

God save our King, and bless this land
With plenty, joy, and peace !
And grant, henceforth, that foul debate
’Twixt noble men may cease !

Traditional.

“ Keep troth ! ”—Motto of Edward I.

MICHAEL DRAYTON

169.

Agincourt

FAIR stood the wind for France,
When we our sails advance,
Not now to prove our chance
Longer will tarry ;
And putting to the main,
At Caux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train
Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,
Furnished in warlike sort,
Marcheth t'wards Agincourt
In happy hour ;
Skirmishing day by day
With those that stopped his way
Where the French gen'ral lay
With all his power.

Which in his height of pride,
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide,
To the King sending ;
Which he neglects the while,
As from a nation vile,
Yet with an angry smile,
Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then,
“ Though they be one to ten
Be not amazed.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Yet have we well begun,
Battles so bravely won,
Have ever to the sun,
 By Fame been raisèd.

“ And for myself (quoth he)
This my full rest shall be,
England ne'er mourn for me,
 Nor more esteem me ;
Victor I will remain,
Or on this earth lie slain,
Never shall she sustain
 Loss to redeem me.”

Poictiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell :
 No less our skill is.

Then when our Grandsire great,
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat
 Lopped the French lilies.

The Duke of York so dread
The eager vanguard led ;
With the main Henry sped,
 Among his henchmen ;
Exeter had the rear,
A braver man not there,
O Lord, how hot they were
 On the false Frenchmen !

They now to fight are gone,
Armour on armour shone,
Drum now to drum did groan,
 To hear was wonder ;

MICHAEL DRAYTON

That with the cries they make,
The very earth did shake,
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham,
Which didst the signal aim
To our hid forces ;
When from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly,
The English archery
Stuck the French horses.

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like to serpents stung,
Piercing the weather ;
None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts,
Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilbows drew,
And on the French they flew,—
Not one was tardy ;
Arms were from shoulders sent,
Scalps to the teeth were rent,
Down the French peasants went,—
Our men were hardy.

This while our noble King,
His broad sword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding
As to o'erwhelm it ;

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

And many a deep wound lent,
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent
 Bruised his helmet.

Glou'ster, that Duke so good,
Next to the royal blood,
For famous England stood,
 With his brave brother ;
Clarence, in steel so bright,
Though but a maiden knight,
Yet in that furious fight
 Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade,
Oxford the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made,
 Still as they ran up ;
Suffolk his axe did ply,
Beaumont and Willoughby,
Bare them right doughtily,
 Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's Day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which fame shall not delay
 To England to carry ;
Oh when shall Englishmen
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
 Such a King Harry ? MICHAEL DRAYTON.

“ Let the boy win his spurs, for, if God so order it, I will that the day may be his, and that the honour may be with him, and them to whom I have given it in charge.”

EDWARD III., at Crécy, 1346.

170.

A Lament for Flodden

I'VE heard them lilting at our ewe-milking,
 Lasses a' lilting before dawn o' day ;
 But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning¹—
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede² away.

At buughts,³ in the morning, nae blythe lads are scorning,
 Lassies are lonely and dowie and wae ;
 Nae daffing,⁴ nae gabbing, but sighing and sabbing,
 Ilk ane lifts her leglin⁵ and hies her away.

In hairst,⁶ at the shearing, nae youths now are jeering,
 Bandsters⁷ are lyart,⁸ and runkled⁹ and grey :
 At fair or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching¹⁰—
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At e'en in the gloaming, nae swankies¹¹ are roaming
 'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle¹² to play ;
 But ilk ane sits eerie, lamenting her dearie—
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

Dool¹³ and wae for the order sent our lads to the Border !
 The English, for ance, by guile wan the day ;
 The Flowers of the Forest, that fought aye the foremost,
 The prime of our land, lie cauld in the clay.

¹ Lane.² Weeded.³ Sheepfolds.⁴ Joking.⁵ Milk-pail.⁶ Harvest.⁷ Binders.⁸ Grey-haired.⁹ Wrinkled.¹⁰ Coaxing.¹¹ Lusty lads.¹² Hide-and-seek.¹³ Sorrow.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

We'll hear nae mair lilting at our ewe-milking,
Women and bairns are heartless and wae ;
Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

JANE ELLIOT.

“ There is nothing so bad or so good that you will not find an Englishman doing it ; but you will never find an Englishman in the wrong. He does everything on principle. He fights you on patriotic principles ; he robs you on business principles ; and he enslaves you on imperial principles.”

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, *Man of Destiny*.

171. *The Battle of Naseby*

OH ! wherefore come ye forth, in triumph from the North,
With your hands, and your feet, and your raiment all red ?
And wherefore doth your rout send out a joyous shout ?
And whence be the grapes of the wine-press which ye tread ?

Oh, evil was the root, and bitter was the fruit,
And crimson was the juice of the vintage that we trod ;
For we trampled on the throng of the haughty and the strong,
Who sate in the high places, and slew the saints of God.

It was about the noon of a glorious day in June,
That we saw their banners dance ; and their cuirasses
shine ;
And the Man of Blood was there, with his long essenced hair,
And Astley, and Sir Marmaduke, and Rupert of the Rhine.

THOMAS, LORD MACAULAY

Like a servant of the Lord, with his Bible and his sword,
The General rode along us to form us to the fight,
When a murmuring sound broke out, and swelled into a
shout,
Among the godless horsemen upon the tyrant's right.

And hark ! like the roar of the billows on the shore,
The cry of battle rises along their charging line !
For God ! for the Cause ! for the Church ! for the Laws,
For Charles, King of England, and Rupert of the Rhine !

The furious German comes, with his clarions and his drums,
His bravoes of Alsatia and pages of Whitehall ;
They are bursting on our flanks. Grasp your pikes !—Close
your ranks !
For Rupert never comes but to conquer or to fall.

They are here ! They rush on ! We are broken ! We
are gone !

Our left is borne before them like stubble on the blast.
O Lord, put forth Thy might ! O Lord, defend the right !
Stand back to back, in God's name, and fight it to the last.

Stout Skippon hath a wound—the centre hath given
ground—

Hark ! hark !—what means the trampling of horsemen
on our rear ?

Whose banner do I see, boys ? 'Tis he,—thank God ! 'tis
he, boys !

Bear up another time, Brave Oliver is here !

Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row,
Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on the dykes,
Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the Accurst,
And, at a shock, have scattered the forest of his pikes.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Fast, fast the gallants ride, in some safe nook to hide
Their coward heads, predestined to rot on Temple Bar :
And he,—he turns, he flees—shame on those cruel eyes
That bore to look on torture, and dare not look on war !

Ho ! comrades, scour the plain ; and, ere you strip the slain,
First give another stab to make your search secure,
Then shake from sleeves and pockets their broadpieces and
lockets,
The token of the wanton, the plunder of the poor.

THOMAS, LORD MACAULAY.

“ On becoming soldiers we have not ceased to be citizens.”
Petition of the New Model Army, 1647.

172. *Lock the Door, Lariston*

“ **L**OCK the door, Lariston, Lion of Liddesdale ;
Lock the door, Lariston, Lowther comes on ;
The Armstrongs are flying,
The widows are crying,
The Castletown’s burning, and Oliver’s gone !

“ Lock the door, Lariston—high on the weather-gleam
See how the Saxon plumes bob on the sky—
Yeoman and carbineer,
Billman and halberdier,
Fierce is the foray, and far is the cry !

“ Bewcastle brandishes high his broad scimitar ;
Ridley is riding his fleet-footed grey ;
Hidley and Howard there,
Wandale and Windermere ;
Lock the door, Lariston ; hold them at bay.

JAMES HOGG

“ Why dost thou smile, noble Elliot of Lariston ?
Why does the joy-candle gleam in thine eye ?

Thou bold Border ranger,
Beware of thy danger ;
Thy foes are relentless, determined, and nigh.”

Jock Elliot raised up his steel bonnet and lookit,
His hand grasped the sword with a nervous embrace :
“ Ah, welcome, brave foemen,
On earth there are no men
More gallant to meet in the foray or chase !

“ Little know ye of the hearts I have hidden here ;
Little know ye of our moss-trooper’s might—
Linhope and Sorbie true,
Sundhope and Milburn too,
Gentle in manners, but lions in fight !

“ I have Mangerton, Ogilvie, Raeburn, and Netherbie,
Old Sim of Whitram, and all his array ;
Come all Northumberland,
Teesdale and Cumberland,
Here at the Breaken tower end shall the fray ! ”

Scowled the broad sun o’er the links of green Liddesdale,
Red as the beacon-light tipped he the wold ;
Many a bold martial eye,
Mirrored that morning sky,
Never more oped on his orbit of gold.

Shrill was the bugle’s note, dreadful the warrior’s shout,
Lances and halberds in splinters were borne ;
Helmets and hauberk then
Braved the claymore in vain,
Buckler and armlet in shivers were shorn.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

See how they wane—the proud files of the Windermere !
Howard ! ah, woe to thy hopes of the day !

Hear the wide welkin rend,
While the Scots' shouts ascend—
“ Elliot of Lariston, Elliot for aye ! ”

JAMES HOGG.

“ A glorious charter, deny it who can,
Is breathed in the words, ‘ I’m an Englishman.’ ”

ELIZA COOK, *The Englishman.*

173. *To Lucasta, going to the Wars*

TELL me not, Sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field ;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As thou too shalt adore ;
I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
Loved I not Honour more.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

“ I know how to look death in the face, and the people, too. I thank God I am no more afraid of death, but as cheerfully put off my doublet at this time as ever I did when I went to bed.”—The last words of Strafford at his execution, 1641.

174. *Sir Nicholas at Marston Moor*

TO horse, to horse, Sir Nicholas ! the clarion's note is high ;
To horse, to horse, Sir Nicholas ! the huge drum makes reply :
Ere this hath Lucas marched with his gallant Cavaliers,
And the bray of Rupert's trumpets grows fainter on our ears.
To horse, to horse, Sir Nicholas ! White Guy is at the door,
And the vulture whets his beak o'er the field of Marston Moor.

Up rose the Lady Alice from her brief and broken prayer,
And she brought a silken standard down the narrow turret stair.
Oh, many were the tears that those radiant eyes had shed,
As she worked the bright word "Glory" in the gay and glancing thread ;
And mournful was the smile that o'er those beauteous features ran,
As she said, " It is your lady's gift, unfurl it in the van."

" It shall flutter, noble wench, where the best and boldest ride,
Through the steel-clad files of Skippon, and the black dragoons of Pride ;
The recreant soul of Fairfax will feel a sicklier qualm,
And the rebel lips of Oliver give out a louder psalm
When they see my lady's gew-gaw flaunt bravely on their wing,
And hear her loyal soldiers shout, ' For God and for the King ! ' "

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

'Tis noon : the ranks are broken along the royal line ;
They fly, the braggarts of the court, the bullies of the
Rhine ;
Stout Langley's cheer is heard no more, and Astley's helm is
down,
And Rupert sheathes his rapier with a curse and with a
frown ;
And cold Newcastle mutters as he follows in the flight,
" The German boar had better far have supped in York
to-night."

The knight is all alone, his steel cap cleft in twain,
His good buff jerkin crimsoned o'er with many a gory
stain ;
But still he waves the standard, and cries amid the rout—
" For Church and King, fair gentlemen, spur on and fight
it out ! "
And now he wards a Roundhead's pike, and now he hums
a stave,
And here he quotes a stage-play, and there he fells a
knaver.

Good speed to thee, Sir Nicholas ! thou hast no thought of
fear ;
Good speed to thee, Sir Nicholas ! but fearful odds are
here.
The traitors ring thee round, and with every blow and
thrust,
" Down, down," they cry, " with Belial, down with him to
the dust ! "
" I would," quoth grim old Oliver, " that Belial's trusty
sword
This day were doing battle for the Saints and for the
Lord ! "

W. MACKWORTH PRAED

The Lady Alice sits with her ladies in her bower,
The grey-haired warden watches on the castle's highest
tower.

“ What news, what news, old Anthony ? ” “ The field is
lost and won :

The ranks of war are melting as the mists beneath the sun ;
And a wounded man speeds hither—I am old and cannot
see,

Or sure I am that sturdy step my master's step should be.”

“ I bring thee back the standard from as rude and rough a
fray

As e'er was proof of soldier's thews, or theme for minstrel's
lay.

Bid Hubert fetch the silver bowl, and liquor ' quantum suff. ' :
I'll make a shift to drain it ere I part with boot and buff ;
Though Guy through many a gaping wound is breathing
out his life,

And I come to thee a landless man, my fond and faithful
wife.

“ Sweet, we will fill our money-bags and freight a ship for
France ;

And mourn in merry Paris for this poor realm's mischance ;
Or if the worst betide me, why, better axe or rope
Than life with Lenthall for a King, and Peters for a Pope !
Alas, alas, my gallant Guy ! out on the crop-eared boor
That sent me with my standard on foot from Marston
Moor ! ”

W. MACKWORTH PRAED.

“ Be careful what captains of horse you choose. . . .
A few honest men are better than numbers.”—OLIVER
CROMWELL, in a letter, 1645.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

175. *Three Cavalier Songs*

I. Marching Along

KENTISH Sir Byng stood for his King,
Bidding the crop-headed Parliament swing :
And, pressing a troop unable to stoop
And see the rogues flourish and honest folks droop—
Marched them along, fifty score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen singing this song.

God for King Charles ! Pym and such carles
To the Devil that prompts 'em their treasonous parles !
Cavaliers, up ! Lips from the cup,
Hands from the pasty, nor bite take nor sup
Till you're—

*Marching along, fifty score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen singing this song.*

Hampden to Hell, and his obsequies' knell !
Serve Hazelrig, Fiennes, and young Harry as well !
England, good cheer ! Rupert is near !
Kentish and loyalists, keep us not herc.

Chorus—

*Marching along, fifty score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen singing this song.*

Then, God for King Charles ! Pym and his snarls
To the Devil that pricks on such pestilent carles !
Hold by the right, you double your might ;
So, onward to Nottingham, fresh for the fight.

Chorus—

*March we along, fifty score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen singing this song !*

ROBERT BROWNING.

ROBERT BROWNING

II. Give a Rouse

KING CHARLES, and who'll do him right now ?
King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now ?
Give a rouse : here's, in Hell's despite now,
King Charles !

Who gave me the goods that went since ?
Who raised me the house that sank once ?
Who helped me in gold I spent since ?
Who found me in wine you drank once ?

Chorus—King Charles, and who'll, etc.

To whom used my boy George quaff else,
By the old fool's side that begot him ?
For whom did he cheer and laugh else,
While Noll's damned troopers shot him ?

Chorus—

King Charles, and who'll do him right now ?
King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now ?
Give a rouse : here's, in Hell's despite now,
King Charles ! ROBERT BROWNING.

III. My Wife Gertrude

BOOT, saddle, to horse, and away !
Rescue my Castle, before the hot day
Brightens the blue from its silvery grey.

Chorus—“ Boot, saddle, to horse, and away ! ”

Ride past the suburbs, asleep as you'd say ;
Many's the friend there will listen and pray,
“ God's luck to gallants that strike up the lay :

Chorus—“ Boot, saddle, to horse, and away ! ”

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Forty miles off, like a roebuck at bay,
Flouts Castle Brancepeth the Roundheads' array :
Who laughs, " Good fellows ere this, by my fay,

Chorus—“ Boot, saddle, to horse, and away ! ”

Who ? My wife Gertrude ; that honest and gay,
Laughs when you talk of surrendering, “ Nay !
I've better counsellors ; what counsel they ? ”

Chorus—“ Boot, saddle, to horse, and away ! ”

ROBERT BROWNING.

“ If the King had no more ground in England but Basing House, he would adventure it as he did, and so maintain it to the uttermost, comforting himself . . . that Basing House was called Loyalty.”—MARQUIS OF WINCHESTER, 1645.

176. *Pibroch of Donuil Dhu*

PIBROCH of Donuil Dhu,
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan-Conuil.
Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons !
Come in your war array,
Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen and
From mountain so rocky,
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlochy.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Come every hill-plaid and
True heart that wears one,
Come every steel blade and
Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter ;
Leave the corpse uninterred,
The bride at the altar ;
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges ;
Come with your fighting gear,
Broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come when
Forests are rended.
Come as the waves come when
Navies are stranded :
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page, and groom,
Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come ;
See how they gather !
Wide waves the eagle plume
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set !
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Knell for the onset !

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

“A stern, *true-born* Englishman.”—JAMES BOSWELL,
Life of Johnson.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

177.

After Blenheim

IT was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he beside his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild, Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found ;
He came to ask what he had found
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by ;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
“ ’Tis some poor fellow’s skull,” said he,
“ Who fell in that great victory.

“ I find them in the garden,
For there’s many here about ;
And often when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out !
For many thousand men,” said he,
“ Were slain in that great victory.”

“ Now tell us what ’twas all about,”
Young Peterkin he cries ;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes ;
“ Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for.”

ROBERT SOUTHEY

“ It was the English,” Kaspar cried,
“ Who put the French to rout ;
But what they fought each other for,
I could not well make out ;
But everybody said,” quoth he,
“ That 'twas a famous victory.

“ My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by ;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly ;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to lay his head.

“ With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a tender mother then
And new-born baby, died ;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

“ They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won,
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun ;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

“ Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
And our good Prince Eugene”—
“ Why, 'twas a very wicked thing ! ”
Said little Wilhelmine.
“ Nay—nay—my little girl ! ” quoth he,
“ It was a famous victory.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

“ And everybody praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win,”
“ But what good came of it at last ? ”
Quoth little Peterkin.
“ Why, that I cannot tell,” said he,
“ But 'twas a famous victory.”

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

“ England will not be ruined because a few men are not pleased.”—DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, 1706.

178. *Lament for Culloden*

THE lovely lass o' Inverness
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see ;
For e'en and morn she cries, “ Alas ! ”
And aye the saut tear blin's her e'e :
“ Drumossie moor, Drumossie day,
A waefu' day it was to me !
For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear and brethren three.

“ Their winding-sheet the bluidy clay,
Their graves are growing green to see ;
And by them lies the dearest lad
That ever blest a woman's e'e !
Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
A bluidy man I trow thou be ;
For monie a heart thou hast made sair,
That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee.”

ROBERT BURNS.

“ I have eaten the King's bread and served him near thirty years, and will not do so base a thing as to desert him.”

SIR EDMUND VERNEY, 1641.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

179.

Blue Bonnets

MARCH ! march ! Ettrick and Teviotdale,
Why, my lads, dinna ye march forward in order ?
March ! march ! Eskdale and Liddesdale,
All the blue bonnets are over the border.
Many a banner spread, flutters above your head,
Many a crest that is famous in story ;
Mount and make ready then, sons of the mountain glen,
Fight for your Queen and the old Scottish glory.

Come from the hills where your hirsels are grazing,
Come from the glen of the buck and the roe ;
Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing,
Come with the buckler, the lance, and the bow.
Trumpets are sounding, war steeds are bounding,
Stand to your arms, and march in good order ;
England shall many a day tell of the bloody fray,
When the blue bonnets came over the border.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

“ O Lord, save my country.”—Dying words of John Hampden, 1643.

180. *On the Death of General Wolfe*

A MIDST the clamour of exulting joys,
Which triumph forces from the patriot heart,
Grief dares to mingle her soul-piercing voice,
And quells the raptures which from pleasure start.

O Wolfe ! to thee a streaming flood of woe,
Sighing, we pray, and think e'en conquest dear ;
Quebec in vain shall teach our breast to glow,
Whilst thy sad fate extorts the heart-wrung tear.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Alive, the foe thy dreadful vigour fled,
And saw thee fall with joy-pronouncing eyes ;
Yet they shall know thou conquerest, though dead !
Since from thy tomb a thousand heroes rise.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

("They run, the French run.") "Then I die happy."
Wolfe's last words at Quebec.

181. *Burial of Sir John Moore*

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the rampart we hurried ;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him ;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow,
And we steadfastly gazed at the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow.

CHARLES WOLFE

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him ;
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring,
And we heard the distant and random gun
Of the enemy sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone in his glory !

CHARLES WOLFE.

“ We Englishmen, trim, correct,
All minted in the self-same mould,
Warm hearted but of semblance cold,
All-courteous out of self-respect.”

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI, *Enrica.*

182.

Waterloo

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men ;
A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes that spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell :
But hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell !

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet—
But hark! that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated: who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;

GEORGE, LORD BYRON

And the deep thunder, peal on peal afar ;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star ;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe ! they come
they come !"

And wild and high the "Cameron's Gathering" rose,
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes :
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill ! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's
ears !

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with Nature's tear-drops as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas !
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and
low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling of arms—the day

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Battle's magnificently stern array !

The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is covered thick with other clay,

Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse—friend, foe—in one red burial blent !

GEORGE, LORD BYRON.

“ I conceive that the honour and interest of our country require that we should hold our ground here as long as possible ; and, please God, I will maintain it as long as I can.”—DUKE OF WELLINGTON, 1810.

183. *The Charge of the Heavy Brigade at Balaclava*

OCTOBER 25, 1854

I

THE charge of the gallant three hundred, the Heavy Brigade !

Down the hill, down the hill, thousands of Russians, Thousands of horsemen, drew to the valley, and stay'd ; For Scarlett and Scarlett's three hundred were riding by. When the points of the Russian lances arose in the sky ; And he call'd, “ Left wheel into line ! ” and they wheel'd and obey'd.

Then he look'd at the host that had halted he knew not why,

And he turn'd half round, and he bade his trumpeter sound To the charge, and he rode on ahead, as he waved his blade To the gallant three hundred whose glory will never die— “ Follow,” and up the hill, up the hill, up the hill,

Follow'd the Heavy Brigade.

LORD TENNYSON

II

The trumpet, the gallop, the charge, and the might of the
fight !

Thousands of horsemen had gather'd there on the height,
With a wing push'd out to the left and a wing to the right,
And who shall escape if they close ? but he dash'd up alone
Thro' the great grey slope of men,
Sway'd his sabre, and held his own
Like an Englishman there and then :
All in a moment follow'd with force
Three who were next on their fiery course
Wedged themselves in between horse and horse,
Fought for their lives in the narrow gap they had made—
Four amid thousands ! and up the hill, up the hill,
Gallop the gallant three hundred, the Heavy Brigade.

III

Fell like a cannonshot,
Burst like a thunderbolt,
Crash'd like a hurricane,
Broke thro' the mass from below,
Drove thro' the midst of the foe,
Plunged up and down, to and fro, .
Rode flashing blow upon blow,
Brave Inniskillens and Greys
Whirling their sabres in circles of light !
And some of us, all in amaze,
Who were held for a while from the fight,
And were only standing at gaze,
When the dark-muffled Russian crowd
Folded its wings from the left and the right,
And roll'd them around like a cloud,—

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

O mad for the charge and the battle were we,
When our own good redcoats sank from sight,
Like drops of blood in a dark-grey sea,
And we turn'd to each other, whispering, all dismay'd,
“Lost are the gallant three hundred of Scarlett's Brigade!”

IV

“Lost one and all” were the words
Mutter'd in our dismay ;
But they rode like Victors and Lords
Thro' the forest of lances and swords
In the heart of the Russian hordes.
They rode, or they stood at bay—
Struck with the sword-hand and slew,
Down with the bridle-hand drew
The foe from the saddle and threw
Underfoot there in the fray—
Ranged like a storm or stood like a rock
In the wave of a stormy day ;
Till suddenly shock upon shock
Stagger'd the mass from without,
Drove it in wild disarray,
For our men gallopt up with a cheer and a shout,
And the foeman surged, and waver'd, and reel'd
Up the hill, up the hill, up the hill, out of the field,
And over the brow and away.

V

Glory to each and all, and the charge that they made !
Glory to all the three hundred, and all the Brigade.

LORD TENNYSON.

“We are forced to ask every morning what victory there is, for fear of missing one.”—HORACE WALPOLE, 1759.

LORD TENNYSON

184.

Defence of Lucknow

I

BANNER of England, not for a season, O banner of England, hast thou

Floated in conquering battle or flapt to the battle-cry !

Never with mightier glory than when we had rear'd thee on high,

Flying at top of the roofs in the ghastly siege of Lucknow—

Shot thro' the staff or the halyard, but ever we raised thee anew,

And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

II

Frail were the works that defended the hold that we held with our lives—

Women and children among us, God help them, our children and wives !

Hold it we might—and for fifteen days or for twenty at most.

“ Never surrender, I charge you, but every man die at his post ! ”

Voice of the dead whom we loved, our Lawrence the brave of the brave :

Cold were his brows when we kiss'd him—we laid him that night in his grave.

“ Every man die at his post ! ” and there hail'd on our houses and halls

Death from their rifle-bullets, and death from their cannon balls,

Death in our innermost chamber, and death at our slight barricade,

Death while we stood with the musket, and death while we stoop'd to the spade,

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Death to the dying, and wounds to the wounded, for often
there fell,
Striking the hospital wall, crashing thro' it, their shot and
their shell,
Death, for their spies were among us, their marksmen were
told of our best,
So that the brute bullet broke thro' the brain that could
think for the rest ;
Bullets would sing by our foreheads, and bullets would rain
at our feet—
Fire from ten thousand at once of the rebels that girdled
us round—
Death at the glimpse of a finger from over the breadth of a
street,
Death from the heights of the mosque and the palace, and
death in the ground !
Mine ? yes, a mine ! Countermine ! down, down ! and
creep thro' the hole !
Keep the revolver in hand ! You can hear him—the
murderous mole !
Quiet, ah ! quiet ! wait till the point of the pickaxe be
thro' !
Click with the pick, coming nearer and nearer again than
before—
Now let it speak, and you fire, and the dark pioneer is no
more ;
And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England
blew !

III

Ay, but the foe sprung his mine many times, and it chanced
on a day
Soon as the blast of that underground thunderclap echo'd
away,

LORD TENNYSON

Dark thro' the smoke and the sulphur like so many fiends in
their hell—
Cannon-shot, musket-shot, volley on volley, and yell upon
yell—
Fiercely on all the defences our myriad enemy fell.
What have they done? where is it? Out yonder. Guard
the Redan!
Storm at the Water-gate! storm at the Bailey-gate! storm,
and it ran
Surging and swaying all round us, as ocean on every side
Plunges and heaves at a bank that is daily devour'd by the
tide—
So many thousands that if they be bold enough, who shall
escape?
Kill or be kill'd, live or die, they shall know we are soldiers
and men!
Ready! take aim at their leaders—their masses are gapp'd
with our grape—
Backward they reel like the wave; like the wave flinging
forward again,
Flying and foil'd at the last by the handful they could not
subdue;
And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England
blew.

IV

Handful of men as we were, we were English in heart and
in limb,
Strong with the strength of the race to command, to obey,
to endure,
Each of us fought as if hope for the garrison hung but on
him;
Still—could we watch at all points? we were every day
fewer and fewer.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

There was a whisper among us, but only a whisper that past :

“ Children and wives—if the tigers leap into the fold unawares—

Every man die at his post—and the foe may outlive us at last.

Better to fall by the hand that they love, than to fall into theirs ! ”

Roar upon roar, in a moment two mines by the enemy sprung

Clove into perilous chasms our walls and our poor palisades. Riflemen, true in your heart, but be sure that your hand be as true !

Sharp is the fire of assault, better aimed are your flank fusillades—

Twice do we hurl them to earth from the ladders to which they had clung,

Twice from the ditch where they shelter we drivē them with hand-grenades ;

And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

V

Then on another wild morning another wild earthquake out-tore

Clean from our lines of defence ten or twelve good paces or more.

Rifleman, high on the roof, hidden there from the light of the sun—

One has leapt up on the breach, crying out : Follow me, follow me !—

Mark him—he falls ! then another, and *him* too, and down goes he.

LORD TENNYSON

Had they been bold enough then, who can tell but the traitors had won ?
Boardings and rafters and doors—an embrasure ! make way for the gun !
Now double-charge it with grape ! it is charged and we fire, and they run.
Praise to our Indian brothers, and let the dark face have his due !
Thanks to the kindly dark faces who fought with us, faithful and few,
Fought with the bravest among us, and drove them, and smote them, and slew,
That ever upon the topmost roof our banner in India blew.

VI

Men will forget what we suffer and not what we do. We can fight !
But to be soldier all day and be sentinel all thro' the night—
Ever the mine and assault, our sallies, their lying alarms,
Bugles and drums in the darkness, and shoutings and soundings to arms,
Ever the labour of fifty that had to be done by five,
Ever the marvel among us that one should be left alive,
Ever the day with its traitorous death from the loopholes around,
Ever the night with its coffinless corpse to be laid in the ground,
Heat like the mouth of a hell, or a deluge of cataract skies,
Stench of old offal decaying, and infinite torment of flies,
Thoughts of the breezes of May blowing over an English field,
Cholera, scurvy, and fever, the wound that *would* never be heal'd ;

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Lopping away of the limb by the pitiful, pitiless knife,—
Torture and trouble in vain—for it never could save us a life.

Valour of delicate women who tended the hospital bed,
Horror of women in travail among the dying and dead,
Grief for our perishing children, and never a moment for grief,

Toil and ineffable weariness, faltering hopes of relief,
Havelock baffled, or beaten, or butcher'd for all that we knew—

Then day and night, day and night, coming down on the still-shatter'd walls

Millions of musket-bullets, and thousands of cannon-balls :

But ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

VII

Hark, cannonade, fusillade ! is it true what was told by the scout,

Outram and Havelock breaking their way through the fell mutineers ?

Surely the pibroch of Europe is ringing again in our ears !

All on a sudden the garrison utter a jubilant shout,

Havelock's glorious Highlanders answer with conquering cheers,

Sick from the hospital answer them, women and children come out,

Blessing the wholesome white faces of Havelock's good fusileers,

Kissing the war-harden'd hand of the Highlander wet with their tears !

LORD TENNYSON

Dance to the pibroch !—saved ! we are saved !—is it you ?
is it you ?

Saved by the valour of Havelock, saved by the blessing of
heaven !

“ Hold it for fifteen days ! ”—we have held it for eighty-
seven !

And ever aloft on the palace roof the old banner of England
blew.

LORD TENNYSON.

“ I desire and expect from my subjects of both nations
that from henceforth they act with all possible respect and
kindness to one another, that it may so appear to all the world
they have hearts disposed to become one people.”—QUEEN
ANNE, Union of England and Scotland.

185.

The Guides at Cabul

SONS of the Island race, wherever ye dwell,
Who speak of your fathers' battles with lips that burn,
The deed of an alien legion let me tell,
And think not shame from the hearts ye tamed to learn,
When succour shall fail and the tide for a season turn,
To fight with a joyful courage, a passionate pride,
To die at the last as the Guides at Cabul died.

For a handful of seventy men in a barrack of mud,
Foodless, waterless, dwindling one by one,
Answered a thousand yelling for English blood.
With stormy volleys that swept them gunner from gun,
And charge on charge in the glare of the Afghan sun,
Till the walls were shattered wherein they crouched at bay,
And dead or dying half of the seventy lay.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Twice they had taken the cannon that wrecked their hold,
Twice tried in vain to drag it back ;
Thrice they toiled, and alone, wary and bold,
Whirling a hurricane sword to scatter the rack,
Hamilton, last of the English, covered their track.
“ Never give in ! ” he cried, and he heard them shout,
And grappled with death as a man that knows not doubt.

And the Guides looked down from their smouldering barrack
again,

And behold, a banner of truce, and a voice that spoke :
“ Come, for we know that the English all are slain,
We keep no feud with men of a kindred folk ;
Rejoice with us to be free of a conqueror’s yoke.”
Silence fell for a moment, then was heard
A sound of laughter and scorn, and an answering word :

“ Is it we or the lords we serve who have earned this wrong,
That you call us to flinch from the battle they bade us fight ?
We that live—do ye doubt that our hands are strong ?
They that have fallen—ye know that their blood was
bright !

Think ye the Guides will barter for lust of the light
The pride of an ancient people in warfare bred,
Honour of comrades living, and faith to the dead ? ”

Then the joy that spurs the warrior’s heart,
To the last thundering gallop and sheer leap,
Came on the men of the Guides ; they flung apart
The doors not all their valour could longer keep ;
They dressed their slender line ; they breathed deep,
And with never a foot lagging or head bent,
To the clash and clamour and dust of death they went.

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT.

SIR FRANCIS DOYLE

“ We have heard what you have done this morning at the House, and in some hours all England will hear it. But you mistake, sir, if you think the Parliament dissolved. No power on earth can dissolve the Parliament but itself.”

SIR JOHN BRADSHAW, to Cromwell, 1653.

186.

A Private of the Buffs

LAST night among his fellow-roughs
He jested, quaff'd, and swore ;
A drunken private of the Buffs,
Who never look'd before.
To-day, beneath the foeman's frown,
He stands in Elgin's place,
Ambassador from Britain's crown,
And type of all her race.

Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,
Bewilder'd and alone,
A heart, with English instinct fraught,
He yet can call his own.
Ay ! tear his body limb from limb ;
Bring cord, or axe, or flame !—
He only knows, that not through him
Shall England come to shame.

Far Kentish hop-fields round him seem'd
Like dreams to come and go ;
Bright leagues of cherry-blossom gleam'd,
One sheet of living snow :
The smoke above his father's door
In grey soft eddyings hung :
Must he then watch it rise no more,
Doom'd by himself, so young ?

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Yes, Honour calls!—with strength like steel
He put the vision by :
Let dusky Indians whine and kneel ;
An English lad must die !
And thus, with eyes that would not shrink,
With knee to knee unbent,
Unfaltering on its dreadful brink
To his red grave he went.

—Vain, mightiest fleet of iron framed ;
Vain, those all-shattering guns ;
Unless proud England keep, untamed,
The strong heart of her sons !
So, let his name through Europe ring—
A man of mean estate
Who died, as firm as Sparta's King,
Because his soul was great.

SIR FRANCIS DOYLE.

“ I had rather be the author of that poem [Gray's *Elegy*]
than take Quebec.”—GENERAL WOLFE, 1759.

187. *The Red Thread of Honour*

ELLEVEN men of England
A breastwork charged in vain ;
Eleven men of England
Lie stripped, and gashed, and slain.
Slain ; but of foes that guarded
Their rock-built fortress well,
Some twenty had been mastered
When the last soldier fell.

SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE

Whilst Napier piloted his wondrous way
 Across the sand-waves of the desert sea,
Then flashed at once, on each fierce clan, dismay,
 Lord of their wild Truckee.
These missed the glen to which their steps were bent ;
 Mistook a mandate, from afar half heard,
And, on that glorious error, calmly went
 To death, without a word.

The robber-chief mused deeply
 Above those daring dead ;
“ Bring here,” at length he shouted—
 “ Bring quick, the battle thread—
Let Eblis blast for ever
 Their souls if Allah will :
But we must keep unbroken
 The old rules of the Hill.

“ Before the Ghiznee tiger
 Leapt forth to burn and slay ;
Before the Holy Prophet
 Taught our grim tribes to pray ;
Before Secunder’s lances
 Pierced through each Indian glen ;
The mountain laws of honour
 Were framed for fearless men.

“ Still, when a chief dies bravely,
 We bind with green *one* wrist—
Green for the brave, for heroes
 ONE crimson thread we twist.
Say ye, O gallant hillmen,
 For these, whose life has fled,
Which is the fitting colour,
 The green one or the red ? ”

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

“ Our brethren, laid in honoured graves, may wear
Their green reward,” each noble savage said ;
“ To these, whom hawks and hungry wolves shall tear,
Who dares deny the red ? ”

Thus conquering hate, and steadfast to the right,
Fresh from the heart their haughty verdict came ;
Beneath a waning moon, each spectral height
Rolled back its loud acclaim.

Once more the chief gazed keenly
Down on those daring dead,
From his good sword their heart’s blood
Crept to that crimson thread.
Once more he cried, “ The judgment,
Good friends, is wise and true,
But though the red *be* given,
Have we not more to do ?

“ These were not moved by anger,
Nor yet by lust made bold ;
Renown they thought above them,
Nor did they look for gold.
To them their leader’s signal
Was as the voice of God :
Unmoved and uncomplaining,
The path it showed they trod.

“ As, without sound or struggle,
The stars unhurrying march,
Where Allah’s signal guides them,
Through yonder purple arch,
These men, sublimely silent,
Without a quickened breath,
Went in the strength of duty
Straight to their goal of death.

SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE

“ If I were now to ask you
 To name our bravest man,
Ye all at once would answer,
 They called him Mehrab Khan.
He sleeps among his fathers,
 Dear to our native land.
With the bright mark he bled for
 Firm round his faithful hand.

“ The songs they sing of Rustum
 Fill all the past with light ;
If truth be in their music,
 He was a noble knight.
But were those heroes living
 And strong for battle still,
Would Mehrab Khan or Rustum
 Have climbed, like these, the hill ? ”

And they replied, “ Though Mehrab Khan was brave,
 As chief, he chose himself what risks to run ;
Prince Rustum lied, his forfeit life to save,
 Which these have never done.”

“ Enough ! ” he shouted fiercely ;
 “ Doomed though they be to hell,
Bind fast the crimson trophy
 Round BOTH wrists—bind it well.
Who knows but that great Allah
 May grudge such matchless men,
With none so decked in heaven,
 To the fiends’ flaming den ? ”

Then all those gallant robbers
 Shouted a stern “ Amen ! ”
They raised the slaughtered sergeant,
 They raised his mangled ten.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

And when we found their bodies
Left bleaching in the wind,
Around **BOTH** wrists in glory
That crimson thread was twined.

The Napier's gallant heart, touched to the core,
Rung, like an echo, to that knightly deed :
He bade its memory live for evermore,
That those who run may read.

SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE.

“ I will not be the Minister to enforce taxes at the expense of blood.”—ROBERT WALPOLE, 1733.

188. *The Gay Gordons*

WHO'S for the Gathering, who's for the Fair ?
(*Gay goes the Gordon to a fight.*)

The bravest of the brave are at deadlock there.

(*Highlanders ! march ! by the right !*)

There are bullets by the hundred buzzing in the air ;

There are bonny lads lying on the hillside bare ;

But the Gordons know what the Gordons dare

When they hear the pipers playing !

The happiest English heart to-day

(*Gay goes the Gordon to a fight.*)

Is the heart of the Colonel, hide it as he may.

(*Steady there ! steady on the right !*)

He sees his work and he sees the way,

He knows his time and the word to say,

And he's thinking of the tune that the Gordons play

When he sets the pipers playing !

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT

Rising, roaring, rushing like the tide,

(Gay goes the Gordon to a fight.)

They're up through the fire-zone, not to be denied ;

(Bayonets ! and charge ! by the right !)

Thirty bullets straight where the rest went wide,

And thirty lads are lying on the bare hillside ;

But they passed in the hour of the Gordons' pride,

To the skirl of the pipers' playing.

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT.

“ The value, spirit, and essence of the House of Commons consists in its being the express image of the feelings of the nation.”—EDMUND BURKE.

189.

Battery L

BATTERY L of the R.H.A.

—Oh, the cold grey light o' the dawn—

Woke as the mists were wreathing pale,

Woke to the moan of the shrapnel hail—

Battery L of the R.H.A.

Sprang to their guns in the dawn.

Six guns all at the break o' day

—Oh, the crash of the shells at dawn—

And out of the six guns only one

Left for the fight ere the fight's begun—

Battery L of the R.H.A.

Swung her round in the dawn.

They swung her clear and they blazed away

—Oh, the blood-red light o' the dawn—

Osborne, Derbyshire, brave Dorrell,

These are the heroes of Battery L,

These are the men of the R.H.A.

Who fought that gun in the dawn.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Ay, that was a fight that was fought that day,
As the grey mists fled from the dawn ;
Till they broke up the enemy one by one,
Silenced him steadily gun by gun—
 Battery L of the R.H.A.
One lone gun in the dawn.

JAMES L. HARVEY.

“ In Flanders Fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
 That mark our place ; and in the sky
 The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below.
We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
 Loved and were loved ; and now we lie
 In Flanders Fields.”

JOHN McCRAE.

190.

A Ballad of the Ranks

WHO carries the gun ?
A lad from over the Tweed.
Then let him go, for well we know
 He comes of a soldier breed.
So drink together to rock and heather,
 Out where the red deer run,
And stand aside for Scotland’s pride—
 The man that carries the gun !
 For the Colonel rides before,
 The Major’s on the flank,
 The Captains and the Adjutant
 Are in the foremost rank.

A. CONAN DOYLE

But when it's "Action front!"

And fighting's to be done,
Come one, come all, you stand or fall
By the man who holds the gun.

Who carries the gun?
A lad from a Yorkshire dale.
Then let him go, for well we know
The heart that never will fail.
Here's to the fire of Lancashire
And here's to her soldier son!
For the hard-bit north has sent him forth—
The lad that carries the gun.

Who carries the gun?
A lad from a Midland shire.
Then let him go, for well we know
He comes of an English sire.
Here's a glass to a Midland lass,
And each can choose the one,
But east and west we claim the best
For the man who carries the gun.

Who carries the gun?
A lad from the hills of Wales.
Then let him go, for well we know,
That Taffy is hard as nails.
There are several "ll's" in the place where he dwells,
And of "w's" more than one,
With a "Llan," and a "pen," but it breeds good men,
And it's they who carry the gun.

Who carries the gun?
A lad from the windy west.
Then let him go, for well we know
That he is one of the best.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

There's Bristol rough, and Gloucester tough,
And Devon yields to none
Or you may get in Somerset
Your lad to carry the gun.

Who carries the gun ?
A lad from London-town.
Then let him go, for well we know
The stuff that never backs down.
He has learned to joke at the powder smoke,
For he is the fog-smoke's son,
And his heart is light and his pluck is right—
The man who carries the gun.

Who carries the gun ?
A lad from the Emerald Isle.
Then let him go for well we know
We've tried him many a while.
We've tried him east, we've tried him west,
We've tried him sea and land,
But the man to beat old Erin's best
Has never yet been planned.

Who carries the gun ?
It's you, and you, and you ;
So let us go, and we won't say no
If they give us a job to do.
Here we stand with a cross-linked hand,
Comrades every one ;
So one last cup and drink it up
To the man who carries the gun !
For the Colonel rides before,
The Major's on the flank,
The Captains and the Adjutant
Are in the foremost rank.

A. CONAN DOYLE

And when it's " Action front ! "
And there's fighting to be done,
Come one, come all, you stand or fall
By the man who holds the gun.

A. CONAN DOYLE.

" My dear and only love, I pray
That little world of thee
Be govern'd by no other sway
Than purest Monarchy."
JAMES GRAHAM, Marquis of Montrose.

191.

The Deathless Dead

TO all our valiant dead,
To those who gave
Youth and desire of ardent, glorious life,
In utter lowlihead
For England that she prospered in her strife;
Who marched with dauntless tread
Through carnage to the grave,
We bow our heads and cry :
" You who were proud to die
For deathless Liberty,
Rest, trusting well that we
Have shrined your memory
With grief and joy and praise,
So that the future days,
Passing, shall light your scorn
Of life with life reborn,
Fuller because you fell,
Cleaner because you died,

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Richer because you royally laid down
Your springtide crown
To thwart and crush a thing intolerable
And an insensate pride."

Mourn, England, far and wide,
Mourn, mourn with resolute pride
These sons who gladly died,
Nor let your olden shames be seen again.
Cleanse from your quickened soul
The tolerated stain
Of poverty that went
Age-long with body bent,
Low-browed and ignorant of all save pain
And labour without gain.
The vision which you saw,
England, of that disputed goal
Of Freedom, make your law,
And where Oppression lifts a hateful head
Strike, till the thing be dead—
Strike, for your sons who bled.

Yea, for the flag of England which has flown
For Liberty in France,
Which greatly flourished o'er the mosques and spires
Of those who wrought their terrible desires
On peoples not their own,
Shall it not still advance,
Still proudly symbolling the strong and free,
Still prompting courage in the slave that quails,
Into our towns and cities where life fails,
Unheeded, and goes out in servitude,
Where, through the multitude,
Ride those whom Liberty

WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

Must loathe, whose lips still shape her name,
Whose hearts are fens of tyranny and shame,
Whom yet our laws permit to gather men
And ruthlessly for pride of purse control
(As animals are poisoned in a pen),
Thwarting to atrophy the human soul ?

Amid the welter of unrecking toil
Where Beauty is a stranger only guessed
In tawdriness and glare,
Where Humour is the crude and simian jest
And Music dribbling foolishness and blare,
Here is the fitting soil
For nurturing the seed that is a dream—
England !

Freedom for which her sons have died shall be
Here treasured as a shining sanctity,
Even here, where rich men scheme
To dupe the poor and weak,
The potent dead shall speak
Of Freedom and be heard
Because they died for that immortal word ;
Even here, where children die
And few men question why,
Even here, where women hire
Their bodies out for bread,
Here shall the seed aspire,
And here lift up its head—
Freedom !—*for which they bled.*

O splendid English dead,
Martyrs who gladly gave
Youth and desire of ardent, glorious life,
In utter lowlihead
For England that she prospered in her strife,

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Rest, trusting well that we
Have shrined your memory,
With grief and joy and praise,
So that the future days,
Passing, shall light your scorn
Of life with life reborn,
Fuller because you fell,
Cleaner because you died,
Richer because you royally laid down
Your springtide crown
To thwart and crush a thing intolerable
And an insensate pride.

WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR.

“ The King, and his faithful subjects, the Lords and Commons of this realm—the triple cord, which no man can break.”—EDMUND BURKE, Letter to a Noble Lord, 1796.

192.

The Bugles of England

SONS of Shannon, Tamar, Trent,
Men of the Lothians, men of Kent,
Essex, Wessex, shore and shire,
Mates of the net, the mine, the fire,
Lads of the desk and wheel and loom,
Noble and trader, squire and groom,
Come where the bugles of England play,
Over the hills and far away!

Southern Cross and Polar Star—
Here are the Britons bred afar ;
Serry, oh, serry them, fierce and keen,
Under the flag of the Empress-Queen ;

W. E. HENLEY

Shoulder to shoulder, down the track,
Where, to the unretreating Jack,
The Victor bugles of England play
Over the hills and far away!

What if the best of our wages be
An empty sleeve, a stiff-set knee,
A crutch for the rest of life—who cares,
So long as the One Flag floats and dares?
So long as the One Race dares and grows?
Death—what is death but God's own rose?
Let but the bugles of England play
Over the hills and far away!

W. E. HENLEY.

“ Set in this stormy Northern sea,
Queen of these restless fields of tide ;
England ! what shall men say of thee,
Before whose feet the worlds divide ? ”

OSCAR WILDE.

193.

The March of the Dead

THE cruel war was over—oh, the triumph was so sweet !
We watched the troops returning, through our
tears ;
There was triumph, triumph, triumph down the scarlet,
glittering street,
And you scarce could hear the music for the cheers.
And you scarce could see the house-tops for the flags that
flew between,
The bells were pealing madly to the sky ;
And every one was shouting for the Soldiers of the Queen,
And the glory of an age was passing by.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

And then there came a shadow, swift and sudden, dark and drear ;

The bells were silent, not an echo stirred.

The flags were drooping sullenly, the men forgot to cheer ;
We waited, and we never spoke a word.

The sky grew darker, darker, till from out the gloomy rack

There came a voice which checked the heart with dread :
“ Tear down, tear down your bunting now, and hang up
sable black ;

They are coming—it’s the Army of the Dead.”

They were coming, they were coming, gaunt and ghastly,
sad and slow ;

They were coming, all the crimson wrecks of pride ;
With faces seared, and cheeks red smeared, and haunting
eyes of woe ;

And clotted holes the khaki couldn’t hide.

Oh, the clammy brow of anguish ! the livid, foam-flecked lips !
The reeling ranks of ruin swept along !

The limb that trailed, the hand that failed, the bloody
finger-tips !

And oh, the dreary rhythm of their song !

“ They left us on the veldt-side, but we felt we couldn’t stop,
On this, our England’s crowning festal day ;

We’re the men of Magersfontein, we’re the men of Spion
Kop,

Colenso—we’re the men who had to pay.

We’re the men who paid the blood-price.

Shall the grave be all our gain ?

You owe us. Long and heavy is the score.

Then cheer us for our glory now, and cheer us for our
pain,

And cheer us as ye never cheered before.”

ROBERT W. SERVICE

The folks were white and stricken, and each tongue seemed
weighed with lead ;
Each heart was clutched in hollow hand of ice ;
And every eye was staring at the horror of the dead—
The pity of the men who paid the price.
They were come, were come to mock us, in the first flush of
our peace ;
Through writhing lips their teeth were all agleam ;
They were coming in their thousands—oh, would they
never cease !
I closed my eyes, and then—it was a dream.

There was triumph, triumph, triumph down the scarlet,
gleaming street ;
The town was mad, a man was like a boy.
A thousand flags were flaming where the sky and city
meet ;
A thousand bells were thundering the joy.
There was music, mirth, and sunshine ; but some eyes shone
with regret ;
And while we stun with cheers our homing braves,
O God, in thy great mercy, let us never more forget
The graves they left behind, the bitter graves !

ROBERT W. SERVICE.

“ Had I a dozen sons, each in my love alike, . . . I had
rather have eleven die nobly for their country than one
voluptuously surfeited out of action.”

SHAKESPEARE, *Coriolanus*.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

194.

For the Fallen

WITH proud thanksgiving, a mother for her children,
England mourns for her dead across the sea.
Flesh of her flesh they were, spirit of her spirit,
Fallen in the cause of the free.

Solemn the drums thrill : Death august and royal
Sings sorrow up into immortal spheres.
There is music in the midst of desolation
And a glory that shines upon our tears.

They went with songs to the battle, they were young,
Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow.
They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted,
They fell with their faces to the foe.

They shall not grow old, as we that are left grow old :
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.

They mingle not with their laughing comrades again ;
They sit no more at familiar tables of home ;
They have no lot in our labour of the daytime :
They sleep beyond England's foam.

But where our desires are and our hopes profound,
Felt as a well-spring that is hidden from sight,
To the innermost heart of their own land they are known
As the stars are known to the Night.

LAURENCE BINYON

As the stars that shall be bright when we are dust,
Moving in marches upon the heavenly plain,
As the stars that are starry in the time of our darkness,
To the end, to the end, they remain.

LAURENCE BINYON.

“Unhappy ! shall we never more
That sweet militia restore,
When gardens only had their towers,
And all the garrisons were flowers ;
When roses only arms might bear,
And men did rosy garlands wear ?”

ANDREW MARVELL, *After the Civil Wars.*

PART SEVEN
“DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS”

PART SEVEN

“DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS”

195.

Sea Fever

I MUST go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sails shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face and a grey dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied ;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gipsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a whetted knife ;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

JOHN MASEFIELD.

“Time, and the ocean, and some fostering star,
In high cabal have made us what we are !”

SIR WILLIAM WATSON, *Coronation of Edward VII.*

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

196.

Ye Mariners of England

YE Mariners of England !
That guard our native seas ;
Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze !
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe !

And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave !
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave ;
Where Drake and mighty Nelson fell
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep ;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the flood below,
As they roar on the shore
When the stormy winds do blow ;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

THOMAS CAMPBELL

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn ;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors !
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow ;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

“ Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
Survey our empire, and behold our home ! ”

BYRON, *Corsair*.

197. *A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea*

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
And a wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast ;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
Which, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

Oh, for a soft and gentle wind !
I heard a fair one cry ;
But give to me the snorting breeze,
And white waves heaving high ;
And white waves heaving high, my boys,
The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

There's tempest in yon hornèd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud ;
And hark the music, mariners !
The wind is piping loud ;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashing free,
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

“ The waters were his winding sheet, the sea was made his
tomb,
Yet for his fame the Ocean sea was not sufficient room.”

RICHARD BARNFIELD, *Epitaph on Hawkins.*

198.

To the Ocean

SHALL I rebuke thee, Ocean, my old love,
That once, in rage with the wild winds at strife,
Thou darest menace my unit of a life,
Sending my clay below, my soul above,
Whilst roar'd thy waves, like lions when they rove
By night, and bound upon their prey by stealth,
Yet didst thou ne'er restore my fainting health ?
Didst thou ne'er murmur faintly like the dove ?
Nay, didst thou not against my own dear shore
Full break, last link between my land and me ?
My absent friends talk in thy very roar,
In thy waves' beat their kindly pulse I see ;
And, if I must not see my England more,
Next to her soil, my grave be found in thee.

THOMAS HOOD.

“ A seashell should be the crest of England, not only because it represents a power built on the waves, but also the hard finish of the men.”—EMERSON, *English Traits.*

Ye Gentlemen of England

YE gentlemen of England
 That live at home at ease,
 Ah, little do you think upon
 The dangers of the seas ;
 Give ear unto the mariners,
 And they will plainly show
 All the cares, and the fears,
 When the stormy winds do blow.

All you that will be seamen
 Must bear a valiant heart,
 For when you come upon the seas
 You must not think to start ;
 Nor once to be faint-hearted,
 In hail, rain, blow, or snow ;
 Nor to think for to shrink
 When the stormy winds do blow.

The bitter storms and tempests
 Poor seamen do endure,
 Both day and night, with many a fright,
 We seldom rest secure ;
 Our sleep it is disturbed
 With visions strange to know,
 And with dreams on the streams,
 When the stormy winds do blow.

In claps of roaring thunder,
 Which darkness doth enforce,
 We often find our ship to stray
 Beyond our wanted course,

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Which causeth great distractions,
And sinks our hearts full low ;
'Tis in vain to complain,
When the stormy winds do blow.

Sometimes in Neptune's bosom
Our ship is tossed in waves,
And all our men expecting
The sea to be their graves ;
Then up aloft she mounteth,
And down again so low,
'Tis with waves, oh, with waves,
When the stormy winds do blow

Then down again we fall to prayer,
With all our might and thought :
When refuge all doth fail us,
'Tis that must bear us out ;
To God we call for succour,
For He it is, we know,
That must aid us, and save us,
When the stormy winds do blow.

The lawyer and the usurer,
That sit in gowns of fur
In closets warm, can take no harm,
Abroad they need not stir ;
When winter fierce with cold doth pierce,
And beats with hail and snow,
We are sure to endure
When the stormy winds do blow.

MARTYN PARKER

We bring home costly merchandise,
And jewels of great price,
To serve our English gallantry
With many a rare device ;
To please the English gallantry
Our pains we freely show,
For we toil and we moil,
When the stormy winds do blow.

We sometimes sail to th'Indies,
To fetch home spices rare ;
Sometimes again to France and Spain,
For wines beyond compare :
Whilst gallants are carousing,
In taverns on a row,
Then we sweep o'er the deep,
When the stormy winds do blow.

When tempests are blown over,
And greater fears are past,
In weather fair, and temperate air,
We straight lie down to rest ;
But when the billows tumble
And waves do furious grow,
Then we rouse, up we rouse,
When the stormy winds do blow.

If enemies oppose us,
When England is at war
With any foreign nations,
We fear not wounds nor scar ;
Our roaring guns shall teach them
Our valour for to know,
Whilst they reel, in the keel,
When the stormy winds do blow.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

We are no cowardly shrinkers,
 But true Englishmen bred,
We'll play our parts like valiant hearts,
 And never fly for dread ;
We'll ply our business nimbly,
 Where'er we come or go,
With our mates, to the Straits,
 When the stormy winds do blow.

Then courage, all brave mariners,
 And never be dismayed ;
Whilst we have bold adventurers
 We ne'er shall want a trade ;
Our merchants shall employ us
 To fetch them wealth, I know ;
Then be bold, work for gold,
 When the stormy winds do blow.

When we return in safety,
 With wages for our pains,
The tapster and the vintner
 Shall help to share our gains ;
We call for liquor roundly,
 And pay before we go,
Then we'll roar on the shore,
 When the stormy winds do blow.

MARTYN PARKER.

“ England, England, England,
Girdled by ocean and skies,
And the power of a world and the heart of a race,
And a hope that never dies.”

WILFRID CAMPBELL.

DAVID GARRICK

200.

Heart of Oak

COME cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory we steer,
To add something new to this glorious year,
To honour we call you, not press you like slaves,
For who are so free as the sons of the waves ?

Heart of oak are our ships,
Jolly tars are our men,
We always are ready,
Steady, boys, steady,
We'll fight and will conquer again and again.

We ne'er see our foes but we wish them to stay,
They never see us but they wish us away,
If they run, why we follow, and run them ashore,
And if they won't fight us, we cannot do more.

Heart of oak, etc.

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes,
They frighten our women, our children and beaus,
But should their flat bottoms in darkness get o'er,
Still Britons they'll find to receive them on shore.

Heart of oak, etc.

DAVID GARRICK.

“ Thank Him who isled us here, and roughly set
His Britain in blown seas and storming showers.”

TENNYSON, *On Wellington*.

201.

The Sea-Captain

I AM in love with the sea, but I do not trust her yet ;
The tall ships she has slain are ill to forget :
Their sails were white in the morning, their masts were split
by noon :
The sun has seen them perish, and the stars, and the moon.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

As a man loves a woman, so I love the sea,
And even as my desire of her is her desire of me :
When we meet after parting, we put away regret,
Like lover joined with lover ; but I do not trust her yet.

For fierce she is and strange, and her love is kin to hate ;
She must slay whom she desires ; she will draw me soon or late
Down into darkness and silence, the place of drowned men,
Having her arms about me. And I shall trust her then.

GERALD GOULD.

“ Had we the world enough, and time,
This coyness, Lady, were no crime.
We would sit down and think which way
To walk and pass our long love’s day.
Thou by the Indian Ganges’ side
Shouldst rubies find : I by the tide
Of Humber would complain.”

ANDREW MARVELL.

202.

Admirals All

EFFINGHAM, Grenville, Raleigh, Drake,
Here’s to the bold and free !
Benbow, Collingwood, Byron, Blake,
Hail to the Kings of the Sea !
Admirals all, for England’s sake,
Honour be yours and fame !
And honour, as long as waves shall break,
To Nelson’s peerless name.

*Admirals all, for England’s sake,
Honour be yours and fame !
And honour, as long as waves shall break,
To Nelson’s peerless name.*

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT

Essex was fretting in Cadiz Bay
With the galleons fair in sight ;
Howard at last must give him his way,
And the word was passed to fight.

Never was schoolboy gayer than he,
Since holidays first began :
He tossed his bonnet to wind and sea,
And under the guns he ran.

Drake nor devil nor Spaniard feared,
Their cities he put to the sack ;
He singed his Catholic Majesty's beard,
And harried his ships to wrack.

He was playing at Plymouth a rubber of bowls
When the great Armada came ;
But he said, "They must wait their turns, good souls,"
And he stooped, and finished the game.

Fifteen sail were the Dutchmen bold,
Duncan he had but two :
But he anchored them fast where the Texel shoaled
And his colours aloft he flew.
" I've taken the depth to a fathom," he cried,
" And I'll sink with a right good will,
For I know when we're all of us under the tide,
My flag will be fluttering still."

Splinters were flying above, below,
When Nelson sailed the Sound :
" Mark you, I wouldn't be elsewhere now,"
Said he, " for a thousand pound ! "
The Admiral's signal bade him fly,
But he wickedly wagged his head,
And he clapped the glass to his sightless eye,
And, " I'm damned if I see it," he said.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Admirals all, they said their say
(The echoes are ringing still) ;
Admirals all, they went their way
To the haven under the hill.
But they left us a kingdom none can take,
The realm of the circling sea,
To be ruled by the rightful sons of Blake
And the Rodneys yet to be.

*Admirals all, for England's sake,
Honour be yours and fame !
And honour, as long as waves shall break,
To Nelson's peerless name.*

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT.

“ There's never a wave of ocean
The wind can set in motion
That shall not own our England—own our England
queen.”

THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON,
Christmas at the Mermaid.

203. *The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire (1571)*

THE old mayor climbed the belfry tower,
The ringers ran by two, by three ;
“ Pull, if ye never pulled before ;
Good ringers, pull your best,” quoth he.
Play up, play up, O Boston bells !
Play all your changes, all your swells,
Play up “ The Brides of Enderby ”!

JEAN INGELOW

Men say it was a stolen tide—

The Lord that sent it, He knows all ;
But in my ears doth still abide

The message that the bells let fall :
And there was naught of strange, beside
The flights of mews and peewits pied,
By millions crouched on the old sea-wall.

I sat and spun within the door,

My thread brake off, I raised mine eyes !
The level sun, like ruddy ore,
Lay sinking in the barren skies ;
And dark against day's golden death
She moved where Lindis wandereth—
My son's fair wife Elizabeth.

“ Cusha ! Cusha ! Cusha ! ” calling
Ere the early dews were falling,

Far away I heard her song.

“ Cusha ! Cusha ! ” all along,
Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
Floweth, floweth,

From the meads where melick groweth
Faintly came her milking-song.

“ Cusha ! Cusha ! Cusha ! ” calling,
For the dews will soon be falling ;

“ Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow ;

Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow ;
Come up Whitefoot ; come up, Lightfoot ;
Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow ;

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Come up, Jetty, rise and follow,
From the clovers lift your head ;
Come up, Whitefoot ; come up, Lightfoot ;
Come up, Jetty, rise and follow,
Jetty, to the milking-shed."

If it may be long, aye, long ago,
When I begin to think how long,
Again I hear the Lindis flow,
Swift as an arrow sharp and strong ;
And all the air it seemeth me
Is full of floating bells (saith she)
That ring the tune of Enderby.

All fresh the level pasture lay,
And not a shadow might be seen,
Save where full five good miles away
The steeple towered from out the green.
And lo ! the great bell far and wide
Was heard in all the countryside
That Saturday at eventide.

The swannerds where their sedges are
Moved on in sunset's golden breath,
The shepherd lads I heard afar,
And my son's wife Elizabeth ;
Till floating o'er the grassy sea
Came down that kindly message free,
" The Brides of Mavis Enderby."

Then some looked up into the sky,
And all along where Lindis flows,
To where the goodly vessels lie,
And where the lordly steeple shows.

JEAN INGELOW

They said, " And why should this thing be,
What danger lowers by land or sea ?
They ring the tune of Enderby !

" For evil news from Mablethorpe,
Of pirate galleys warping down,
For ships ashore beyond the Scorpe,
They have not spared to wake the town.
But while the west is red to see,
And storms be none, and pirates flee,
Why ring ' The Brides of Enderby ' ? "

I looked without, and lo ! my son
Came riding down with might and main ;
He roused a shout as he drew on,
Till all the welkin rang again,
" Elizabeth ! Elizabeth ! "
(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my son's wife Elizabeth.)

" The old sea-wall (he cried) is down,
The rising tide comes on apace,
And boats adrift in yonder town
Go sailing up the market-place."
He shook as one that looks on death :
" God save you, mother ! " straight he saith ;
" Where is my wife Elizabeth ? "

" Good son, where Lindis winds away,
With her two bairns I marked her long ;
And ere yon bells began to play,
Afar I heard her milking-song."
He looked across the grassy sea,
To right, to left, " Ho, Enderby ! "
They rang " The Brides of Enderby " !

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

With that he cried and beat his breast ;
For lo ! along the river's bed
A mighty eygre reared his crest,
And up the Lindis raging sped.
It swept with thunderous noises loud ;
Shaped like a curling, snow-white cloud,
Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis backward pressed,
Shook all her trembling banks amain ;
Then madly at the eygre's breast
Flung up her weltering walls again.
Then banks came down with ruin and rout—
Then beaten foam flew al' about—
Then all the mighty floods were out.

So far, so fast the eygre drove,
The heart had hardly time to beat
Before a shallow seething wave
Sobbed in the grasses at our feet ;
The feet had hardly time to flee
Before it brake against the knee,
And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the roof we sat that night,
The noise of bells went sweeping by ;
I marked the lofty beacon light
Stream from the church tower, red and high—
A lurid mark and dread to see ;
And awesome bells they were to me
That in the dark rang “ Enderby.”

JEAN INGELOW

They rang the sailor lads to guide
From roof to roof who fearless rowed ;
And I—my son was at my side,
And yet the ruddy beacon glowed ;
And yet he moaned beneath his breath,
“ O come in life, or come in death !
O lost ! my love, Elizabeth.”

And didst thou visit him no more ?
Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter dear,
The waters laid thee at his door,
Ere yet the early dawn was clear.
Thy pretty bairns in close embrace,
The lifted sun shone on thy face,
Down drifted to thy dwelling-place.

That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,
That ebb swept out the flocks to sea ;
A fatal ebb and flow, alas !
To many more than mine and me :
But each will mourn his own (she saith).
And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my son's wife Elizabeth.

I shall never hear her more
By the reedy Lindis shore,
“ Cusha ! Cusha ! Cusha ! ” calling,
Ere the early dews be falling,
I shall never hear her song,
“ Cusha ! Cusha ! ” all along,
Where the sunny Lindis floweth,
Floweth, floweth ;
From the meads where melick groweth,
When the water winding down,
Onward floweth to the town.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

I shall never see her more
Where the reeds and rushes quiver ;
Shiver, quiver ;
Stand beside the sobbing river,
Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling
To the sandy lonesome shore ;
I shall never hear her calling,
“Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow ;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow ;
Come up, Whitefoot ; come up, Lightfoot ;
Quit your pipes of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow ;
Come up, Lightfoot, rise and follow ;
Lightfoot, Whitefoot,
From your clovers lift your head ;
Come up, Jetty, follow, follow,
Jetty, to the milking-shed.”

JEAN INGELOW.

“ Not all the legions of the land
Shall ever wrest from England’s hand
The Sceptre of the Sea.”

ALFRED AUSTIN, *Look Seaward.*

CLEAN, green, windy billows notching out the sky,
Grey clouds tattered into rags, sea-winds blowing high,
And the ships under topsails, beating, thrashing by,
And the mewing of the herring gulls.

JOHN MASEFIELD

Dancing, flashing green seas shaking white locks,
Boiling in blind eddies over hidden rocks,
And the wind in the rigging, the creaking of the blocks,
And the straining of the timber hulls.

Delicate, cool seaweeds, green and amber-brown,
In beds where shaken sunlight slowly filters down.
On many a drowned seventy-four, many a sunken town,
And the whitening of the dead men's skulls.

JOHN MASEFIELD.

“ He that commands the sea is at great liberty, and may take as much and as little of war as he will.”—FRANCIS BACON, *Of Expense*.

205. *A Storm on the East Coast*

VIEW now the winter storm ! above, one cloud,
Black and unbroken, all the skies o'ershroud :
Th' unwieldy porpoise through the day before
Had roll'd in view of boding men on shore ;
And sometimes hid and sometimes show'd his form,
Dark as the cloud and furious as the storm.
All where the eye delights yet dreads to roam,
The breaking billows cast the flying foam
Upon the billows rising—all the deep
Is restless change ; the waves so swell'd and steep,
Breaking and sinking, and the sunken swells,
Nor one, one moment, in its station dwells :
But nearer land you may the billows trace,
As if contending in their watery chase ;
May watch the mightiest till the shoal they reach,
Then break and hurry to their utmost stretch ;
Curl'd as they come, they strike with furious force,
And then, reflowing, take their grating course,

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Raking the rounded flints, which ages past
Roll'd by their rage, and shall to ages last.
Far off, the Petrel in the troubled way
Swims with her brood, or flutters in the spray ;
She rises often, often drops again,
And sports at ease on the tempestuous main.
High o'er the restless deep, above the reach
Of gunner's hope, vast flocks of Wild-duck stretch ;
Far as the eye can glance on either side,
In a broad space and level line they glide ;
All in their wedge-like figures from the north
Day after day, flight after flight, go forth.
In-shore, their passage tribes of Sea-gulls urge,
And drop for prey within the sweeping surge ;
Oft in the rough opposing blast they fly
Far back, then turn and all their force apply,
While to the storm they give their weak complaining cry
Or clap the sleek white pinion to the breast,
And in the restless ocean dip for rest.
Darkness begins to reign ; the louder wind
Appals the weak, and awes the firmer mind ;
But frights not him whom evening and the spray
In part conceal—yon Prowler on his way ;
Lo, he has something seen ; he runs apace,
As if he fear'd companion in the chase ;
He sees his prize, and now he turns again,
Slowly and sorrowing—“ Was your search in vain ? ”
Gruffly he answers, “ 'Tis a sorry sight !
A seaman's body : there'll be more to-night ! ”

GEORGE CRABBE.

“ Other may use the ocean as their road ;
Only the English make it their abode.”

EDMUND WALLER, *Miscellanies.*

CHARLES KINGSLEY

206.

The Last Buccaneer

O H, England is a pleasant place for them that's rich and high,
But England is a cruel place for such poor folks as I ;
And such a port for mariners I ne'er shall see again,
As the pleasant Isle of Aves, beside the Spanish Main.

There were forty craft in Aves that were both swift and stout,
All furnished well with small arms and cannons round about ;
And a thousand men in Aves made laws so fair and free
To choose their valiant captains and obey them loyally.

Thence we sailed against the Spaniard, with his hoards of plate and gold
Which he wrung with cruel tortures from Indian folk of old ;
Likewise the merchant captains, with hearts as hard as stone,
Who flog men and keel-haul them, and starve them to the bone.

Oh, the palms grew high in Aves, and fruits that shone like gold,
And the colibris and parrots they were gorgeous to behold ;
And the negro maids to Aves from bondage fast did flee,
To welcome gallant sailors, a-sweeping in from sea.

Oh, sweet it was in Aves to hear the Landward breeze,
A-swing with good tobacco in a net between the trees ;
With a negro lass to fan you, while you listened to the roar
Of the breakers on the reef outside, that never touched the shore.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

But Scripture saith, an ending to all fine things must be ;
So the King's ships sailed on Aves, and quite put down were
we.

All day we fought like bulldogs, but they burst the booms at
night,
And I fled, in a piragua, sore wounded, from the fight.

Nine days I floated starving, and a negro lass beside,
Till for all I tried to cheer her, the poor young thing she
died ;

But as I lay a-gasping, a Bristol sail came by,
And brought me home to England here, to beg until I die.

And now I'm old and going—I'm sure I can't tell where ;
One comfort is, this world's so hard, I can't be worse off
there ;

If I might but be a sea-dove, I'd fly across the main,
To the pleasant Isle of Aves, to look at it once again.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

“ The Royal Navy of England hath ever been its greatest
defence and ornament ; it is an ancient and natural strength,
the floating bulwark of our island.”—SIR WILLIAM BLACK-
STONE, *Commentaries*.

207.

The Long Trail

THERE'S a whisper down the field where the year has
shot her yield,
And the ricks stand grey to the sun,
Singing : “ Over then, come over, for the bee has quit the
clover,
And your English summer's done.”

RUDYARD KIPLING

You have heard the beat of the off-shore wind
And the thresh of the deep-sea rain ;
You have heard the song—how long ! how long ?
Pull out on the trail again.

Ha' done with the Tents of Shem, dear lass,
We've seen the seasons through,
And it's time to turn on the old trail, our own trail, the out
 trail ;
Pull out, pull out, on the Long Trail—the trail that is always
 new !

It's North you may run to the rime-ringed sun,
Or South to the blind Horn's hate ;
Or East all the way into Mississippi Bay,
Or West to the Golden Gate ;
Where the blindest bluffs hold good, dear lass,
 And the wildest tales are true,
And the men bulk big on the old trail, our own trail, the out
 trail,
And life runs large on the Long Trail—the trail that is
 always new.

The days are sick and cold, and the skies are grey and old,
 And the twice-breathed airs grow damp ;
And I'd sell my tired soul for the bucking beam-sea roll
 Of a black Bilbao tramp ;
With her load-line over her hatch, dear lass,
 And a drunken Dago crew,
And her nose held down on the old trail, our own trail, the
 out trail,
From Cadiz Bar on the Long Trail—the trail that is always
 new.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

There be triple ways to take, of the eagle or the snake,
Or the way of a man with a maid ;
But the sweetest way to me is a ship's upon the sea,
In the heel of the North-East Trade.
Can you hear the crash on her bows, dear lass,
And the drum of the racing screw,
As she ships it green on the old trail, our own trail, the out
trail,
As she lifts and 'scends on the Long Trail—the trail that is
always new ?

See the shaking funnels roar, with the Peter at the fore,
And the fenders grind and heave,
And the derricks clack and grate, as the tackle hooks the
crate,
And the fall-rope whines through the sheave ;
It's "Gang-plank up and in," dear lass,
It's "Hawsers warp her through !"
And it's "All clear aft" on the old trail, our own trail, the
out trail,
We're backing down on the Long Trail—the trail that is
always new.

O the mutter overside, when the port-fog holds us tied,
And the sirens hoot their dread !
When foot by foot we creep o'er the hueless, viewless deep
To the sob of the questing lead !
It's down by the Lower Hope, dear lass,
With the Gunfleet Sands in view,
Till the Mouse swings green on the old trail, our own trail,
the out trail,
And the Gull Light lifts on the Long Trail—the trail that is
always new.

RUDYARD KIPLING

O the blazing tropic night, when the wake's a welt of light
That holds the hot sky tame,
And the steady fore-foot snores through the planet-powdered
floors
Where the scared whale flukes in flame !
Her plates are scarred by the sun, dear lass,
And her ropes are taunt with the dew,
For we're boozing down on the old trail, our own trail, the
out trail,
We're sagging south on the Long Trail—the trail that is
always new.

Then home, get her home, where the drunken rollers comb,
And the shouting seas drive by,
And the engines stamp and ring, and the wet bows reel and
swing,
And the Southern Cross rides high !
Yes, the old lost stars wheel back, dear lass,
That blaze in the velvet blue.
They're all old friends on the old trail, our own trail, the out
trail,
They're God's own guides on the Long Trail—the trail that
is always new.

Fly forward, O my heart, from the Foreland to the Start—
We're steaming all too slow,
And it's twenty thousand mile to our little lazy isle
Where the trumpet-orchids blow !
You have heard the call of the off-shore wind
And the voice of the deep-sea rain ;
You have heard the song—how long ! how long ?
Pull out on the trail again !

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

The Lord knows what we may find, dear lass,
And the Deuce knows what we may do—
But we're back once more on the old trail, our own trail, the
out trail,
We're down, hull down, on the Long Trail—the trail
that is always new !

RUDYARD KIPLING.

“ We are as near to heaven by sea as by land.”—The last
words of SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT.

208.

The Armada

ATTEND, all ye who list to hear our noble England's
praise ;
I tell of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in ancient
days,
When that great fleet invincible against her bore in vain
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.
It was about the lovely close of a warm summer day,
There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to Plymouth
Bay ;
Her crew had seen Castile's black fleet beyond Aurigny's isle,
At earliest twilight, on the waves lay heaving many a mile.
At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial grace,
And the tall *Pinta*, till the noon, had held her close in chase.
Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the wall ;
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgecumbe's lofty hall ;
Many a light fishing-bark put out to pry along the coast,
And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many a
post.

With his white hair, unbonneted, the stout old sheriff comes ;
Behind him march the halberdiers ; before him beat the
drums ;

THOMAS, LORD MACAULAY

His yeomen round the market cross make clear an ample space ;

For there behoves him to set up the standard of Her Grace.
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the bells,
As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon swells.

Look how the Lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down.

So stalked when he turned to flight, on that famed Picard field,

Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's eagle shield.
So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he turned to bay,
And crushed and torn beneath his claws the princely hunters lay.

Ho ! strike the flagstaff deep, Sir Knight : ho ! scatter flowers, fair maids :

Ho ! gunners, fire a loud salute : ho ! gallants, draw your blades :

Thou sun, shine on her joyously ; ye breezes, waft her wide ;
Our glorious SEMPER EADEM, the banner of our pride.

The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's massy fold ;

The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll of gold ;

Night sank upon that dusky beach, and on the purple sea,
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall be.

From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford Bay,

That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day ;
From swift to east and swift to west the ghastly war-flame spread,

High on St. Michael's Mount it shone : it shone on Beachy Head.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

For on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire.
The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering waves :
The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's sunless caves ;
O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery herald flew
And roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers of Beaulieu.
Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from Bristol town,
And ere the day three hundred horse had met on Clifton down ;
The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into the night,
And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill that streak of blood-red light.
Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the death-like silence broke,
And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city woke.
At once on all her stately gates arose the answering fires ;
At once the wild alarm clashed from all her reeling spires ;
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the voice of fear ;
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder cheer ;
And from the farthest wards was heard the rush of hurrying feet,
And the broad streams of pikes and flags rushed down each roaring street ;
And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,
As fast from every village round the horse came spurring in :

THOMAS, LORD MACAULAY

And eastward straight from wild Blackheath the warlike errand went,
And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant squires of Kent.
Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those bright couriers forth ;
High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they started for the north ;
And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded still :
All night from tower to tower they sprang ; they sprang from hill to hill :
Till the proud Peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwen's rocky dales,
Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the stormy hills of Wales,
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely height,
Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's crest of light,
Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's stately fane,
And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the boundless plain ;
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale of Trent :
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's embattled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle.

THOMAS, LORD MACAULAY.

“ *Afflavit Deus et dissipantur*” (God blew, and they were scattered).—Motto on medal struck to commemorate the defeat of the Spanish Armada.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

209.

The Revenge

I

AT Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,
And a pinnace, like a flutter'd bird, came flying from
far away :
“ Spanish ships of war at sea ! we have sighted fifty-three ! ”
Then sware Lord Thomas Howard : “ Fore God I am no
coward ;
But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out of gear,
And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but follow quick.
We are six ships of the line ; can we fight with fifty-three ? ”

II

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville : “ I know you are no
coward ;
You fly them for a moment to fight with them again.
But I’ve ninety men and more that are lying sick ashore.
I should count myself the coward if I left them, my Lord
Howard,
To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain.”

III

So Lord Howard passed away with five ships of war that day,
Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer heaven :
But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from the land
Very carefully and slow,
Men of Bideford in Devon,
And we laid them on the ballast down below ;
For we brought them all aboard,
And they blest him in their pain, that they were not left to
Spain,
To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the glory of the Lord.

LORD TENNYSON

IV

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and to fight,
And he sailed away from Flores till the Spaniard came in
sight,
With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather bow.
“ Shall we fight or shall we fly ?
Good Sir Richard, tell us now,
For to fight is but to die !
There'll be little of us left by the time this sun be set.”
And Sir Richard said again : “ We be all good English men.
Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the devil,
For I never turn'd my back upon Don or devil yet.”

V

Sir Richard spoke and he laugh'd, and we roar'd a hurrah,
and so
The little Revenge ran on sheer into the heart of the foe,
With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety sick
below ;
For half of their fleet to the right and half to the left were
seen,
And the little Revenge ran on thro' the long sea-lane between.

VI

Thousands of their soldiers look'd down from their decks
and laugh'd,
Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad little craft
Running on and on, till delay'd
By their mountain-like San Philip that, of fifteen hundred
tons,
And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning tiers
of guns,
Took the breath from our sails, and we stay'd.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

VII

And while now the great San Philip hung above us like a
cloud
Whence the thunderbolt will fall long and loud,
Four galleons drew away
From the Spanish fleet that day,
And two upon the larboard and two upon the starboard lay,
And the battle-thunder broke from them all.

VIII

But anon the great San Philip, she bethought herself and went
Having that within her womb that had left her ill content ;
And the rest they came aboard us, and they fought us hand
to hand,
For a dozen times they came with their pikes and mus-
queteers,
And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a dog that shakes his ears
When he leaps from the water to the land.

IX

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far over the
summer sea,
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the
fifty-three.
Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built galleons
came,
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle-thunder
and flame ;
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with her
dead and her shame.
For some were sunk, and many were shatter'd, and so could
fight us no more—
God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world before ?

LORD TENNYSON

X

For he said “ Fight on ! fight on ! ”
Tho’ his vessel was all but a wreck ;
And it chanced that, when half of the short summer night
 was gone,
With a grisly wound to be drest he had left the deck,
But a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly dead,
And himself he was wounded again in the side and the head,
And he said “ Fight on ! fight on ! ”

XI

And the night went down, and the sun smiled out far over
 the summer sea.
And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round us all in a
 ring ;
But they dared not touch us again, for they fear’d that we
 still could sting,
So they watch’d what the end would be.
And we had not fought them in vain,
But in perilous plight were we,
Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain,
And half of the rest of us maim’d for life
In the crash of the cannonades and the desperate strife ;
And the sick men down in the hold were most of them stark
 and cold,
And the pikes were all broken or bent, and the powder was
 all of it spent ;
And the masts and the rigging were lying over the side ;
But Sir Richard cried in his English pride,
“ We have fought such a fight for a day and a night
As may never be fought again !
We have won great glory, my men !

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

And a day less or more
At sea or ashore,
We die, does it matter when ?
Sink me the ship, Master Gunner—sink her, split her in
twain !
Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain ! ”

XII

And the gunner said “ Ay, ay,” but the seamen made reply :
“ We have children, we have wives,
And the Lord hath spared our lives.
We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield, to let us go ;
We shall live to fight again and to strike another blow.”
And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to the foe.

XIII

And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore him then,
Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard caught at
last,
And they praised him to his face with their courtly foreign
grace ;
But he rose upon their decks, and he cried :
“ I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man and
true ;
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do :
With a joyful spirit I, Sir Richard Grenville, die ! ”
And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

XIV

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant and true,
And had holden the power and glory of Spain so cheap
That he dared her with one little ship and his English few ;
Was he devil or man ? He was devil for aught they knew,

LORD TENNYSON

But they sank his body with honour down into the deep,
And they mann'd the Revenge with a swarthier alien crew.
And away she sail'd with her loss and long'd for her own ;
When a wind from the lands they had ruin'd awoke from
 sleep,
And the water began to heave and the weather to moan,
And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,
And a wave like a wave that is raised by an earthquake grew,
Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their masts
 and their flags,
And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shatter'd
 navy of Spain,
And the little Revenge herself went down by the island crags
 To be lost evermore in the main.

LORD TENNYSON.

“ I go to singe the Spanish King's beard.”—SIR FRANCIS
DRAKE, 1587.

210.

The Honour of Bristol

ATTEND you, and give ear awhile,
 And you shall understand,
Of a battle fought upon the seas
 By a ship of brave command.
The fight it was so glorious
 Men's hearts it did fulfil,
And it made them cry “ To sea, to sea,
 With the *Angel Gabriel* ! ”

This lusty ship of Bristol
 Sailed out adventurously
Against the foes of England,
 Her strength with them to try :

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Well victualled, rigged, and manned she was,
With good provision still,
Which made the men cry "To sea, to sea,
With the *Angel Gabriel!*!"

The Captain, famous Netherway
(That was his noble name) :
The Master—he was called John Mines—
A mariner of fame :
The gunner, Thomas Watson,
A man of perfect skill :
With many another valiant heart
In the *Angel Gabriel*.

They waving up and down the seas
Upon the foreign main,
"It is not long ago," quoth they,
"That England fought with Spain :
O would the Spaniard we might meet
Our stomachs to fulfil !
We would play him fair a noble bout
With our *Angel Gabriel!*!"

But they had no sooner spoken,
But straight appeared in sight
Three lusty Spanish vessels
Of warlike trim and might :
With bloody resolution
They thought our men to spill,
And they vowed that they would make a prize
Of our *Angel Gabriel*.

Our gallant ship had in her
Full forty fighting men :
With twenty piece of ordnance
We played about them then,

ANONYMOUS

With powder, shot, and bullets
Right well we worked our will,
And hot and bloody grew the fight
With our *Angel Gabriel*.

Our Captain to our Master said,
"Take courage, Master Bold!"
Our Master to the seamen said,
"Stand fast, my hearts of gold!
Our gunner unto all the rest,
"Brave hearts, be valiant still!
Fight on, fight on in the defence
Of our *Angel Gabriel*!"

We gave them such a broadside,
It smote their mast asunder,
And tore the bowsprit off their ship,
Which made the Spaniards wonder.
And caused them in fear to cry,
With voices loud and shrill,
"Help, help, or sunken we shall be
By the *Angel Gabriel*!"

So desperately they boarded us,
For all our valiant shot,
Three-score of their best fighting men
Upon our decks were got;
And lo! at their first entrances
Full thirty we did kill,
And thus we cleared with speed the deck
Of our *Angel Gabriel*.

With that their three ships boarded us
Again with might and main,
But still our noble Englishmen
Cried out, "A fig for Spain!"

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Though seven times they boarded us
At last we showed our skill,
And made them feel what men we were
On the *Angel Gabriel*.

Seven hours this fight continued :
So many men lay dead,
With Spanish blood for fathoms round
The sea was coloured red.
Five hundred of their fighting men
We there outright did kill,
And many more were hurt or maimed
By our *Angel Gabriel*.

Then, seeing of these bloody spoils,
The rest made haste away :
For why, they said it was no boot
The longer there to stay.
Then they fled into Calès,
Where lie they must and will
For fear lest they should meet again
With our *Angel Gabriel*.

We had within our English ship
But only three men slain,
And five men hurt, the which I hope
Will soon be well again.
At Bristol we were landed,
And let us praise God still,
That this hath blest our lusty hearts
And our *Angel Gabriel*.

ANONYMOUS.

“ There is time to finish the game, and beat the Spaniards afterwards.”—SIR FRANCIS DRAKE, said at Plymouth, 1588.

The Admiral's Ghost

I TELL you a tale to-night
Which a seaman told to me,
With eyes that gleamed in the lanthorn light
And a voice as low as the sea.

You could almost hear the stars
Twinkling up in the sky,
And the old wind woke and moaned in the spars
And the same old waves went by.

Singing the same old song
As ages and ages ago,
While he froze my blood in that deep-sea night
With the things that he seemed to know.

A bare foot pattered on deck ;
Ropes creaked ; then—all grew still,
And he pointed his finger straight in my face
And growled, as a sea-dog will.

“ Do'ee know who Nelson was ?
That poor little shrivelled form
With the patch on his eye and the pinned-up sleeve
And a soul like a North Sea storm ?

“ Ask of the Devonshire men !
They know and they'll tell you true ;
He wasn't the pore little chawed-up chap
That Hardy thought he knew.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

“ He wasn’t the man you think !
His patch was a dern disguise,
For he knew that they’d find him out, d’you see,
If they looked him in both his eyes.

“ He was twice as big as he seemed ;
But his clothes were cunningly made.
He’d both of his hairy arms all right !
The sleeve was a trick of the trade.

“ You’ve heard of sperrets, no doubt ;
Well, there’s more in the matter than that !
But he wasn’t the patch and he wasn’t the sleeve,
And he wasn’t the lace-cocked hat.

“ ‘ *Nelson was just—a ghost !* ’
You may laugh ! But the Devonshire men
They knew that he’d come when England called,
And they know that he’ll come again.

“ I’ll tell you the way it was
(For none of the landsmen know),
And to tell it you right, you must go astarn
Two hundred years or so.

• • • • •
“ The waves were lapping and slapping
The same as they are to-day ;
And Drake lay dying aboard his ship
In Nombre Dios Bay.

“ The scent of the foreign flowers
Came floating all around ;
‘ But, I’d give my soul for the smell o’ the pitch,’
Says he, ‘ in Plymouth Sound.’

ALFRED NOYES

“ ‘ ‘ What shall I do,’ he says,
‘ When the guns begin to roar,
An’ England wants me, and me not there
To shatter ’er foes once more ? ’

“ (You’ve heard what he said, may be,
But I’ll mark you the p’nts again ;
For I’ll want you to box your compass right
And get my story plain).

“ ‘ ‘ You must take my drum,’ he says,
‘ To the old sea-wall at home ;
And if ever you strike that drum,’ he says,
‘ Why, strike me blind, I’ll come.

“ ‘ ‘ If England needs me, dead
Or living, I’ll rise that day !
I’ll rise from the darkness under the sea
Ten thousand miles away.’

“ That’s what he said, and he died ;
An’ his pirates, listenin’ roun’,
With their crimson doublets and jewelled swords
That flashed as the sun went down.

“ They sewed him up in his shroud
With a round-shot top and toe,
To sink him under the salt sharp sea
Where all good seamen go.

“ They lowered him down in the deep,
And there in the sunset light
They boomed a broadside over his grave,
As meanin’ to say, ‘ Good-night.’

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

“ They sailed away in the dark,
To the dear little isle they knew ;
And they hung his drum by the old sea-wall
The same as he told them to.

• • • • •
“ Two hundred years went by,
And the guns began to roar,
And England was fighting hard for her life,
As ever she fought of yore.

“ “ It’s only my dead that count,’
She said, as she says to-day ;
‘ It isn’t the ships and it isn’t the guns
‘ ‘ Ull sweep Trafalgar’s Bay.’

“ D’you guess who Nelson was ?
You may laugh but it’s true as true !
There was more in that pore little chawed-up chap
Than ever his best friend knew.

“ The foe was creeping close,
In the dark to our white-cliffed isle ;
They were ready to leap at England’s throat,
When, O, you may smile, you may smile ;

“ But—ask of the Devonshire men ;
For they heard in the dead of night
The roll of a drum, and they saw *him* pass
On a ship all shining white.

“ He stretched out his dead cold face
And he sailed in the grand old way !
The fishes had taken an eye and an arm ;
But he swept Trafalgar’s Bay.

ALFRED NOYES

“ Nelson—was Francis Drake !
O, what matters the uniform,
Or the patch on your eye or your pinned-up sleeve
If your soul’s like a North Sea storm ? ”

ALFRED NOYES.

“ England his heart, his corpse the waters have,
And that which raised his fame became his grave.”

RICHARD BARNFIELD, *Epitaph on Drake.*

212.

The Arethusa

COME, all ye jolly sailors bold,
Whose hearts are cast in honour’s mould,
While English glory I unfold,
Huzza for the *Arethusa* !
She is a frigate tight and brave
As ever stemmed the dashing wave ;
Her men were staunch
To their fav’rite launch,
And when the foe shall meet our fire,
Sooner than strike, we’ll all expire
On board of the *Arethusa*.

’Twas with the spring fleet she went out
The English Channel to cruise about,
When four French sail, in show so stout,
Bore down on the *Arethusa*.
The famed *Belle Poule* straight ahead did lie,
The *Arethusa* seemed to fly.
Not a sheet, or a tack,
Or a brace, did she slack,

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Though the Frenchmen laughed and thought it stuff,
But they knew not the handful of men, how tough,
 On board of the *Arethusa*.

On deck five hundred men did dance,
The stoutest they could find in France ;
We with two hundred did advance
 On board of the *Arethusa*.

Our captain hailed the Frenchman, “ Ho ! ”
The Frenchman then called out, “ Hallo ! ”

“ Bear down, d’ye see,
 To our Admiral’s lee ! ”
“ No, no,” says the Frenchman, “ that can’t be ! ”
“ Then I must lug you along with me,”
 Says the saucy *Arethusa*.

The fight was off the Frenchman’s land,
We forced them back upon their strand,
For we fought till not a stick could stand
 Of the gallant *Arethusa*.

And now we’ve driven the foe ashore
Never to fight with Britons more,

 Let each fill his glass
 To his fav’rite lass :
A health to our captain and officers true,
And all that belong to the jovial crew
 On board of the *Arethusa*.

PRINCE HOARE.

“ But at the crisis [Spanish Armada] patriotism proved stronger than religious fanaticism. The whole nation answered the Queen’s appeal.”—J. R. GREEN, *History of the English People*.

THOMAS CAMPBELL

213.

The Battle of the Baltic

OF Nelson and the North
Sing the glorious day's renown ;
When to battle fierce came forth
 All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone ;
 By each gun the lighted brand
In a bold determined hand,
 And the Prince of all the land
 Led them on.

Like Leviathans afloat
 Lay their bulwarks on the brine,
While the sign of battle flew
 On the lofty British line :
It was ten of April morn by the chime :
 As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death ;
 And the boldest held his breath,
 For a time.

But the might of England flushed
 To anticipate the scene ;
And her van the fleeter rushed
 O'er the deadly space between.
“Hearts of oak !” our captains cried, when each gun
From its adamantine lips
 Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
 Of the sun.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Again ! again ! again !
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back ;
Their shots along the deep slowly boom :
Then ceased,—and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter'd sail ;
Or, in conflagration pale
Lights the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then
As he hailed them o'er the wave,
“ Ye are brothers ! ye are men !
And we conquer but to save ;
So peace instead of death let us bring :
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King ! ” . . .

Now joy, Old England, raise
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light ;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore !

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

“ Do you think I will let the French triumph over us in
our own seas ? If I meet them I will fight them.”

ADMIRAL RUSSELL, 1692 (A Jacobite).

Trafalgar Day

SEA, that art ours as we are thine, whose name
Is one with England's, even as light with flame,
Dost thou as we, thy chosen of all men, know
This day of days when death gave life to fame.

Dost thou not kindle above and thrill below
With rapturous record, with memorial glow,
Remembering this, thy festal day of fight,
And all the joy it gave, and all the woe ?

Never since day broke flowerlike forth of night
Broke such a dawn of battle. Death in sight
Made of the man whose life was like the sun
A man more godlike than the lord of light.

There is none like him, and there shall be none.
When England bears again so great a son,
He can but follow fame where Nelson led.
There is not and there cannot be but one.

As earth has but one England, crown and head
Of all her glories till the sun be dead,
Supreme in peace and war, supreme in song,
Supreme in freedom, since her rede was read.

Since first the soul that gave her speech grew strong
To help the right and heal the wild world's wrong,
So she hath but one royal Nelson, born
To reign on time above the years that throng.

The music of his name puts fear to scorn,
And thrills our twilight through with sense of morn :
As England was, how should not England be ?
No tempest yet has left her banner torn.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

No year has yet put out the day when he
Who lived and died to keep our kingship free,

Wherever seas by warring winds are worn,
Died, and was one with England and the sea.

A. C. SWINBURNE.

“England expects every officer and man to do his duty.”

Nelson’s actual signal at Trafalgar.

215.

Fighting Téméraire

IT was eight bells ringing,
For the morning watch was done,
And the gunner’s lads were singing,
As they polished every gun.

It was eight bells ringing,
And the gunner’s lads were singing,
For the ship she rode a-swinging,
As they polished every gun.

*Oh ! to see the linstock lighting,
Téméraire ! Téméraire !
Oh ! to hear the round-shot biting,
Téméraire ! Téméraire !
Oh ! to see the linstock lighting,
And to hear the round-shot biting,
For we’re all in love with fighting
On the fighting Téméraire.*

It was noontide ringing,
And the battle just begun,
When the ship her way was winging,
As they loaded every gun.

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT

It was noontide ringing,
When the ship her way was winging,
And the gunner's lads were singing
As they loaded every gun.

*There'll be many grim and gory,
Téméraire ! Téméraire !
There'll be few to tell the story,
Téméraire ! Téméraire !
There'll be many grim and gory,
There'll be few to tell the story,
But we'll all be one in glory
With the fighting Téméraire.*

There's a far bell ringing
At the setting of the sun,
And a phantom voice is singing
Of the great days done.
There's a far bell ringing,
And a phantom voice is singing
Of renown for ever clinging
To the great days done.

*Now the sunset breezes shiver,
Téméraire ! Téméraire !
And she's facing down the river,
Téméraire ! Téméraire !
Now the sunset breezes shiver,
And she's fading down the river,
But in England's song for ever
She's the Fighting Téméraire.*

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT.

“ You have done your duty in this remonstance. Now lay me alongside the French Admiral.”—ADMIRAL HAWKE to his Pilot at Quiberon Bay.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

216. *The Loss of the "Royal George"*

TOLL for the brave !
The brave that are no more !
All sunk beneath the wave
Fast by their native shore.

Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel
And laid her on her side.

A land-breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overset ;
Down went the *Royal George*
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave !
Brave Kempenfelt is gone ;
His last sea-fight is fought,
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle ;
No tempest gave the shock,
She sprang no fatal leak,
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath,
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.

WILLIAM COWPER

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes !
And mingle with our cup
The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again.
Full charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone,
His victories are o'er ;
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plough the wave no more.

WILLIAM COWPER.

“ There lived a wife at Usher's well,
And a wealthy wife was she ;
She had three stout and stalwart sons,
And sent them o'er the sea.”

Wife of Usher's Well.

217. *The Loss of the “ Birkenhead ”*

RIGHT on our flank the crimson sun went down ;
The deep sea roll'd around in dark repose ;
When, like the wild shriek from some captured town,
A cry of women rose.

The stout ship *Birkenhead* lay hard and fast,
Caught without hope upon a hidden rock ;
Her timber thrilled as nerves, when through them pass'd
The spirit of that shock.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

And ever like base cowards, who leave their ranks
 In danger's hour before the rush of steel,
Drifted away disorderly the planks
 From underneath her keel.

So calm the air, so calm and still the flood,
 That low down in its blue translucent glass
We saw the great fierce fish, that thirst for blood,
 Pass slowly, then repass.

They tarried, the waves tarried, for their prey !
 The sea turn'd one clear smile ! Like things asleep
Those dark shapes in the azure silence lay,
 As quiet as the deep.

Then amidst oath, and prayer, and rush, and wreck,
 Faint screams, faint questions waiting no reply,
Our Colonel gave the word, and on the deck
 Form'd us in line to die.

To die ! 'twas hard, while the sleek ocean glow'd
 Beneath a sky as fair as summer flowers :
" All to the boats ! " cried one : he was, thank God,
 No officer of ours !

Our English hearts beat true : we would not stir :
 That base appeal we heard, but heeded not.
On land, on sea, we had our Colours, sir,
 To keep without a spot !

They shall not say in England that we fought
 With shameful strength, unhonour'd life to seek,
Into mean safety, mean deserters, brought
 By trampling down the weak.

SIR FRANCIS DOYLE

So we made women with their children go,
The oars ply back again, and yet again ;
Whilst, inch by inch, the drowning ship sank low,
Still under steadfast men.

—What follows, why recall ?—The brave they died,
Died without flinching in the bloody surf,
They sleep as well beneath that purple tide,
As others under turf :

They sleep as well ! and, roused from their wild grave,
Wearing their wounds like stars, shall rise again,
Joint-heirs with Christ, because they bled to save
His weak ones, not in vain.

SIR FRANCIS DOYLE.

“ When God wants a hard thing done, he tells it to his Englishmen.”—Dinner Book, Society of Saint George.

218. *The Battle of the Bight*

HAD I the fabled herb
That brought to life the dead,
Whom would I dare disturb
In his eternal bed ?
Great Grenville would I wake,
And with glad tidings make
The soul of mighty Drake
Heave up a glorying head.

As rose the misty sun
Our men the North Sea scanned,
And each rejoicing gun
Welcomed a Foe at hand,

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

And thundering its delight,
Opened its mouth outright
And bit them in the Bight—
 The Bight of Heligoland.

With Captains who could each
 Do aught but yield or flee ;
With guns that spake the speech
 Shall keep this Kingdom free ;
We hammered to their doom
Four Giants 'mid the gloom,
And one to a fiercer tomb
 Sent blazing down the sea.

Sleep on, O Drake, sleep well,
 In days not wholly dire !
Grenville, whom nought could quell,
 Unquenched is still thy fire.
And thou who hadst no peer,
Nelson, thou needst not fear :
Thy sons and heirs are here,
 Nor shall they shame their sire.

SIR WILLIAM WATSON.

“ Hands across the sea,
 Feet on English ground,
The old blood is bold blood, the wide world round.”
 BYRON WEBBER, *Hands across the Sea.*

219.

Requiem

UNDER the wide and starry sky
 Dig the grave and let me lie ;
Glad did I live and gladly die,
 And I laid me down with a will.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

This be the verse you grave for me :
"Here he lies where he longed to be ;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill."

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

"So he felt the pull of that soil of Devonshire whence his forefathers had come."—STANLEY BALDWIN, 1925.

220. *For those in Peril on the Sea*

ETERNAL Father, strong to save,
Whose arm has bound the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep,
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

O Christ, whose voice the waters heard,
And hushed their raging at Thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid the storm didst sleep,
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

O Holy Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the waters dark and rude,
And bid their angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace,
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour ;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go ;
Thus evermore shall rise to thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

WILLIAM WHITING.

“ Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet,
Our ship must sail the foam.”

Ballad of Sir Patrick Spens.

P A R T E I G H T

“ HERE’S A HEALTH UNTO HIS
MAJESTY ”



PART EIGHT

“ HERE’S A HEALTH UNTO HIS MAJESTY ”

221. *The British Grenadiers*

SOME talk of Alexander, and some of Hercules,
Of Hector and Lysander, and such great names as
these ;
But of all the world’s great heroes, there’s none that can
compare,
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row, to the British
Grenadiers.

Those heroes of antiquity ne’er saw a cannon-ball,
Or knew the force of powder to slay their foes withal ;
But our brave boys do know it, and banish all their fears ;
Sing tow, row, row, row, row, row, for the British Grenadiers.

Whene’er we are commanded to storm the palisades,
Our leaders march with fuses, and we with hand-grenades ;
We throw them from the glacis, about the enemy’s ears ;
Sing tow, row, row, row, row, row, for the British Grenadiers.

And when the siege is over, we to the town repair,
The townsmen cry “ Hurra ! boys, here comes a Grenadier !
Here comes the Grenadiers, my boys, who know no doubts
or fears ! ”

Then sing tow, row, row, row, row, row, for the British
Grenadiers.

ANONYMOUS.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

222. *Three Cheers for the Red, White, and Blue*

OH! Britannia, the pride of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of the patriot's devotion,
No land can compare unto thee!
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
With garlands of glory in view;
Thy banners make tyranny tremble
When borne by the Red, White, and Blue.
Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue,
Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue,
The Army and Navy for ever,
Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue.

When war spread its wild desolation,
And threaten'd our land to deform,
The ark, then of freedom's foundation,
Britannia rode safe through the storm;
With the garlands of victory round her,
So nobly she bore her brave crew,
Her flag floating proudly before her,
The flag of the Red, White, and Blue.
Three cheers, etc.

Britannia's the pride of the ocean,
And so of a truth shall she be,
While true in her loyal devotion,
To all that is noble and free:
The fire that glows in her story
Still burns in the heart of her sons,
And her flag shall still lead her to glory,
When duty shall march with her guns.

ANONYMOUS

Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue,
Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue,
 The Army and Navy for ever,
Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue.

ANONYMOUS.

223. *The Roast Beef of Old England*

WHEN mighty roast beef was the Englishman's food,
 It ennobled our hearts and enriched our blood,
Our soldiers were brave, and our courtiers were good.
 O ! the Roast Beef of old England !
 And O ! for old England's Roast Beef !

But since we have learnt from effeminate France
To eat all their ragouts as well as to dance,
We're fed up with nothing but vain complaisance.
 O ! the Roast Beef, etc.

Our fathers of old were robust, stout, and strong,
And kept open house with good cheer all day long,
Which made their plump tenants rejoice in this song—
 O ! the Roast Beef, etc.

When good Queen Elizabeth sat on the throne,
Ere coffee and tea and such slip-slops were known,
The world was in terror if she did but frown.
 O ! the Roast Beef, etc.

In those days if fleets did presume on the main,
They seldom or never returned back again,
As witness the vaunting Armada of Spain.

 O ! the Roast Beef, etc.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Oh, then we had stomachs to eat and to fight,
And when wrongs were cooking to set ourselves right.
But now we're, ahem!—I could—but, good-night.

O ! the Roast Beef of old England !
And O ! for old England's Roast Beef !

HENRY FIELDING.

224. *When the King shall enjoy his own again*

WHAT Booker doth prognosticate,
Concerning Kings and Kingdom's fate ;
I take myself to be as wise
As he that gazeth on the skies.

My skill goes beyond
The depth of a pond,
Or rivers in their sorest rain,
Whereby I can tell
All things will be well

When the King enjoys his own again.

There's neither Swallow, Dove, nor Dade
Can soar more high or deeper wade,
Or show more reason from the stars
What causes peace or civil wars.

The man in the moon
May wear out his shoon
By running after Charles's Wain ;
But all's to no end
For the times will never mend
Till the King shall enjoy his own again.

MARTYN PARKER

Though for a time we see Whitehall
With cobwebs hanging on the wall,
Instead of gold and silver bright
That glanced with splendour day and night.
With rich perfume
In every room,
All to delight that princely train,
But these again shall be
When the time we shall see
That the King shall enjoy his own again.

Then far upon the northern hill
My hope shall cast her anchor still,
Until I see some peaceful dove
Bring home the Branch I dearly love.
And there will I wait
Till the waters abate
Which now surround my swimming brain,
For rejoice will not I
Till I hear the joyful cry
That the King enjoys his own again !

MARTYN PARKER.

225. *A Fine Old English Gentleman*

I'LL sing you a good old song that made by a good old pate,
Of a fine old English gentleman who had an old estate ;
And who kept up his old mansion at a bountiful old rate,
With a good old porter to relieve the old poor at his gate ;
Like a fine old English gentleman, one of the olden time.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

His hall so old was hung about with pikes, and guns, and bows,
And swords and good old bucklers which had stood some
tough old blows ;
'Twas there " His Worship " sat in state, in doublet and
trunk hose,
And quaffed a cup of good old sack to comfort his old nose,
Like a fine old English gentleman, one of the olden time.

His custom was when Christmas came to bid his friends
repair
To his old hall, where feast and ball for them he did prepare ;
And though the rich he entertained he ne'er forgot the poor ;
Nor was the houseless wanderer e'er driven from the door
Of this fine old English gentleman, one of the olden time.

Yet all at length must bend to fate, so like the ebbing tide,
Declining gently to the last, this fine old man he died.
The widows' and the orphans' tears bedew'd his cold
graveside,
And where's the scutcheon that can show so much the worth
and pride
Of a fine old English gentleman, one of the olden time.

ANONYMOUS.

226. *The Snug Little Island*

DADDY NEPTUNE one day to Freedom did say,
" If ever I lived upon dry land,
The spot I would hit on would be little Britain."
Says Freedom, " Why, that's my own Island."
Oh, what a snug little Island !
A right little, tight little Island !
All the globe round none can be found
As happy as this little Island.

THOMAS DIBDIN

Julius Cæsar, the Roman, who yielded to no man
Came by water—he could not come by land ;
And Dane, Pict, and Saxon, their homes turn'd their backs on,
And all for the sake of our Island.

Oh, what a snug little Island !
They'd all have a touch at the Island !
Some were shot dead, some of them fled,
And some stayed to live in the Island.

Then a very great war-man, called Billy the Norman,
Cried “ Hang it, I never liked my land ;
It would be much more handy to leave this Normandy,
And live on your beautiful Island ! ”
Says he, “ “Tis a snug little Island !
Shan't us go visit this Island ? ”
Hop, skip, and jump, there he was plump,
And he kicked up a dust in the island.

Yet party deceit helped the Normans to beat—
Of traitors they managed to buy land ;
By Dane, Saxon, or Pict, we have never been licked,
Had they stuck to the King of the Island.
He lost both his life and his Island !
Poor Harold the King of the Island !
That's very true—what could he do ?
Like a Briton he died for his Island.

Then the Spanish Armada set out to invade her,
Quick sure if they ever came nigh land,
They could not do less than tuck up Queen Bess
And take their full swing in the Island !
The drones came to plunder the Island !
Oh, the poor Queen and the Island !
But snug in the hive the Queen was alive,
And buzz was the word at the Island.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

These proud puffed-up cakes thought to make ducks and drakes

Of our wealth ; but they scarcely could spy land,
Ere our Drake had the luck to make their pride duck
And stoop to the lads of the Island !

The good Wooden Walls of the Island !

Huzza ! for the lads of the Island !

Devil or Don, let 'em come on,

But how'd they come off at the Island ?

I don't wonder much that the Russ and the Dutch

Have since been oft tempted to try land ;

And I wonder much less they have met no success,

For why should we give up our Island ?

Oh, 'tis a wonderful Island !

All of 'em long for the Island !

Hold a bit there (let 'em) take fire and air,

But we'll have the Sea and the Island.

Then since Freedom and Neptune have hitherto kept tune

In each saying, " This shall be my land ! "

Should the " Army of England " or all that they bring, land,

We'd show them some play for the Island !

We'd fight for our right to the Island !

We'd give them enough of the Island !

Russians should just bite at the dust,

But not a bit more of the Island.

THOMAS DIBDIN.

227. *Jolly Good Ale and Old*

I CANNOT eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good ;
But sure I think that I can drink
With him that wears a hood.

WILLIAM STEVENSON

Though I go bare, take ye no care,
I nothing am a-cold ;
I stuff my skin so full within
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and side go bare, go bare ;
Both foot and hand go cold ;
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

I love no roast but a nut-brown toast,
And a crab laid on the fire ;
A little bread shall do me stead ;
Much bread I not desire.
No frost nor snow, no wind, I trow,
Can hurt me if I wold ;
I am so wrapp'd and thoroughly lapp'd
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and side go bare, etc.

And Tib, my wife, that as her life
Loveth well good ale to seek,
Full oft drinks she till you may see
The tears run down her cheek :
Then doth she trowl to me the bowl
Even as a malt worm should,
And saith, " Sweetheart, I took my part
Of this jolly good ale and old."
Back and side go bare, etc.

Now let them drink till they nod and wink,
Even as good fellows should do ;
They shall not miss to have the bliss
Good ale doth bring men to ;

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

And all poor souls that have scour'd bowls
Or have them lustily troll'd,
God save the lives of them and their wives,
Whether they be young or old.

Back and side go bare, go bare ;
Both foot and hand go cold ;
But belly, God send thee ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

WILLIAM STEVENSON.

228.

The Girl I left behind me

I'M lonesome since I crossed the hill
And o'er the moor and valley.
Such heavy thoughts my heart do fill
Since parting with my Sally.
I seek no more the fine or gay,
For each does but remind me
How swift the hours do pass away
With the girl I left behind me.

Oh, ne'er shall I forget the night,
The stars were bright above me,
And gently lent their silv'ry light
When first she vowed to love me.
And now I'm bound to Brighton camp,
Kind Heaven then pray guide me,
And send me safely back again
To the girl I left behind me.

The bee shall honey taste no more,
The dove become a ranger,
The falling waves shall cease to roar
Ere I shall seek to change her.

ANONYMOUS

The vow we registered above
Shall ever cheer and bind me
In constancy to her I love,
The girl I left behind me.

My mind her form shall still retain,
In sleeping and on waking,
Until I see my love again,
For whom my heart is breaking.
If ever I return that way,
And she should not decline me,
I evermore will live and stay
With the girl I left behind me.

ANONYMOUS.

229. *I have House and Land in Kent*

I HAVE house and land in Kent,
And if you'll love me, love me now.
Twopence halfpenny is my rent ;
I cannot come ev'ry day to woo.

I am my father's eldest son,
My mother eke doth love me well,
For I can bravely clout my shoon,
And I full well can ring a bell.

My father he gave me a hog,
My mother she gave me a sow ;
I have a godfather dwells thereby,
And he on me bestowed a plough.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

One time I gave thee a paper of pins,
Another time a tawdry lace,
And if thou wilt not grant my love,
In truth I'll die before thy face.

I'll put on my best white slop,
And I'll wear my yellow hose,
And on my head a good grey hat,
And in it I will stick a rose.

Wherefore cease off, make no delay,
And if you'll love me, love me now ;
Or else I'll seek some other where,
For I cannot come ev'ry day to woo.

ANONYMOUS.

(Sixteenth-century Kentish folk-song.)

230. *Down among the Dead Men*

HERE'S a health to the King and a lasting peace,
To faction an end, to wealth increase ;
Come, let's drink it while we have breath,
For there's no drinking after death.
And he that will this health deny,
Down among the dead men let him lie.

Let charming beauty's health go round,
In whom celestial joys be found,
May confusion still pursue
The selfish woman-hating crew ;
And they that women's health deny,
Down among the dead men let him lie.

JOHN DYER.

ANONYMOUS

231. *Admiral Benbow*

OH we sailed to Virginia and thence to Fayal,
Where we watered our shipping and then we weighed
all.

Full in view on the seas, boys, seven sail we did espy,
O we mannèd our capstan and weighed speedily.

Oh we drew up our squadron in very nice line,
And boldly we fought them for four hours' time,
But the day being spent, boys, and the night coming on,
We left them alone till the very next morn.

The very next morning the engagement prov'd hot,
The brave Admiral Benbow received a chain shot.
And when he was wounded to his merry men did he say,
"Take me up in your arms, boys, and carry me away."

Oh the guns they did rattle, and the bullets did fly,
But Admiral Benbow for help would not cry.
"Take me down to the cockpit, there is ease for my smarts,
If my merry men see me it will sure break their hearts."

The very next morning at breaking of day,
They hoisted their topsails and so bore away.
We bore to Port Royal, where the people flocked much
To see Admiral Benbow carried to Kingston Church.

Come, all you brave fellows, wherever you've been,
Let us drink to the health of our King and our Queen ;
And another good health to the girls that we know,
And a third in remembrance of brave Admiral Benbow.

ANONYMOUS.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

232. *Come, Lassies and Lads*

COME, lassies and lads, get leave of your dads,
And away to the maypole hie,
For every fair has a sweetheart there
And the fiddler's standing by.
For Willy shall dance with Jane,
And Johnny has got his Joan,
And every girl did trip it, trip it,
Trip it up and down.

“ You're out,” says Dick, “ Not I,” says Nick,
“ Twas the fiddler played it wrong,”
“ 'Tis true,” says Hugh, and so says Sue,
And so says every one.
The fiddler then began
To play the tune again ;
And every girl did trip it, trip it,
Trip it to the men.

Then after an hour they went to a bower,
And played for ale and cakes ;
And kisses, too, until they were due,
The lassies held the stakes.
The girls did then begin
To quarrel with the men,
And bade them take their kisses back,
And give them their own again.

“ Good-night,” says Harry, “ Good-night,” says Mary,
“ Good-night,” says Poll to John ;
“ Good-night,” says Sue to her sweetheart Hugh,
“ Good-night,” says every one.

ANONYMOUS

Some walked and some did run,
Some loitered on the way ;
And bound themselves, by kisses twelve,
To meet the next holiday.

ANONYMOUS.

233.

John Peel

D'YE ken John Peel with his coat so gray ?
D'ye ken John Peel at the break o' day ?
D'ye ken John Peel when he's far, far away,
With his hounds and his horn in the morning ?
'Twas the sound of his horn brought me from my bed,
And the cry of his hounds ha'e me oftentimes led ;
For Peel's "View halloa" would awaken the dead,
Or a fox from his lair in the morning.

D'ye ken that hound whose name is death ?
D'ye ken her sons of peerless faith ?
D'ye ken that a fox with his last breath
Cursed them all as he died in the morning ?
'Twas the sound, etc.

Yes, I ken John Peel and auld Ruby too,
Ranter and Royal and Bellman as true ;
From the drag to the chase, from the chase to the view,
From the view to the death in the morning.
'Twas the sound, etc.

An' I've followed John Peel both often and far,
O'er the rasper-fence, the gate, and the bar,
From low Denton-holme up to Scratchmere Scar,
Where we vied for the brush in the morning.
'Twas the sound, etc.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Then, here's to John Peel with my heart and soul,
Come fill, fill to him another strong bowl;
For we'll follow John Peel thro' fair or thro' foul.

While we're waked by his horn in the morning.

'Twas the sound, etc.

ANONYMOUS.

234.

The Lincolnshire Poacher

WHEN I was bound apprentice, in famous Lincolnshire,
Full well I served my master for more than seven year,
Till I took up to poaching, as you shall quickly hear.
Oh ! 'tis my delight on a shining night, in the season of the year.

As me and my companion were setting of a snare,
'Twas then we spied the game-keeper, for him we did not care,
For we can wrestle and fight, my boys, and jump o'er anywhere.
Oh ! 'tis my delight on a shining night, in the season of the year.

As me and my companion were setting four or five,
And taking on 'em up again, we caught a hare alive,
We took the hare alive, my boys, and thro' the woods did steer.
Oh ! 'tis my delight on a shining night, in the season of the year.

TRADITIONAL

I threw him on my shoulder, and then we trudgèd home,
We took him to a neighbour's house, and sold him for a
crown—

We sold him for a crown, my boys, but I did not tell
you where.

Oh ! 'tis my delight on a shining night, in the season of the
year.

Success to every gentleman that lives in Lincolnshire,
Success to every poacher that wants to sell a hare,
Bad luck to every game-keeper that will not sell his deer.
Oh ! 'tis my delight on a shining night, in the season of the
year.

TRADITIONAL.

235. *Here's to the Maiden of Bashful Fifteen*

HERE'S to the maiden of bashful fifteen,
Here's to the widow of fifty ;

Here's to the flaunting extravagant queen,
And here's to the wife that is thrifty.

Let the toast pass, drink to the lass,
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for a glass,
Let the toast pass, drink to the lass,
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for a glass.

Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize,
Now to the maid who has none, sir ;

Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,
And here's to the nymph with but one, sir.

Let the toast pass, etc.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

And this preferment I procured
From our new Faith's defender,
And almost every day abjured
The Pope and the Pretender.
And this is law, etc.

The illustrious house of Hanover
And Protestant succession,
To these I do allegiance swear,—
While they can keep possession ;
For in my faith and loyalty.
I never more will falter,
And George my lawful King shall be
Until the times do alter.

And this is law, I will maintain,
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever King may reign,
Still I'll be Vicar of Bray, sir.

ANONYMOUS.

237. *Sweet Lass of Richmond Hill*

ON Richmond Hill there lives a lass
More bright than May-day morn,
Whose charms all other maids surpass—
A rose without a thorn.
This lass so neat, with smiles so sweet,
Has won my right good will :
I'd crowns resign to call her mine,
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill.

Ye zephyrs gay, that fan the air
And wanton through the grove,
Oh, whisper to my charming fair,
“ I die for her I love ! ”
This lass so neat, etc.

LEONARD MACNALLY

How happy will that shepherd be,
Who calls this nymph his own,
Oh, may her choice be fixed on me—
Mine's fixed on her alone.

This lass so neat, with smiles so sweet,
Has won my right good will :
I'd crowns resign to call her mine,
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill.

LEONARD MACNALLY.

238.

Barbara Allen

IN Scarlet town, where I was born,
There was a fair maid dwellin',
Made every youth cry, " Well a way ! "
Her name was Barbara Allen.

All in the merry month of May,
When green buds they were swellin',
Young Jemmy Grove on his death-bed lay,
For love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his man in to her then,
To the town where she was dwellin',
" O haste and come to my master dear,
If your name be Barbara Allen."

So slowly, slowly rase she up,
And slowly she came nigh him,
And when she drew the curtain by—
" Young man, I think you're dyin'."

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

For then I'm drest in all my best
To walk abroad with Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,
And often am I blamèd
Because I leave him in the lurch
As soon as text is namèd ;
I leave the church in sermon-time
And slink away to Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again,
O then I shall have money ;
I'll hoard it up, and box it all,
I'll give it to my honey :
I would it were ten thousand pound,
I'd give it all to Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbours all
Make game of me and Sally,
And, but for her, I'd better be
A slave and row a galley ;
But when my seven long years are out,
O, then I'll marry Sally,
O, then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,
But not in our alley !

HENRY CAREY.

240.

Allen-a-Dale

ALLEN-A-DALE has no faggot for burning,
Allen-a-Dale has no furrow for turning,
Allen-a-Dale has no fleece for the spinning,
Yet Allen-a-Dale has red gold for the winning.
Come, read me my riddle ! come, hearken my tale !
And tell me the craft of bold Allen-a-Dale.

The Baron of Ravensworth prances in pride,
And he views his domains upon Arkindale side.
The mere for his net, and the land for his game,
The chase for the wild, and the park for the tame.
Yet the fish in the lake, and the deer of the vale,
Are less free to Lord Dacre than Allen-a-Dale.

Allen-a-Dale was ne'er belted a knight,
Though his spur be as sharp, and his blade be as bright ;
Allen-a-Dale is no baron or lord,
Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw at his word ;
And the best of our nobles his bonnet will veil,
Who at Rere-cross on Stanmore meets Allen-a-Dale.

Allen-a-Dale to his wooing is come ;
The mother, she asked of his household and home :
“ Though the castle of Richmond stand fair on the hill,
My hall,” quoth bold Allen, “ shows gallanter still ;
’Tis the blue vault of heaven, with its crescent so pale,
And with all its bright spangles ! ” said Allen-a-Dale.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

The father was steel, and the mother was stone ;
They lifted the latch, and they bade him be gone ;
But loud, on the morrow, their wail and their cry :
He had laughed on the lass with his bonny black eye,
And she fled to the forest to hear a love-tale,
And the youth it was told by was Allen-a-Dale.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

241.

Simon the Cellarer

OLD Simon the cellarer keeps a rare store
Of Malmsey and Malvoisie,
And Cyprus, and who can say how many more !
For a chary old soul is he—
Of Sack and Canary he never doth fail,
And all the year round there is brewing of ale ;
Yet he never aileth, he quaintly doth say,
While he keeps to his sober six flagons a day :
But ho ! ho ! ho ! his nose doth show
How oft the black-jack to his lips doth go.

Dame Margery sits in her own still room,
And a matron sage is she ;
From thence oft at curfew is wafted a fume,
She says it is rosemarie.

But there's a small cupboard behind the back stair,
And the maids say they often see Margery there ;
Now Margery says that she grows very old,
And must take a something to keep out the cold !
But ho ! ho ! ho ! old Simon doth know
Where many a flask of his best doth go.

W. H. BELLAMY

Old Simon reclines in his high-back'd chair
And talks about taking a wife ;
And Margery often is heard to declare
She ought to be settled in life.
But Margery has (so the maids say) a tongue,
And she's not very handsome and not very young ;
So somehow it ends with a shake of the head,
And Simon he brews him a tankard instead—
While ho ! ho ! ho ! he will chuckle and crow,
“ What ! marry old Margery ! no, no, no ! ”

W. H. BELLAMY.

242.

The Sands of Dee

“ O MARY, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee.”

The western wind was wild and dank wi' foam,
And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see ;

The blinding mist came down and hid the land ;
And never home came she.

Oh, is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—
A tress o' golden hair,
O' drowned maiden's hair,
Above the nets at sea ?

Was never salmon yet that shone so fair,
Among the stakes on Dee.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel, crawling foam,
The cruel, hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea ;
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

243.

There was a Jolly Miller

THREE was a jolly miller once
Liv'd on the river Dee,
He work'd and sang from morn till night,
No lark more blithe than he ;
And this the burden of his song
For ever used to be,
“ I care for nobody, no, not I,
If nobody cares for me ! ”

“ I live by my mill, she is to me
Like parent, child, and wife ;
I would not change my station
For any other in life ;
No lawyer, surgeon, or doctor
E'er had a groat from me,
And I care for nobody, no, not I,
If nobody cares for me ! ”

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.

ANONYMOUS

244.

The Keel Row

AS I came through Sandgate,
Through Sandgate, through Sandgate,
As I came through Sandgate,
I heard a lassie sing :
“ O weel may the keel row,
The keel row, the keel row,
O weel may the keel row,
That my laddie’s in.

“ O wha’s like my Johnny,
Sae leith, sae blithe, sae bonny
He’s foremost ’mong the mony
Keel lads o’ coaly Tyne ;
He’ll set and row so tightly,
Or in the dance—so sprightly—
He’ll cut and shuffle sightly ;
’Tis true—were he not mine.

“ He wears a blue bonnet,
Blue bonnet, blue bonnet,
He wears a blue bonnet—
A dimple in his chin :
Then weel may the keel row,
The keel row, the keel row,
And weel may the keel row,
That my laddie’s in.”

ANONYMOUS.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

247.

Land o' the Leal

I'M wearin' awa', Jean,
Like snaw wreaths in thaw, Jean,
I'm wearin' awa'
To the land o' the leal.

There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
There's neither cauld nor care, Jean,
The day is aye fair
In the land o' the leal.

Ye've been leal and true, Jean;
Your task is ended noo, Jean,
And I'll welcome you
In the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean,
She was both guid and fair, Jean,
And we grudged her sair
To the land o' the leal.

Sorrow's sel' wears past, Jean,
And joy is comin' fast, Jean,
Joy that's aye to last
In the land o' the leal.

Then dry that glist'nin' e'e, Jean,
My soul langs to be free, Jean,
And angels wait on me
To the land o' the leal.

A' our friends are gane, Jean,
We've lang been left alone, Jean,
We'll a' meet again
In the land o' the leal.

LADY NAIRNE

Now, fare ye weel, my ain Jean,
This wairld's care is vain, Jean,
We'll meet and aye be fain
In the land o' the leal.

LADY NAIRNE.

248.

Ye Banks and Braes

YE banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye blume sae fair !
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae fu' o' care !

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
That sings upon the bough ;
Thou minds me o' the happy days
When my fause luve was true.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
That sings beside thy mate ;
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wistna o' my fate.

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,
To see the woodbine twine ;
And ilka bird sang o' its luve,
And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
Upon a morn in June ;
And sae I flourish'd on the morn,
And sae was pu'd or¹ noon.

¹ Ere.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
Upon its thorny tree ;
But my fause luver staw my rose
And left the thorn wi' me.

ROBERT BURNS.

249. *The Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomon'*

BY yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie braes,
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomon',
Oh, we twa hae pass'd sae mony blithesome days
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomon'.
Oh, ye'll tak' the high road, an' I'll tak' the low road,
And I'll be in Scotland before ye ;
But wae is my heart until we meet again
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomon'.

I mind where we pairted, in yon shady glen,
On the steep, steep side o' Ben Lomon',
Where in purple hue the Highland hills we view,
An' the moon shines out frae the gloamin'.
Oh, ye'll tak', etc.

The wee birdies sing an' the wild flowers spring,
An' in sunshine the waters are sleeping ;
But the broken heart it seeks no second spring,
An' the world does nae ken how we're greetin'.
Oh, ye'll tak' the high road, an' I'll tak' the low road,
And I'll be in Scotland before ye ;
But wae is my heart until we meet again
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomon'.

ANONYMOUS.

ADAM SKIRVING

250.

Hey ! Johnnie Cope

COPE sent a challenge frae Dunbar—
“ Charlie, meet me an’ ye daur,
And I’ll learn you the art o’ war,
If you’ll meet wi’ me in the morning.”

Hey ! Johnnie Cope, are ye waukin’ yet ?
Or are your drums a-beatin’ yet ?
If ye were waukin’ I wad wait
To gang to the coals i’ the morning.

When Charlie look’d the letter upon,
He drew his sword the scabbard from ;
“ Come, follow me, my merry men,
And we’ll meet Johnnie Cope i’ the morning.”
Hey ! Johnnie Cope, etc.

“ Now, Johnnie, be as good as your word,
Come, let us try baith fire and sword,
And dinna flee like a frightened bird
That’s chased frae its nest i’ the morning.”
Hey ! Johnnie Cope, etc.

When Johnnie Cope he heard of this,
He thought it woulndna be amiss
To hae a horse in readiness
To flee awa’ i’ the morning.
Hey ! Johnnie Cope, etc.

Fye, now, Johnnie, get up and rin,
The Highland bagpipes mak’ a din ;
It’s best to sleep in a hale skin,
For ’twill be a bluidy morning.
Hey ! Johnnie Cope, etc.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

When Johnnie Cope to Dunbar came,
They spiered at him, " Where's a' your men ? "
" The deil confound me gin I ken,
For I left them a' i' the morning."
Hey ! Johnnie Cope, etc.

Now, Johnnie, troth, ye were na blate
To come wi' the news o' your ain defeat,
And leave your men in sic a strait,
So early i' the morning.

Hey ! Johnnie Cope, etc.

" In faith," quo Johnnie, " I got sic flegs,
Wi' their claymores and filabegs,
If I face them deil break my legs,
So I wish you a' a good morning."

Hey ! Johnnie Cope, are ye waukin' yet ?
Or are your drums a-beatin' yet ?
If ye were waukin' I wad wait
To gang to the coals i' the morning.

ADAM SKIRVING.

251. *Will Ye no Come Back Again ?*

BONNIE Charlie's noo awa',
Safely o'er the kindly main,
Mony a heart will break in twa
Should he no come back again.
Will ye no come back again ?
Will ye no come back again ?
Better lo'ed ye canna be,
Will ye no come back again ?

LADY NAIRNE

Ye trusted in your Hielandmen,
They trusted you, dear Charlie !
They kent your hiding in the glen,
Death and exile braving.
Will ye no, etc.

English bribes were a' in vain,
Though puir and puirer we maun be.
Siller canna buy the heart
That aye beats warm for thine and thee.
Will ye no, etc.

We watched thee in the gloamin' hour,
We watched thee in the mornin' grey ;
Though thirty thousand pounds they gie,
Oh, there is none that would betray !
Will ye no, etc.

Sweet the laverock's note, and lang,
Liltin' wildly up the glen ;
But aye to me he sings ae sang,
Will ye no come back again ?
Will ye no come back again ?
Will ye no come back again ?
Better lo'ed ye canna be,
Will ye no come back again ?

LADY NAIRNE.

252. *Wi' a Hundred Pipers an' a'*

WI' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
We'll up an' gie 'em a blaw, a blaw,
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Oh, it's ower the Border awa', awa',
It's ower the Border awa', awa',
We'll on an' we'll march to Carlisle Ha',
Wi' its yetts, its castle, 'an a', an' a'.

Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
We'll up an' gie 'em a blaw, a blaw,
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.

Oh, our sodger lads look'd braw, look'd braw,
Wi' their tartans, kilts, an' a', an' a',
Wi' their bonnets, an' feathers, an' glitt'ring gear,
An' pibrochs sounding sweet an' clear.
Will they a' return to their ain dear glen ?
Will they a' return,—our Hieland men ?
Second-sighted Sandy look'd fu' wae,
And mothers grat when they march'd away.
Wi' a hundred pipers, etc.

Oh wha is foremaist o' a', o' a' ?
Oh wha does follow the blaw, the blaw ?
Bonnie Charlie, the King o' us a', hurra !
Wi' his hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
His bonnet an' feather he's wavin' high !
His prancing steed maist seems to fly !
The nor' wind plays wi' his curly hair,
While the pipers blaw in an unco flare !
Wi' a hundred pipers, etc.

The Esk was swollen sae deep, sae deep ;
But shouther to shouther the brave lads keep ;
Twa thousand swam ower to fell English ground,
An' danced themselves dry to the pibroch's sound.

LADY NAIRNE

Dumfounder'd, the English saw, they saw !
Dumfounder'd, they heard the blaw, the blaw !
Dumfounder'd, they a' ran awa', awa',
Frae the hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
We'll up an' gie 'em a blaw, a blaw,
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.

LADY NAIRNE.

253.

It's Hame, and it's Hame

IT'S hame, and it's hame, hame fain would I be,
An' it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree !
When the flower is i' the bud, and the leaf is on the tree,
The lark shall sing me hame in my ain countree !
It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain would I be,
An' it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree !

The green leaf o' loyaltie's beginning for to fa',
The bonnie white rose it is withering and a' ;
But I'll water't wi' the blude of usurping tyrannie,
An' green it will grow in my ain countree.
It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain would I be,
An' it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree !

There's nought now frae ruin my country can save,
But the keys o' kind Heaven to open the grave,
That a' the noble martyrs that died for loyaltie
May rise again and fight for their ain countree.
It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain would I be,
An' it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

The great now are gane, a' who ventured to save,
The new grass is springing on the tap o' their grave,
But the sun through the mirk blinks blythe in my e'e ;
'T'll shine on ye yet in your ain countree.
It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain would I be,
An' it's hame, hame, hame, in my ain countree.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

254. *The Bonnie House of Airlie*

IT fell on a day, and a bonnie simmer day,
When green grew aits and barley,
That there fell out a great dispute
Between Argyll and Airlie.

Argyll has raised a hunder men,
An hunder harness'd rarely,
And he's awa' by the back of Dunkell,
To plunder the castle of Airlie.

Lady Ogilvie looks o'er her bower-window,
And O but she looks warely !
And there she spied the great Argyll,
Come to plunder the bonnie house of Airlie.

“ Come down, come down, my Lady Ogilvie,
Come down and kiss me fairly.”
“ O I winna kiss the fause Argyll,
If he shouldna leave a standing stane in Airlie.”

He hath taken her by the left shoulder,
Says “ Dame, where lies thy dowry ? ”
“ O it's east and west yon wan water-side,
And it's down by the banks of the Airlie.”

ANONYMOUS

They hae sought it up, they hae sought it down,
They hae sought it maist severely,
Till they fand it in the fair plum-tree
That shines on the bowling-green of Airlie.

He hath taken her by the middle sae small,
And O but she grat sairly !
And laid her down by the bonnie burn-side,
'Till they plunder'd the castle of Airlie.

“ Gif my gude Lord war here this night,
As he is with King Charlie,
Neither you, nor ony ither Scottish lord,
Durst avow to the plundering of Airlie.

“ Gif my gude Lord war now at hame,
As he is with his King,
There durst nae a Campbell in a' Argyll
Set fit on Airlie green.

“ Ten bonnie sons I have borne unto him,
The eleventh ne'er saw his daddy ;
But though I had an hunder mair,
I'd gie them a' to King Charlie ! ”

ANONYMOUS.

255.

Charlie is my Darling

OH ! Charlie is my darling,
My darling, my darling,
Oh ! Charlie is my darling,
The young Chevalier.
'Twas on a Monday morning,
Right early in the year,
When Charlie came to our town,
The young Chevalier.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Oh ! Charlie is my darling,
 My darling, my darling,
Oh ! Charlie is my darling,
 The young Chevalier.

As he cam' marchin' up the street,
 The pipes play'd loud and clear ;
And a' the folk cam' rinnin' out
 To meet the Chevalier.
 Oh ! Charlie, etc.

Wi' Hieland bonnets on their heads,
 And claymores bright and clear,
They cam' to fight for Scotland's right
 And the young Chevalier.
 Oh ! Charlie, etc.

They've left their bonnie Hieland hills,
 Their wives and bairnies dear,
To draw the sword for Scotland's Lord,
 The young Chevalier,
 Oh ! Charlie, etc.

Oh ! there were mony beating hearts,
 And mony a hope and fear
And mony were the prayers put up
 For the young Chevalier.
 Oh ! Charlie is my darling,
 My darling, my darling,
 Oh ! Charlie is my darling,
 The young Chevalier.

ANONYMOUS.

TRADITIONAL

256. *The Bonnie Earl of Murray*

YE Highlands, and ye Lowlands,
 Oh where have you been ?
They have slain the Earl of Murray,
 And they laid him on the green.

“ Now woe be to thee, Huntley !
 And wherefore did you sae ?
I bade you bring him with you
 But forbade you him to slay ! ”

He was a braw gallant,
 And he rode at the ring ;
And the bonnie Earl of Murray,
 Oh he might have been a king !

He was a braw gallant,
 And he played at the ball ;
And the bonnie Earl of Murray
 Was the flower of them all.

He was a braw gallant,
 And he played at the glove ;
And the bonnie Earl of Murray,
 Oh he was the Queen’s love !

“ Oh long will his lady
 Look o’er the Castle Doun,
E’er she see the Earl of Murray
 Come sounding through the toun.”

TRADITIONAL.

257.

Lochaber no More

FAREWELL to Lochaber ! farewell to my Jean !
 Where heartsome wi' her I have many a day been ;
 To Lochaber no more, to Lochaber no more,
 We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more !
 These tears that I shed, they are a' for my dear,
 And no' for the dangers attending on weir ;
 Though borne on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
 Maybe we'll return to Lochaber no more.

Though hurricanes rise, though rise every wind
 No tempest can equal the storm in my mind
 Though loudest of thunders in louder waves roar,
 There's naething like leavin' my love on the shore.
 To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pained,
 But by ease that's inglorious no fame can be gained ;
 And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
 And I maun deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeannie, may plead my excuse ;
 Since honour commands me, how can I refuse ?
 Without it, I ne'er can have merit for thee,
 And losing thy favour, I'd better not be.
 I gae then, my love, to win honour and fame !
 And if I should chance to come glorious hame,
 I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
 And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

ROBERT BURNS

258. *My Heart's in the Highlands*

MY heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here ;
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer ;
A-chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the north,
The birthplace of valour, the country of worth ;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high covered wi' snow ;
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below ;
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods ;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer ;
A-chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

ROBERT BURNS.

259. *Caller Herrin'*

WHHA'LL buy caller herrin' ?
They're bonnie fish and halesome farin' ;
Buy my caller herrin'—
New drawn frae the Forth.

When ye are sleeping on your pillows,
Dream ye aught o' our puir fellows,
Darkling as they face the billows,
A' to fill our woven willows.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Buy my caller herrin',
They're bonnie fish and halesome farin'.
Buy my caller herrin'—
New drawn frae the Forth.
Caller herrin' ! Caller herrin' !

An' when the creel o' herrin' passes,
Ladies clad in silks and laces,
Gather in their braw pelisses,
Toss their heads and screw their faces ;
Buy my caller herrin',
They're bonnie fish and halesome farin' ;
Buy my caller herrin'—
New drawn frae the Forth.

Noo neebor wives, come, tent my tellin',
When the bonnie fish ye're sellin',
At a word be aye your dealin',
Truth will stand when a' things failin' ;
Buy my caller herrin',
They're bonnie fish and halesome farin' ;
Buy my caller herrin'—
New drawn frae the Forth.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin' ?
They're no' brought here without brave darin',
Buy my caller herrin',
Ye little ken their worth.
Wha'll buy my caller herrin' ?
Oh ye may ca' them vulgar farin' ;
Wives and mithers maist despairin',
Ca' them lives o' men.
Caller herrin' ! Caller herrin' !

LADY NAIRNE.

ANONYMOUS

260.

The Bluebells of Scotland

OH ! where, tell me where is your Highland laddie
gone ?
Oh ! where, tell me where is your Highland laddie
gone ?
He's gone with streaming banners where noble deeds are
done,
And it's oh ! in my heart I wish him safe at home.

Oh ! where, tell me where did your Highland laddie
dwell ?
Oh ! where, tell me where did your Highland laddie
dwell ?
He dwelt in bonnie Scotland where blooms the sweet blue-
bell,
And it's oh ! in my heart I lo'e my laddie well.

Oh ! what, tell me what did your Highland laddie wear ?
Oh ! what, tell me what did your Highland laddie wear ?
A bonnet with a lofty plume, and on his breast a plaid,
And it's oh ! in my heart I lo'e my Highland lad.

Oh ! what, tell me what if your Highland lad be slain ?
Oh ! what, tell me what if your Highland lad be slain ?
Oh no ! true love will be his guard and bring him safe
again,
For it's oh ! my heart would break if my Highland lad were
slain.

ANONYMOUS.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

261. *Comin' thro' the Rye*

GIN a body meet a body
Comin' thro' the rye,
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body cry ?
Ilka lassie has her laddie,
Nane, they say, hae I !
Yet a' the lads they smile at me,
When comin' thro' the rye.

Gin a body meet a body
Comin' frae the well,
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body tell ?
Ilka lassie has her laddie,
Ne'er a ane hae I !
But a' the lads they smile on me
When comin' thro' the rye.

Gin a body meet a body
Comin' frae the toun,
Gin a body greet a body,
Need a body froun ?
Ilka lassie has her laddie,
Nane, they say, ha'e I !
But a' the lads they lo'e me weel,
But what the waur am I ?

ANONYMOUS.

THOMAS MOORE

262. *The Harp that once through Tara's Halls*

THE harp that once thro' Tara's halls
The soul of music shed ;
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
As if that soul were fled,
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er ;
And hearts, that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells ;
The chord alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus freedom now so seldom wakes—
The only throb she gives,
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives.

THOMAS MOORE.

263. *Kitty of Coleraine*

A S beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping
With a pitcher of milk from the fair of Coleraine,
When she saw me she stumbled, the pitcher it tumbled,
And all the sweet buttermilk watered the plain.
“ Oh ! what shall I do now ? 'twas looking at you, now,
Sure, sure such a pitcher I'll ne'er see again ;
”Twas the pride of my dairy—oh, Barney McCleary,
You're sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine.”

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

I sat down beside her and gently did chide her,
That such a misfortune should give her such pain.
A kiss that I gave her, and, before I did leave her,
She vowed for such pleasure she'd break it again.
'Twas hay-making season, I can't tell the reason,
Misfortune will never come single, 'tis plain,
For very soon after poor Kitty's disaster,
Och ! never a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.

ANONYMOUS.

264.

Father O'Flynn

OF priests we can offer a charmin' variety,
Far renowned for larnin' and piety,
Still, I'd advance ye widout impropriety,
Father O'Flynn as the flower of them all.

Chorus—

Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,
"Sláinte," and "sláinte," and "sláinte" agin ;
Powerfulest preacher, and
Tinderest teacher, and
Kindliest creature in ould Donegal.

Don't talk of your Provost and Fellows of Trinity,
Famous as ever at Greek and Latinity ;
Faix ! and the divils and all at Divinity—
Father O'Flynn 'd make hares of them all !
Come, I vinture to give you my word,
Niver the likes of his logic was heard,
Down from mythology
Into thayology,
Troth ! and conchology if he'd the call.

Chorus.

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES

Och ! Father O'Flynn, you've the wonderful way wid
you,
All the ould sinners are wishful to pray wid you,
All the young childer are wild for to play wid you,
 You've such a way wid you, Father avick !
Still, for all you've so gentle a soul,
Gad, you've your flock in the grandest control,
 Checking the crazy ones,
 Coxin' onaisy ones,
Liftin' the lazy ones on wid the stick.

Chorus.

And though quite avoidin' all foolish frivolity,
Still, at all seasons of innocent jollity,
Where was the play-boy could claim an equality
 At comicality, Father, wid you ?
Once the Bishop looked grave at your jest,
Till this remark set him off wid the rest,
 " Is it lave gaiety
 All to the laity ?
Cannot the clargy be Irishmen too ? "

Chorus—

Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,
" Sláinte," and " sláinte," and " sláinte " agin ;
 Powerfulest preacher, and
 Tinderest teacher, and
Kindliest creature in ould Donegal.

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

265.

The Minstrel-Boy

THE Minstrel-boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him :
His father's sword he has girded on
And his wild harp slung behind him.
" Land of song," said the warrior-bard,
" Tho' all the world betrays thee,
One sword at least thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee."

The Minstrel fell ! but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under :
The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its cords asunder ;
And said, " No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery !
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slavery ! "

THOMAS MOORE.

266.

Danny Boy

OH, Danny Boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling
From glen to glen, and down the mountain side,
The summer's gone, and all the roses falling,
It's you, it's you must go and I must bide.
But come ye back when summer's in the meadow,
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow,
It's I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow,
Oh, Danny Boy, I love you, love you so !

F. E. WEATHERLEY

But when ye come, and all the flowers are dying,
If I am dead, as dead I well may be,
Ye'll come and find the place where I am lying,
And kneel and say an Ave there for me ;
And I shall hear, though soft you tread above me,
And all my grave will warmer, sweeter, be,
For you will bend and tell me that you love me,
And I shall sleep in peace until you come to me !

F. E. WEATHERLEY.

267.

Poor Dog Tray

ON the green banks of Shannon when Sheelah was nigh,
No blithe Irish lad was so happy as I ;
No harp like my own could so cheerily play,
And wherever I went was my poor dog Tray.

When at last I was forced from my Sheelah to part,
She said (while the sorrow was big at her heart),
“ Oh ! remember your Sheelah when far, far away ;
And be kind, my dear Pat, to our poor dog Tray.”

Poor dog, he was faithful and kind to be sure,
And he constantly loved me although I was poor ;
When the sour-looking folk sent me heartless away,
I had always a friend in my poor dog Tray.

When the road was so dark and the night was so cold,
And Pat and his dog were grown weary and old,
How snugly we slept in my old coat of grey,
And he licked me for kindness—my poor dog Tray.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

Though my wallet was scant I remembered his case,
Nor refused my last crust to his pitiful face ;
But he died at my feet on a cold winter day,
And I played a lament for my poor dog Tray.

Where now shall I go, poor, forsaken, and blind ?
Can I find one to guide me, so faithful and kind ?
To my sweet native village, so far, far away,
I can never return with my poor dog Tray.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

268.

After Aughrim

DO you remember long ago,
Kathaleen ?
When your lover whispered low,
“ Shall I stay or shall I go,
Kathaleen ? ”
And you answered proudly, “ Go !
And join King James and strike a blow
For the Green ! ”

Mavrone ! your hair is white as snow,
Kathaleen ;
Your heart is sad and full of woe,
Do you repent you made him go,
Kathaleen ?
And quick you answer proudly, “ No !
For better die with Sarsfield so
Than live a slave without a blow
For the Green ! ”

ARTHUR GEOGHEGAN.

CHARLES MATHEWS

269.

Jenny Jones

MY name's Edward Morgan, I live at Llangollen,
The vale of St. Tafyd, the flower of North Wales.
My father and mother, too, live at Llangollen,
Good truth I was born in the sweetest of vales.
Yes indeed, and all countries so foreign and beautiful,
That little valley I prize far above,
For indeed in my heart I do love that Llangollen
And sweet Jenny Jones, too, in truth I do love.

I parted, a lad, from the vale of my fathers,
And left Jenny Jones, then a pretty young lass.
But now I'm returned a storm-beaten old mariner,
Jenny from Jones into Morgan shall pass.
And we'll live on our cheese and our ale in contentment,
And long through our dear native valley will rove ;
For indeed in my heart we do love that Llangollen,
And sweet Jenny Morgan till death I will love.

CHARLES MATHEWS.

270.

The Blind Harper

THOUGH better minstrels far than I
May strike the quiv'ring string,
And bards more worthy of the theme
Thy praises loud shall sing,
Yet I, a wand'ring minstrel blind,
With sightless upturned eye,
By harp and voice to honour Wales
My feeble strains I'll try.

ANTHOLOGY OF EMPIRE

My voice upraised to wild swept chords
 I sing thy fertile dales,
Thy frowning mountains, rushing streams,
 And all that makes thee, Wales.
All these I love and all have seen
 Though gone now is my sight—
I can but feel the breezes play,
 For all the rest is night.

But even yet, if ye'll but list
 To my old harp's best note,
I'll sing to you your country's deeds,
 To them my songs devote.
Now guided by my faithful hound
 I stray from door to door,
And tell how Wales has fought and bled,
 And tales of old-time lore.

ANONYMOUS.

271.

A Canadian Boat Song

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime,
 Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
 We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
 The Rapids are near and the daylight's past.

Why should we not our sail unfurl ?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl,
But when the wind blows off the shore,
 Oh, sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
 The Rapids are near and the daylight's past.

THOMAS MOORE

Utawas' tide ! this trembling noon
Shall see us float on thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle ! hear our prayers,
Oh, grant us cool heavens and favouring airs.
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past.

THOMAS MOORE.

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